Now is the Time
To Turn Over
a New Leaf.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

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IN OUR CLOAK STOCK!

Clearing Away The Debris.

Now that Santa Claus has cleared out, we have time to take notes.

He has left a pretty mess here; a helter skelter stock of

Cloaks and Furs!

Big enough, too big, good enough, but all broken up—disorganized. We see but one way to bring order out of chaos—sell, yes we'll sell, and you'll buy. You can't resist the temptation of our prices.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.
COR. CALHOUN & COLUMBIA ST.

MONEY TO LOAN

FROM $10 TO ANY AMOUNT.

Any person in need of money can borrow it on their household goods, piano, horses and wagons, carriages, store Fixtures and other like security.

The Property Remains in Your Possession and you have use of both money and goods.

NO DELAY! LOWEST RATES!

All business private and confidential.
IT PAYS TO BORROW OF US.
No trouble to explain.

INDIANA MORTGAGE LOAN CO.,
Room 3 Arcade. Upstairs.
Open Saturday evenings only from 7 to 8:30.

DR. BULSON
Announces the removal of his office to His Residence.....
55 W. WAYNE STREET.
Practice limited to diseases of the
EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
Hours 10 to 4. -:- Telephone Main 413.

We Loan Money
On Farm and City Real Estate at the lowest Rates of Interest.
LOANS CLOSED WITHOUT DELAY
THE J. F. SCHELL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO.,
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Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent.

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PRACTICE LIMITED TO
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Office Hours:—8:30 to 12 m. and from 2 to 4 p. m.
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MONEY TO LOAN
At lowest rate on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, carriages, etc., and leave the property in your possession.
Payments arranged on the monthly installment plan or to suit you. Business confidential. No publicity.
FORT WAYNE MORTGAGE LOAN CO.,
Room 21 Bass Blk., over First National Bank, 77 Calhoun.
Take elevator to fourth floor.

Leave your orders Now for
Gunther's Candies
FOR NEW YEAR'S.
FREESE & RANKE,
Pharmacists, 88 Calhoun St.

FATHER & SONS
CURED OF
ITCHING RASH

I had an itching rash under my chin, which kept spreading until it was all over my body. I could not sleep but was compelled to lie awake and scratch all the time. My father and two brothers were afflicted with the same thing, at the same time. We all suffered terribly for a year and a half, trying in the meantime all the remedies we could find, but received no benefit. I bought three cakes of CUTICURA SOAP and three boxes of CUTICURA (ointment) and they *cured the four of us completely.* RICH'D ANDERSON, Geneva, Utah.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT FOR TORTURING, DISFIGURING HUMORS, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT.

Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. How to Cure Skin Diseases, free.

REVELED IN MURDER.

A French "Jack, the Ripper," is Guillotined.

A Startling Career of Crime Brought to an End.

Joseph Vacher Had Committed a Score of Murders.

The Fiend Protested Innocence and Feigned Insanity to the Last Hour of His Life.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—Joseph Vacher, the French "Jack, the Ripper, was guillotined at Bourgh-on-Bresse, capital of the department of Ain. this morning.

He protested his innocence and simulated insanity to the last. Vacher, who was twenty-nine years of age, was condemned at the October assizes at Ain. Early in life, he is known to have brutally murdered four boys, six women and girls and an old widow. Most of the victims were tending herds when Vacher came behind them and cut their throats.

VACHER'S CRIMES.

The crimes of Joseph Vacher have surpassed in number and atrocity those of the Whitechapel murderer known as "Jack, the Ripper."

His homicidal mania first broke out in 1894. He claimed after his arrest that as every action has an object and as his motive was neither theft nor vengeance, his irresponsibility was established. Psycologically physicians have regarded the case as interesting. It was shown that Vacher had been confined in an asylum for the insane and that while doing military duty a love affair caused him to attempt self-destruction by shooting.

The victims of Vacher were shepherds and shepherdesses and his rage was particularly directed against young girls.

He first cut the throats of his victims with a knife and afterwards mutilated them with a razor. He was arrested last year after the police had searched for him for a long time in vain.

In defense of Vacher it was pointed out that when a youth he was bitten by a mad dog and that the village herbalist gave him some medicine, after drinking which he became irritable and brutal, whereas he had previously been quiet and inoffensive. It also appears from these statements that from that time he had developed a passion for human blood.

Referring to his crimes Vacher is quoted as saying:

"My victims never suffered, for while I throttled them with one hand, I simply took their lives with a sharp instrument in the other.

"I am an anarchist and am opposed to society, no matter what the form of government may be."

This desperate criminal was notoriously vain and fancied himself a hero. He refused to speak about his crimes except on two conditions.

One was that the full story of his murders be published in the leading French papers and the other was that he should be tried separately for each crime in the district where it was committed.

The exact number of Vacher's victims will never be known, but it is said that twenty-three assassinations have been brought home to him in October last and the number was added to as the time wore on. In fact, it is doubtful whether the murderr himself knew the real number of his victims. He nonchalantly told the story of some fresh tragedy from time to time to the examining magistrate as the details came back to his mind and in each case the investigation has furnished full corroboration of Vacher's narrative.

The bodies in each case were found in the places he indicated—in lonely thickets or in unused wells. He seems to have killed merely for the sake of killing.

Born near Lyons, Vacher served his military term in a regiment of Zouaves and showed himself to be a good soldier, so much so that he was made a non-commissioner officer, although there were complaints against him of being brutally severe to recruits.

A recruit, a member of a well-known French family, told how Vacher once abused him so terribly on the drill grounds that he lost his temper and sprang at Vacher. Happily for the recruit, he was seized by his companions before he succeeded in striking Vacher, otherwise the young man would most likely have been sentenced to death by a court-martial.

It was shortly after Vacher left the service that he became ill, owing to disappointment in a love affair, and attempted to blow out his brains with a revolver. The bullet was never extricated from his skull, and according to one report, the wound produced recurrent fits of insanity and caused him to be confined for a time in an asylum for the insane at Dole.

Since that time and until his arrest Vacher appears to have wandered through the country districts of France, committing murders. He was undetected and unsuspected until, by mere accident, he was caught almost red-handed near Lyons at the beginning of October.

In every case Vacher seems to have been seized with a frenzy for attacking his victims, as he cut and slashed them horribly and often dismembered them.

One day Vacher told the magistrate that he considered himself to be a scourge sent by providence to afflict humanity.

Vacher killed one of his victims, he claimed, because he wore a clean shirt which the murderer coveted, and he admitted that he sometimes murdered people because he needed money and food.

One of the remarkable features of this extraordinary case was the clever manner in which Vacher succeeded in shifting suspicion from himself. About two years ago he murdered a shepyerd boy on a country road a few miles from Lyons, hacked the body almost into pieces and then continued on his way.

The murder was discovered within a few minutes after and search for the murderer was promptly instituted. A gend'arme, mounted on a bicycle, overtook Vacher and called upon him to produce his identification papers, whereupon Vacher quietly handed over to the police officer his discharge as a non-commissioned officer from a regiment of zouaves.

"Why, that is my old regiment," exclaimed the gend'arme. "I am hunting for a man who has just cut a boy's throat. Have you seen any suspicious characters?"

"Oh, yes," answered the murderer serenely. "I saw a man running across the fields to the north, about a mile back from here."

"Thank you," cried the gend'arme, "I'll be after him."

The gend'arme then hurried off after the imaginary murderer and the real culprit quietly stole away from the scene of his crime.

The most prominent victim of Vacher was the Marquis DeVilleplain, who was killed while walking in his park in the southwestern part of France, not far from the Spanish frontier. Vacher crept up behind him, felled him with a heavy stick and then cut his throat. The murderer carried off the coat of the marquis and his pocket book containing some bank notes. He then sought refuge in Spain.

The boasting of the murderer led to the detection of a number of his crimes after his arrest. For instance he killed a boy sixteen years of age, named Bully, near Lyons, in June, 1897. The crime would never have been discoverd but for the boasting of Vacher, as the lad was a notorious poacher and chicken thief, and his disappearance created no stir at all.

In January of the present year Vacher made a furious assault on a warden of the prison at Lyons where he was confined, and almost beat him to death before the prison guards could overpower him.

On October 30th, of the present year, Vacher was sentenced to death, since which time he has continued feigning insanity.

LAST CHANCE.

The Quail Season in Indiana Expires.

Nimrods Improve the Final Opportunity to Procure Birds for a New Year's Feast.

The quail law in Indiana expires today, a fact that has caused a stampede to the woods and prairies of nearly all the Nimrods hereabouts. This excursion in all directions of hunters bodes ill to the innocent quail, but means many a sumptuous New Year's feast.

The past quail season has been very good and although the law of true sportsmanship has in some cases been violated by the wholesale slaughter of birds there is still lots of game. With a fair observance of the game law good shooting can be expected next season.

MRS. BOTKIN GUILTY.

Convicted of Killing Mrs. J. P. Dunning With Poisoned Candy.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 31.—The jury in the Botkin case last night returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, with the penalty fixed at life imprisonment.

The fate of Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, charged with the murder of Mrs. John P. Dunning, of Dover, Del., went to the jury late in the afternoon after District Attorney Hosmer had completed his argument and Judge Carroll Cook had read his charge. Mr. Hosmer concluded his address by asking the jury to return a verdict—a verdict of murder in the first degree.

Mrs. Botkin cried bitterly several times during the day, and during the reading of the judge's charge almost lost control of herself. Her sister, who sat beside her, took Mrs. Botkin in her arms to comfort her.

Mrs. Botkin's lawyers do not propose to accept as final the verdict of the jury finding her guilty of murder of Mr. Dunning without making a strong effort to obtain a new trial and possibly reversal of the judgment.

After her arrival at the Branch county jail Mrs. Botkin broke down completely and for some time gave vent to her anguish in sobbing and occasionally shrieking. It is stated that the first ballot stood ten for hanging and two for life imprisonment. The second ballot was eleven for hanging and only one for life imprisonment. But the one stood firm and after much discussion the other eleven went over to him.

The Packard Piano pleases best and lasts longest.

BIG BATTLE FOUGHT

Chinese Rebels Reported to Have Been Routed.

Engagement Took Place Three Days Ago.

Imperial Troops Have Won a Signal Victory.

The News is Received in Shanghai, but No Details of the Battle Are Furnished.

SHANGHAI, Dec. 31.—The Chun King correspondent of the North China Daily News telegraphs under date of December 30 that a battle has taken place at Sahiciaotsang. The engagement is said to have taken place on December 27 and the imperial troops are reported to have been victorious.

Sahiciaotsang (not Sahichiosang) cannot be located on the maps; but Chun King, from whence the news comes, is situated in the Szchuan province, part of which has been in a state of rebellion for a long time past and which is overrun with marauders. The latest advices from there said 3,000 rebels were marching on Chung King and that 300 imperial Chinese troops had gone to meet them. It was also said that the militia is being mobilized.

A British missionary, Mr. Fleming, was murdered at Pang Hai, in Kweechu, a southwest province of China, on November 4, but the rebellion in the province of Szchuan, adjoining it is not anti-foreign.

MANY VISITING FRIENDS.

Wedding of Christian Schacher and Miss Lillian Smith Largely Attended.

A large number of out-of-town guests were here to attend the wedding of Christian F. Schacher and Miss Lillian Smith, whose marriage occurred Thursday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, of Stophlet street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wambsganss. The bride wore a gown of cream landsdowne, with satin and pearl trimming, and the bridesmaid was similarly dressed. The groom and groomsman wore the conventional black. Mr. Schacher is employed in the Rastetter works. The out-of-town guests attending the wedding and reception were as follows:

J. G. Miller, Otto Bach, Henry Beland, Will Miller, Etta Miller, Lake Ridge, Mich.; Ed. Miller, wife and daughter, Durand, Mich.; Carrie Bach, Saginaw, Mich.; Charles Bach, Durand, Mich.; Adam Beland, Petersburg, Mich.; Henry Smith, Mrs. John Beckley, Tecumseh, Mich.; Miss Mollie Hahn, Lenox, Mich.; Mrs. A. J. Smith and daughter, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Howard Pridmore, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. E. Kintz, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Adam Smith, Sterling, Ill.; F. W. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. T. Smith, Ridgeway, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Heshley, Toledo, Ohio.

ACCUSED OF DOUBLE CRIME.

Murderer Charged With Killing His Accomplice in Deed.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Dec. 31.—While John Musser, convicted in the circuit court last week of the murder and robbery of Mrs. Louisa Stoltz at Portland, is endeavoring to appeal his case to the supreme court the grand jury will try to shift another crime to his shoulders. One week after the dead body of Mrs. Stoltz was found the remains of Clarence Kirkland, a Muncie bridge builder, were found in a corn shock on Erastus Whipple's farm near Portland. The man's limbs and face were literally eaten away by field mice and his identity was only established by means of receipts.

Ever since the Stoltz murder it has been the supposition that Kirkland, who worked with Musser at the Indiana bridge factory at Muncie, was connected with the crime and was put out of the way to prevent his telling and a possible division of the spoils.

FORESAW HIS DEATH.

Convinced His End Was Near, Dr. Ford Took to His Bed.

WABASH, Ind., Dec. 31.—Two months ago Dr. James Ford, the oldest resident of Wabash and for many years a successful medical practitioner, took to bed under the conviction that he must die. He was free from all disease, but declined to leave his bed when urged by relatives. He gradually became weaker and yesterday died of inanition.

Two years ago Dr. Ford went to the Wabash Church Furniture factory and announced that he wanted his coffin made. He was in fine health and his remark was received as a jest. He insisted, however, that he desired to be buried in a casket which suited him. One was made of oak, according to his order, and the body now reposes therein. Dr. Ford was nearly ninety years old. He served as a brigade surgeon in the war of the rebellion. He was one of the founders of the Butler university at Indianapolis.

Hartford City Bank Reorganized.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Dec. 31.—The stockholders of the Citizens' bank met yesterday and reorganized under the name of the Citizens' State bank. The capital stock was increased to $80,000, and the following new officers elected: H. B. Smith, president; J. R. Johnson, vice president; E. M. Stahl, cashier.

A RECORD IN TRADE.

Magnificent Showing for the Year 1898.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Review Points to the Wonderful Increase in Exports of All Kinds.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says in today's issue:

"The year 1898 has not only been one of victory, of important increase in territory and of incalculable expansion of the influence of the United States among other nations, but has surpassed all other years in financial and industrial results. The center of financial power has crossed the ocean. After paying debts of several hundred millions abroad and conducting a war to an honorable end the country is lending so many millions in Europe that, for the first time, banks abroad look to New York to dictate the rate of exchange. Exports have been about $1,125,000,000 and the excess over imports about $617,000,000, against $357,000,000 in 1897, and in only two previous years has the balance risen to $300,000,000. In no past calendar year have net imports of gold reached $75,000,000, but this year they have been about $140,000,000. November passed all previous months in value of produce exports over imports, but December has gone much beyond November.

BREADSTUFFS AND COTTON.

"Power in the world's markets comes with a demand for breadstuffs and other necessities never before equaled. Exports of cotton have been over 7,700,000 bales, about 3,936,000,000 pounds, and in no previous year as much as 7,000,000 bales, or 3,500,000,000 pounds. Exports of breadstuffs have been in value $283,918,294 in eleven months, and have never been as large in any other year. Exports of wheat for the year, lacking a day or two, have been 218,594,686 bushels, flour included, slightly exceeded only by 225,665,812 in 1892, and of corn 200,979,077 bushels, only approached by 189,127,570 in 1897. The heaviest exports of both grains and flour in any previous year were 59,000,000 bushels smaller, only 360,220,513 in 1897. Though wheat was raised to $1 91 in May, the highest quotation, the December average has been only 72 cents, 25 cents below that of last year, but the year's average, 93 cents, is the highest since 1881.

TRIUMPH IN FINANCE.

"The triumph in finance has been largely due to industrial progress. The output of pig iron has been about 11,645,000 tons, the greatest yet reached in any year by 2,000,000 tons and greater than Great Britain ever reached by 2,800,000 tons. Yet the consumption in manufacture has been still larger in spite of net exports of pig. Exports of iron manufactured in ten months were about $87,644,536 in value, against imports of $13,497,817. Prices shown for the year in the table of comparisons have been unusually steady, varying not 5 per cent. for pig from the lowest to the highest, and for finished products not 6 per cent.

"Textile industries have been retarded by high prices of wool and abnormally low prices of cotton, both deterring purchases. In three months cotton reached 5.31 cents, the lowest price for fifty years, the greatest yield ever known being followed by receipts since September 357,000 bales larger than last year. Exports have increased, but not as greatly. Goods were reduced in price 5 per cent. to the middle of November, but have risen 7 per cent. and closed at the highest point for the year. Sales have been only 232,451,131 pounds at the three chief markets.

A. M. Stewart, of the firm of Stewart & Co., St. Louis, was in the city today. He will leave this evening for Cincinnati.

"Failures in the United States for the week were 252 and in Canada 22, total 274. For four weeks of December the total liabilities of firms failing were $11,697,605, against $10,356,586 last year."

SAGASTA IS BETTER.

Spanish Premier Shows Marked Improvement and is Ready for Duty.

MADRID, Dec. 31.—Senors Sagasta and Castellar are now convalescent. The former will be able to leave his room today.

Fourteen steamers are now on their way to Havana to repatriate the Spanish troops remaining in Cuba.

The report of the meeting of a dozen Spanish generals, the purpose of which has not been divulged, has been confirmed by a member of the cabinet who does not deny the importance of the occurrence.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Volunteers of America Will Have a Series of Services from January 2d to 15th.

A series of special meetings will be held by the Volunteers of America, beginning January 2 and lasting until the 15th, to which everybody, and especially the Christians of the city, are cordially invited. The presence of every Christian will be helpful. These meetings will be addressed by well-known speakers and special music will be furnished. The headquarters are opposite the Railroad Y. M. C. A., on Calhoun street.

Will Display Old Glory.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 31.—Mayor Kiefer has issued a proclamation asking the people of St. Paul to display the national flag on Sunday. The stars and stripes are to be displayed in celebration of the final evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish soldiers.

FELL 500 FEET.

Horrible Death of Six Miners in Michigan.

Tumbled From the Cage in Which They Were Descending From Shaft at Ishpeming.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 31.—A special to the Journal from Ishpeming, Mich., says:

This morning at 6 o'clock, while nine Finnish trammers whose names are unknown at this time, were coming to the surface in one of the shafts of the Lake Superior Iron company, the cage met some obstruction in the shaft that inclined the floor so as to let six men slide off, and they fell 500 feet to the bottom, being instantly killed. The three who clung to the cage were slightly injured.

LOCAL LINES.

Pfeiffer & Schlatter's store will be closed Monday.

Miss Marlowe and six of her party are at the Wayne.

Miss Lida Cline has returned from a visit at Mansfield, Ohio.

Turnkey Bob Young will spend New Year's with his aged father in Lafayette township.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunter went to Ossian Thursday to spend a week with relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. P. Denny and daughter have returned from a week's visit with relatives in Noble county.

Mr. and Mrs. Alford Harter, of Fort Wayne, are at Goshen, guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hollister.

'Squire Harry France has a force of workmen engaged in repairing and decorating the interior of his office.

Mrs. Martha Bishop and daughter, Miss Nellie Bishop, will spend New Year's at Elkhart, the guests of relatives.

Miss Nora Melendy and Miss Susie Betts, of Reading, Mich., are guests of Mrs. G. I. Haswell, of 50 Oliver street.

M. B. Tyger, salesman for Charles Falk & Co., who was taken suddenly ill with lagrippe, is slowly recovering.

Dr. C. Marts was summoned to Waterloo on professional business this morning and he will return this evening.

Mrs. Roman Zoellers, of this city, is in Lafayette visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Metzger.

Charles A. Hull, jr., will entertain his young friends at a "watch party" this evening, at his home, on Miner street.

Miss Carnahan, of Cleveland, who was the guest of Miss Robertson, of 241 Webster street, returned home this evening.

Miss Mary Thomas, bookkeeper for the Kimball store, left today to spend New Year's at her home in Muncie, Ind.

Harry Fletcher, of the R. S. Patterson clothing store, will spend New Year's at his home in Coldwater, Mich.

The Misses Nettie and Rosaline Smith, of Roanoke, are visiting the family of George H. Wilcox, of 52 Oliver street.

H. M. Hart and family, of 105 Wallace street, went to Decatur, today, to attend the golden wedding of Mr. Hart's parents.

Miss Annie Habecker entertained at 6 o'clock dinner Thursday evening in compliment to visiting guests of Miss Belle Geake.

The Misses Grace Staffey and Nellie Rice will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wilhelm, of Garrett, Ind., on New Year's day.

Mrs. R. W. Smythe will give a New Year's party this evening, about twenty guests watching the old year out and the new one in.

Mrs. F. V. Culbertson left for Port Clinton, Ohio, this morning to spend a week with her parents and other relatives, and to take part in a concert in that city on Tuesday next.

George Stephan, who has been with the Seavey Hardware house for a long time, has resigned to represent Chapman-Smith Co., of Chicago. He will have his headquarters at Cincinnati, for which place he will leave with his family next week.

Fort Wayne Lodge of Perfection will keep open house next Monday according to it's annual New Year's custom. The lodge rooms will be open all day and Master Masons in good standing are invited to meet with the Scottish rite and partake of fraternal hospitality.

Little Alvin, the son of Justice Ballerman, came near choking to death today. While playing with a copper cent piece he put the coin in his mouth and unintentionally swallowed it. It was with some difficulty that the piece found its way down and before the feat was performed the family was considerably alarmed.

TO PRESERVE PEACE.

More Troops to be Sent to Island of Cuba.

Haste Will be Made to Get Them Embarked.

The One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana to Go.

War Department Determined to Enforce Good Order and Pacific Conduct in the Island.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Orders have been issued for the dispatch of additional troops to Cuba to assist in the maintenance of good government there.

The orders are addressed to Maj. Gen. J. H. Wilson, commanding the First army corps, with headquarters at Macon, Ga. The secretary of war directs that the headquarters of the corps, originally fixed at Cienfuegos, Cuba, be changed to Matanzas, and that General Wilson, with his headquarters, and the Eighth Massachusetts, One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana, and the Third Kentucky Volunteer infantry be put in readiness for transportation to Cuba, fully armed and equipped for field service and supplied with thirty day's rations and forage in addition to that required for the journey.

In a subsequent order General Wilson was directed to proceed with his headquarters and equipment from Macon to Savannah in time to embark on the transport Panama. The Eighth Massachusetts and Third Kentucky will embark from Savannah and transports to be provided and the One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana, will proceed to Charleston, one battalion at a time and embark on the Saratoga, which ship will convey the regiment to Cuba in three trips.

HIS WIFE NO MORE

Mr. and Mrs. John Leykauf are Divorced.

The Wife Was Complainant and Was Given Alimony and Custody of the Children.

Attorney E. V. Harris this morning filed in the superior court a divorce complaint which was not a surprise to acquaintances of the principals to the suit. Julia S. Leykauf was plaintiff and her husband, John N. Leykauf, defendant. They were married in 1889 and are the parents of three children, Roe F., Jennie F. and Sam N. The complaint alleged that defendant was cruel and inhuman in his treatment of plaintiff and had accused her of infidelity. The husband made no defense and Mrs. Leykauf was granted the divorce after Judge Dawson had heard the evidence, which was audible only to the judge and Attorney Harris. The wife was given $300 alimony and the custody of the three children. Mr. Leykauf was ordered to pay the wife $15 each month, beginning January 1, 1899, until further order of the court for the maintenance of the children.

SUIT TO SET ASIDE WILL.

O. W. Nestel and D. Nestel, through their attorneys, Worden & Zollars, Colerick Bros. and Bittenger & Clapham, have commenced proceedings against Henrietta, Eliza Nestel and others to set aside will.

SIXTY DAYS IN JAIL.

Rhyne Fogle, the fellow who stole a pair of shoes from Morris Meyer and was caught by Vinc Robbins, pleaded guilty to petit larceny this morning and was sentenced by Judge O'Rourke to serve sixty days in jail.

OTHER DIVORCES.

Judge O'Rourke granted William Kopp a divorce from Ida Kopp.

The divorce case of Caroline Niemeyer vs. Christian Niemeyer is on trial in the circuit court this afternoon.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

William A. Carmer and Ella May Metz.

Lewis E. Michael and Ella M. Kell.

NOTES.

In the superior court Cyrus F. Paine was given a judgment by Judge Dawson for $1,499 against Beverforden.

Insanity proceedings have been commenced against Mary E. McLach an and she will be brought into circuit court next Monday.

The last will and testament of Charles Johnson has been filed for probate. He leaves his property to his wife during life and it then reverts to the son and daughter.

Christine Miller, through her attorney, P. B. Colerick, has commenced suit for $500 damages against Charles Haiber, alleging that when it rains the water from off the roof of a house owned by defendant falls on plaintiff's property and does much damage.

DR. MILLER BETTER.

Fever Is Gone and He Appears to Be Slowly Recovering.

Dr. L. P. Drayer today reports that Dr. J. E. Miller is very much improved and he feels confident of his recovery and return to health. All fever is gone and the other symptoms of pneumonia are rapidly disappearing. The doctor was delirious for two days, but this morning wanted to sit up, but his weakness would not permit him to do so. Dr. Miller's hosts of friends are indeed glad to hear of his improvement.

REV. EVERS DEAD.

He Was a Well Known Retired Lutheran Minister.

Sketch of His Life—Charles Seibt, a Machinist, Passes Away—Other Deaths and Funerals.

At 3 o'clock this morning occurred the death of Rev. Henry C. F. Evers, a well-known retired Lutheran minister residing at 504 Hanna street. He died of heart disease.

The deceased was born in Antzenburg, Holstein, Germany, and at the time of his death his age was seventy years, one month and three days. Rev. Evers first began his ministerial career at Windhill, Randolph county, Illinois, from which place he went to Sturgis, Mich. Then he filled a pulpit at Convoy, Ohio, and lastly he had a charge in Adams county, this state, which he relinquished some years ago on account of his age. In 1862 he was married to Amelia Bracklage and to them there were born twelve children, ten of whom are still living. They are as follows: John, of Eureka, Utah; Rev. Frederick Evers, of Golconda, Ill.; Elizabeth, Mary, Louise, Christine, Theodora, Martin, Conrad and Henry, all living at home.

The funeral will take place next Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 from the house and 2 o'clock from Zion's Lutheran church.

SEIBT.

After an illness with typhoid fever, dating from December 4, Charles W. H. Seibt expired last evening at 7:30 o'clock. The deceased was about thirty years old. Mr. Seibt was one of the best known mechanics in the city. When he was about fifteen years old he entered the Bass shops as an apprentice and with the exception of about six months spent in a shop in Chicago eight or ten years ago, he has been employed constantly at those works. For two or three years the company has kept him out of the city much of the time, setting up machinery, he being an expert in that line. Last February, the deceased was married to Miss Sophia Conrade, who survives. The father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seibt, sr., two brothers, William Seibt, of Chicago, and Louis Seibt, of this city, and two sisters, Misses Minnie and Rose Seibt, the former a teacher in the Hanna Street school, also survive the deceased. Mr. Seibt was a member of Howard council, No. 246, Royal Arcanum, and of Friendship lodge, No. 70, International Association of Machinists, which orders will participate in the funeral exercises.

The funeral will take place from the house at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon and a half-hour later from Salem Reformed church.

WARD.

Mrs. Thomas Clark last evening received the sad intelligence of the death in Detroit of her sister, Isabel M. Ward, of consumption. She was aged twenty-three years, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ward. Mr. and Mrs. Clark left for Detroit this morning to attend the funeral.

RAFINE.

Mrs. Susan Rafine, wife of John Rafine, of No. 20 Ohio street, died at the Hope hospital Friday afternoon of tumor. The deceased was fifty-two years of age, and besides her husband leaves two grown daughters. The remains were removed to the undertaking establishment of Schone & Veith, where they were prepared for burial. The funeral will take place from the undertaking parlors of Schone & Veith at 2 p. m., Sunday.

ROSS.

The funeral of Mrs. John E. Ross will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. from the late residence, 403 South Calhoun street, the Rev. J. S. Ainslie officiating. In deference to the wishes of the husband and relatives the funeral will be conducted privately.

KRAFT.

The funeral of William C. Kraft will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the family residence, No. 317 Lafayette street, the Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor of the Zion Lutheran church, officiating. Interment in Concordia cemetery.

SECRETARY HAY'S VETO.

He Makes Formal Disapproval of the Hawaiian Cable Concession.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The secretary of state today formally disapproved the consession made in July by the Hawaiian government to the Pacific Cable company for an exclusive right of laying a cable to Hawaii.

It is understood that this action was taken in no spirit of hostility to the Pacific Cable company, but the concession was disapproved, first, on account of the formal protest made by the Hawaiian commission, and secondly because it seemed best to leave the congress a free hand in the disposition of the whole subject.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Stout and baby, Frances, arrived in the city today from Detroit and will spend the first day in the new year with Grandpa George Stout, of Lakeside.

THE GAS SHUT OFF.

Pumping Station at Red Key is Destroyed.

The Loss is Estimated to be $100,000.

Deprived Thirty Ohio Towns of Gas Supply.

People of Red Key Are Without Other Fuel Supply and a Blizzard is Raging There.

RED KEY, Ind., Dec. 31.—An explosion of gas followed by a fire at the Onio and Indiana Pipe Line company's compressing station near here caused a loss estimated at $100,000. Engineer W. E. Robinson was badly burned. Thirty or more towns are deprived of natural gas by the destruction of the station.

MUCH SUFFERING THREATENED.

LIMA, Ohio, Dec. 31.—The big power house of the Lima Natural Gas company, located at Red Key, Ind., was destroyed by fire this morning, and the city is threatened with a complete shut off of gas. A regular blizzard is prevailing, and the temperature is falling.

The coal supply is being rapidly exhausted and the gas company says it will be a week before the station can be rebuilt.

Great suffering will follow if the severe cold continues.

'TIS A MODEL.

Improvements at Hope Hospital Are About Completed.

New Operating Room Will by Ready for Use in a Few Days—Entire Interior Re-decorated.

The improvements at Hope hospital that have been progressing the last few months, are about completed, and the new operating room, which is the finest in the state, will be ready for use in a few days. The whole interior has been redecorated and a new convalescent room added among other features. The Elks have also furnished a room handsomely and the apartment is ready to receive an Elk or his friends.

Some evening next week the rooms will be opened for the inspection of the physicians of the city and any others who are interested in the success of the hospital.

THE LAST HONORS.

Funeral of the Late Justin S. Morrill in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Funeral services over the late Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, were held in the United States senate chamber at noon today. They were conducted with impressive dignity in the presence of a distinguished assemblage, including the president and vice president of the United States, members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court, senators and representatives in congress, the speaker of the house and representatives of the army, navy and of the diplomatic corps, as well as a concourse of private citizens, who took this means of testifying the affectionate regard in which Mr. Morrill was universally held.

RECEIVER ASKED FOR.

Preliminary Steps Taken in the Case of the B. & O. S. W.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 31.—The preliminary steps for the receivership of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern railroad, preparatory for its absorption into the Baltimore and Ohio railroad under the new plan of reorganization, were taken in the state superior court today before Judge R. B. Smith.

STILL UNCHANGED.

Mr. Lumbard's Condition Was Reported to be the Same This Afternoon.

A report from the bedside of S. C. Lumbard this afternoon is to the effect that his condition remains unchanged from what it has been for three days past. He does not gain nor is he sinking, but he is very seriously sick.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—Wheat, Dec., 68⅛@⅞; Jan, 68⅛@⅞; May, 71⅝@¾; July, 69¾@⅞.

Corn—Dec., 37¼@⅜; Jan., 36⅞@⅞; May, 38¼@⅜; July, 38⅞@⅞.

Oats—Dec. and Jan., 26¼@⅜; May, 28¼@¼; July, 26⅝@⅞.

Pork—Dec., $8 95; Jan., $10.20; May, $10.55@10.57½.

Lard—Dec., $5.60; Jan, $5.65; May, $5 90.

Ribs—Dec., $4.90; Jan., $4.90; May, $5.22½.

Kalamazoo Paper Changes Hands.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Dec. 31.—The Kalamazoo Gazette, established in 1833, has been purchased by T. B. Sheaff, recently of the Danville, Ill., Press.

PAGE YARNELLE

Gets the Ten.

Page Yarnelle got $10 at Reuben S. Patterson's for ticket 99,918.

WILL C. CLEARY,
Merchant tailor, 15 W. Washington Street, Lau Block. Repairing, etc.

The Packard Piano is the really great piano.

[T]he Holders....

Of the following numbers are entitled to the presents given away by

...PICKARD BROS...

No. 6,989, 3 piece Bed Room Suit.
No. 4,353, 100 piece Dinner Set.
No. 6,648, Parlor Chair.
No. 2,443, Parlor Lamp.
No. 5,260, 12 piece Chamber Set.
No. 4,376, Carving Set.

PICKARD BROS.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Furniture, Stoves and Chinaware.

12 and 14 East Columbia Street.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

TONIGHT.

Masonic Temple—Attractions for the week:
Saturday evening, Julia Marlowe in "Countess Valeska."

Watch Meeting—Free Methodist church.

Traveling Men's Protective Association — Regular business meeting.

Lodges—Order of the Red Cross; Rathbone Sisters; Degree of Honor No. 25.

HERE'S to '99 and may it be as good as '98.

THE outlook for a happy New Year in Havana is what a patron of sports would term a long shot.

THERE is little glory in making a New Year resolution that shall only serve a week or two later to show how weak you are. A good intention is a poor thing if not persisted in.

IT bodes ill for the czar's department conference that the pope should have decided not to send a representative, and that this decision should have been reached because, according to the story, Italy declined to send a delegate if the Vatican were recognized.

AT all events, the government of the United States, having forced the extinction of Spanish authority in Cuba, is responsible for the maintenance of order, the protection of property and the security of life in that island. The erection of a stable independent government will take somewhat more time than was expended in the destruction of the colonial government of Spain. Cubans should cultivate patience—and their fields.

IT is gratifying and not a little surprising that while Paris has been, according to the news reports, the head center of all the experimentation with and exploitation of the new automobile vehicle, and while America has seemed backward in this latest craze, Chicago has quietly secured a contract for furnishing Europe with 50,000 electro automobiles during the next ten years, the money involved being something like $5,000,000.

THE dispatch of Genrral Lawton to the Philippines looks like business. Lawton is a fighting general, but he is also a good administrator, and he is well fitted for any emergency, provided he can take with him force enough to make his authority effective. Admiral Dewey meanwhile suggests that some civilians had better be sent out there to look over the situation. Considering the extraordinary complications that exist, it is scarcely fair to leave the whole responsibility to the military commanders.

JOHN B. STOLL, of the South Bend Times, has the following comment on the metropolitan police law: "Petitions are in circulation at Fort Wayne praying that that city be placed under the operations of the metropolitan [illegible]. These petitions are being numerously signed by citizens who have satisfied themselves that a police force solely under local influences is unsatisfactory for reasons well understood. Fort Wayne is operating under what is called a 'special charter.' The mayor has the appointing of the board that controls the police force. Everybody knows what that means—local political influence of the most unsavory character. No matter how good a man the mayor may be the influence of ward politicians will be made felt to the detriment of an efficient service. The experience of all cities points in the same direction. There is but one way to escape these influences, and that is through the metropolitan system."

INVESTIGATION shows that during the past two or three months there has been a somewhat striking phenomenon in the matter of births in the United States, the percentage of male babies being largely in excess of the females. In the city of New York statistics show that 107 boys have been born for each 100 girls during the past two months. Dr. Schenk, the eminent scientist of Vienna, who has been credited with discovering the secret of sex, accounts for the phenomenon in an interesting way. He says: "I am quite disposed to consider the increase of male births to the marked enthusiasm evoked by the war." But according to Dr. Schenk's theory, as he states, "the enthusiasm must have been strongest on the woman's side, as the effect in such cases is felt crosswise." There is eminent authority as well as statistics to support the theory that nature makes ready compensation for the losses of men during war. The natal statistics in several European countries during the past two or more centuries show that during and immediately subsequent to armed conflict the percentage of male births was greatly in excess of the percentage of female births. Dr. Schenk reaches the conclusion that "it is clear the American women favored the late war more strongly than the American men did."

THE records of the United States court for the Utah district show that in 1897 Brigham H. Roberts, now a congressman-elect from the state of Utah, was indicted for two unlawful marital ventures. That is, in plain terms, he was charged with unlawful cohabitation with two women whom he claimed as his wives. He was tried, found guilty and served a short time in prison for the offense. In a recent interview Roberts defended his polygamy and declared he could not and would not repudiate his plural marriages; that he was reared in the faith and that he would be a villain now to desert the women who plighted faith with him. In short Congressman-elect Roberts intends to stick to his wives and to his congressional seat, too, if he can. A two-thirds vote of the members of the house of representatives is all that is necessary to disquality him and it ought not to be hard to get.

TOMORROW will be the beginning of a new year. Start it right. Turn over a new leaf and begin a new account with yourself. There is something more than mere idle sentiment in the custom of "New Year's resolutions." In our daily lives as in our busness affairs we all should, as the year closes, take an accounting to see if we are richer or poorer in character. If character has not prospered as it should have prospered, then resolve that it shall and begin the new year with that resolution in full force and effect. Elsewhere in this issue of THE SENTINEL will be found the blank form of a temperance pledge. You who need it, cut it out, sign it and—stick to it. You need tell no one of it, and your reward will come when you see the birth of a new happiness in your home, the satisfaction of your friends and feel the thrill that follows the approval of your own conscience. You might accomplish quite as much without signing a pledge, if you would. But the signed pledge will be harder to forget. It is the token of your covenant with your conscience. At any rate, start the new year right. Turn over a new leaf. There is no real or permanent satisfaction in life except in right living, and none is so near perfection that he may not improve.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight has been a remarkable year. It has given birth to great events which themselves will multiply in the new year which will come with the morrow. To the people of this land it has been a year [illegible] with benefits and blessings.

The land has prospered beyond precedent, almost beyond hope. To the blessing of abundant crops has been added the blessing of good prices. Manufactures have boomed and commerce has progressed by leaps and bounds. Our foreign trade was the greatest in history. The future promises further progress, not recession in the world markets. The outlook is as bright as could be wished.

During the year there has been born an era of national good feeling that has apparently banished forever the dread phantom of sectionalism and healed the long smarting wounds of a fratricidal war. The country is united in patriotism and purpose under one flag that American valor has made so glorious.

But by far the greatest and most momentous event of the year now at an end was the war with Spain. Victory, brilliant and decisive, marked the progress of American arms from the beginning of hostilities till the last hostile sword was sheathed and the last standard of the enemy was trailed to the dust.

Spanish tyranny was stricken low where it had misruled and oppressed for centuries. The great republic of the west vouchsafed in a war for humanity the blessings of modern enlightened Christian government and the untasted fruits of freedom and progress.

Springing up from the fiery track of war have been new problems for this nation—problems that lead into new achievements. The two great oceans, the gulf and the lakes, no longer bound the destinies of this republic. The flag that first floated over thirteen struggling colonies on the eastern seaboard, waves over new possessions in another hemisphere.

Expansion is not a probable policy. It is a fact. It must be dealt with as a fact. Great and grave questions confront the nation. The republic has taken its place as one of the powers of the earth. The position must be strengthened, not abandoned.

The new year will bring with it such responsibilities as the statesmen of America have never before been summoned to deal with. Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine will be fraught with events as momentous as the year just closed.

Pledge for 1899.

I, the undersigned, do pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, for a period of one year, from the 1st day of January, 1899, to the 1st day of January, 1900.

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A YEAR'S RECORD.

More Than 1,100 Arrests Made During 1898.

One Hundred and Twenty Less Prisoners Arraigned Than in 1897—Children Recovered.

Lieutenant Lapp has about completed his annual report of the doings of the police department, which he each year submits to the superintendent of police. He finds that during 1898 1,132 arrests were made, about 400 of them by the Pennsylvania detectives. This is a decrease of 120 arrests over last year, when 1,252 persons were locked up. Almost all of the 400 men arrested by the Pennsylvania detectives were charged with train climbing, while the regular police arrested more persons for drunkenness than for an other stated crime or misdemeanor. The following arrests were made each month: January, 79; February, 115; March, 98; April, 75; May, 76; June, 113; July, 121; August, 127; Septemcer, 68; October, 123; November, 74; December, 63. It will be noticed that the greatest number of arrests were made in August and October, the months in which occurred the races and the street fair, although it is probable that these entertainments were not responsible for the increase. The least number of arrests were made during the present month, when everybody was saving money with which to buy Christmas presents.

During the year 1,203 tramps were lodged in the station. The biggest number for one month sought shelter in February, over 300 having been lodged. During the months of July, August and September there was not one application for lodging.

There were eighty-six children recovered during the twelve months, an average of seven to the month.

MONTHLY REPORT.

Lieutenant Lapp makes the following report of arrests during the month of December, 1898:

Intoxication	21
Vagrancy	11
Climbing on moving trains	4
Peddling without license	2
Grand larceny	2
Assault and battery	1
Keeping a gambling house	1
Gambling	4
Burglary	2
Arson	1
Keeping a house of ill-fame	1
Prostitution	4
Associating with prostitutes	2
Carrying concealed weapons	2
Petit larceny	1
Tapping sewer without license	1
Selling liquor without license	2
Unlawfully doing plumbing without license	1
Total	63

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

START IN RIGHT.

Begin New Year in Worship of the Lord.

Sabbath Sermons and Services in the Churches of Fort Wayne Tomorrow—Pastors' Announcements.

Railroad Y. M. C. A.—Rev. L. L. Henson will preach at 3 p. m. Bible study at 4 o'clock.

Baptist Tabernacle.—At 11 a. m. New Year's sermon and communion; 7:30 p. m. evangelistic services and baptism. Fine music by quartet choir.

The services at Trinity Episcopal church tomorrow will be morning service, holy communion and sermon. 10:45 a. m. Evening service and sermon, 5 p. m.

Calvary U. B. church, Sunday services. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Y. P. C. U. 6:30 p. m. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Special music at each service. J. W. Lake, pastor.

Bethany church, Nebraska, Geo. E. Davies, pastor.—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; New Year's service, 10:45 a. m.; the Y. P. S. C. E., at 6:30 p. m., will be led by Mr. Hackett. Evening services, 7:30 p. m.

The First Church of Christ Scientists hold regular services in the Odd Fellows building, second floor, No 20 West Berry street, at 10:30 a. m.; subject, "God." Sunday school immediately following the services.

Heidelberg Reformed church, Rev. Maurice Sampson, pastor—Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; congregational meeting at 10:30, and election of officers. Evening service at 7:30. Subject: "The New Year."

South Congregational church—Rev. E. E. Frame, pastor—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; sacrament of the Lord's supper at 10:45 a. m., Jr. C. E., 3 p. m.; C. E, 6:30 p. m. Subject at 7:30, "Make the New Year Better."

West Creighton avenue Church of Christ—Services at usual hours. Subject of discourses: Morning, "The Elements of the Christian Life;" evening, "The Constitution of the Divine Kingdom." Z. A. Harris, minister.

Third Presbyterian church, corner Calhoun and Holman streets, Rev. J. A. P McGaw, pastor.—Subject of morning sermon, "Conditions of the Spiritual Harvest." Evening, "The World in A. D. 1, and in A. D. 1899."

Grace Reformed Church, A. K. Zartman, pastor.—New Year's sermon tomorrow morning at 10:30. Song and consecration service at 7:30. Brief address by the pastor. Topic, "The Angel Presence." Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

"Volunteers of America," Ballington Booth, commander-in-chief; Captain B. Scott, local officer in charge: armory, 228 Calhoun street. Sunday evening at 7:30 Gospel and testimony meeting. Captain Scott will speak, subject, "The Greatest Deceiver in Fort Wayne."

Simpson M. E. church, Sabbath school, 9:30; men's history class at the same hour, subject, "Joan of Arc;" sermon 10:30, Junior League, 2:30; Senior League, 6:30; sermon at 7:30. With the evening services the revival meeting will begin. T. J. Johnson, pastor.

Bethel Church of the Evangelical association, corner DeWald and Clinton streets—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; English preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the presiding older, Rev. D. S. Oaks. Communion services will follow the 10:30 a. m. sermon. Young People's Alliance at 6:45 p. m. J. F. Bockman, pastor.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor. Services tomorrow as follows: Class meeting at 9:30 o'clock; preaching at 10:30 by the pastor; Children's meeting at 2:15; Sunday school at 3 o'clock. Epworth league meeting at 6:30, and a general revival service at 7:30. The pastor's subject will be: "The Valley of Dry Bones."

Services at Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal church tomorrow, conducted by the pastor: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., missionary day; 10:30 a. m., sermon, subject appropriate to New Years day; also reception of members; 12 m, classes; 3 p. m., Junior League; 6:30 p. m., Epworth League; 7:30 sermon, evangelistic service following.

Trinity M. E. church, corner Fourth and Cass streets.—The pastor, Sherman Powell, will begin a series of revival meetings, which will continue indefinitely. At 10:30 the subject will be "The Wisdom of Soul-winning;" at 7:30, "Pardon and Power." There will be special music at all the services. Sunday school at 9:30; Epworth league at 6:30.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor.—Public worship and preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p m. Morning theme," "God's Covenant;" evening theme, "Our Part in the Covenant." Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E, 6:30 p. m. The Monday meeting of this week of prayer will be at 10 a. m. All the other meetings of the week at 7:30 p. m.

The Berry street M. E. church, corner Harrison street. C. C. Cissell, pastor—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10:30 a. m.; general Class, 11:45 a. m.; Junior league, 2:30; Epworth league devotional service, 6:30 p. m., led by the pastor. Subject for the morning sermon, "Human Reckoning and Divine Interruption." The evening subject will be, "Truth in the Inward Parts." Special music at each service. The seats are all free

At the West Jefferson street Church of Christ special New Year's services will be held tomorrow. It will be the beginning of the sixth year of the present pastorate and [illegible]ing with the occasion. The evening subject will be: "Some Facts Which Establish the Divinity of Christ." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting at 6:15 p. m. Services every evening, except Saturday, next week. P. J. Rice, minister.

Westminster Presbyterian church, Rev. J. L. Leeper, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:20 p. m.; Senior Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Sabbath school, 12 m.

Christ Evangelical (English) Lutheran church. corner W. Jefferson and Webster streets—L. J. Motschman, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "Jesus First;" evening, "Under the Knife." C. E., at 6:45 p. m.; prayer services and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D. D., bishop; Very Rev. John Guendling, V. G., pastor; Rev. J. H. Bathe, chancellor; Rev. M. J. Byrne, associate pastor; Rev. Jno. Durham, assistant—Masses at 6, 8, 8:30 (children's services) and 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m.; vespers at 3 p. m.

St. Patrick's, corner DeWald and Harrison. Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. Patrick Crowley, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass at 7:45 and 10 a. m.; children's mass at 9 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Mary's (German), corner of Lafayette and Jefferson streets. The Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Gustave Hottenroth. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Paul's (German), corner West Washington and Griffith. Rev. F. J. H. Kroll, pastor. Services 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital), Rev. Thomas Eisenring, C. S. S., chaplain. Sunday services, 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 8 a. m.

St. Peter's (German), corner East DeWald and Warsaw. Rev. Ferdinand Koerdt, pastor. Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

Emanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson street.—Rev. C. Gross and Rev. Philip Wambsganss, jr., pastors. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. Paul's, on Barr street.—Rev. Jacob Miller, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Trinity, corner of Huffman and Oakland.—Rev. J. A. Bohn, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p, m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren.—Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m., 2 p. m., (in German), 7:30 p. m. (in English).

German Lutheran Zion's Congregational church, Creighton avenue and Hanna streets.—Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sundays.

Grace church (German Evangelical), Gay and Pontiac streets, Rev. Miller, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

MAKES HIS BOW.

Frank Lumbard Engages in Business With His Father.

Continued Ill Health of S. C. Lumbard Makes the Change Advisable—Has Many Friends.

Beginning next Monday Frank S. Lumbard will be identified with his father's business as a partner and the style of the new firm will be Sidney C. Lumbard & Son. The change was contemplated by Mr. Lumbard, Sr., long ago, and to this end he has had Frank in the office the past five years in training for his business career. The ill health of Mr. Lumbard makes it desirable to form the partnership without further delay.

Frank Lumbard is a bright young man, and received his education in Fort Wayne and at Howe school, Lima, Ind., before that institution became a military academy. He will no doubt receive lots of encouragement from the business community in which his father has been a prominent figure for so many years. The firm has a business of fourteen fire insurance companies besides other lines of insurance.

POLICE COURT.

Only Three Prisoners Arraigned on the Last Day of 1898.

There were only three prisoners in police court this morning to wind up the police record for the year 1898. Rink Mergel was fined $1 and costs for intoxication. He paid the fine.

James Lenard and Robert Urie were two vagrants picked up by Officer Borgman. They had the usual stories to tell, but Mayor Scherer wanted to treat them kindly and sent them over to the hotel de Melching, where they can enjoy a New Year's dinner. They will stay in jail fifteen days.

POSTOFFICE HOURS.

Postmaster Issues His Holiday Announcement for New Year's Monday.

The money order, registry, stamp and general delivery departments will be open till 10 a. m.

The regular morning delivery and collection will be made by carriers.

Collections will be made at 6 and 10 p. m. from the hotels and Calhoun street boxes between the depots.

The outgoing mail service will be as usual.

W. D. PAGE,
Postmaster.

Cheaply priced, yet a peer at any price is the Packard Piano.

"Our Nation in War."

WANT A CHANGE.

Fee System Condemned by the Trades and Labor Council.

Resolutions Favoring Stated Salaries for Justices of the Peace—New Delegates Seated.

The Trades and Labor Council held a meeting in Machinists' hall last evening. Two new organizations sent in credentials and the delegates were seated. They were the Plasterers' union and the Laundry Workers' union.

Two important new committees were named as follows: Arbitration, F. J. Marx, chairman; Chris Rose, Henry Peek, F. S. Schlink and Thomas Baxter. Legislative committee, C. J. Lose, chairman; Ben Mathy, Theodore Meyer, Perry Stahl and C. E. Thomas.

The report of the executive board, which had been empowered to audit the books of the council for 1898, was accepted. The secretary was instructed to ask for bids on the compilation and printing of the "Blue Book" for 1899.

The matter of establishing a labor league was referred to the organization committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The council adopted the following resolutions in favor of placing the justices of the peace on a salary:

"Whereas, It has been publicly proposed that an effort be made to have the forthcoming session of the Indiana legislature so amend the laws of the state as to abolish the present fee system as it prevails in the offices of justices of the peace of this state, and to substitute for said fees a stated salary; and,

"Whereas, The enactment into law of this proposed measure will result in a great needed reform in the administration of justice in these minor courts of law, promote economy, give guarantee of impartial trial, correct numerous prevalent and notorious abuses, put an end to 'drumming up business,' and remove the temptation to many questionable practices; therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the Trades and Labor council of the city of Fort Wayne, that this proposed reform will be a good thing for the public and that it ought to have, and hereby receives the unqualified endorsement of this body; and

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this council there should be allotted to Fort Wayne and Wayne township two justices of the peace and no more, each to receive a suitable salary that shall be sufficient to induce competent and clean men to accept such office; and

"Resolved, That this council herewith petitions the representatives and senators from Allen county in the Indiana legislature, to work for and support such measures as will promote the enactment into law of the reforms set forth in the foregoing preamble and resolution."

The council also declared in favor of the proposed barbers' bill, as follows:

"Whereas, The barbers of the state of Indiana have drafted a bill to license barbers to practice in the state and to make it compulsory for apprentices to work three years at the trade before they can receive such license, and which they are about to bring before the coming session of the state legislature, and

"Whereas, Such measure will have a tendency to abolish the so called 'barber schools' that advertise to teach a person the barber trade in from six to eight weeks (which is an impossibility); therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the Trades and Labor council of Fort Wayne, Ind., that we endorse such a measure, and that the secretary of this body be instructed to send copies of this resolution to the senators and representatives of Allen county, requesting them to support the same."

THE CITY'S SHARE.

City Taxes Collected in 1898 Amount to $217,681.70.

County Auditor Meyer has filed with Comptroller Berghoff a statement of city taxes collected by County Treasurer Hunter on the fall insstallment, the exact amount being $102,620.90. Add to this $115,060.80, the taxes collected in the spring and the total amount of city taxes collected reaches $217,681.70, against $222,545.43 collected in 1897. This is a good showing considering that the tax levy was several cents lower in 1898 than in 1897. The appropriations were made on an estimated collection of $220,000. There will be a neat surplus when the bills for 1898 are paid and several thousand dollars not appropriated will be available for necessary improvements.

"HOGMANAY NICHT."

Caledonians and Friends Enjoy an Old-Fashioned Scotch Celebration.

The old Scotch holiday, Hogmanay, was celebrated by the Caledonians and their friends last evening at Caledonian hall, the festivities consisting of music, literary exercises and a dance program. "Hogmanay nicht" has peculiar significance to the Scots. It is the last night of the year and on that night Scots are wont to gather and feast with singing and dancing besides. This year, with New Year's eve on Saturday night the Caledonians decided to celebrate one night earlier that they might not in any way desecrate the Sabbath.

A large crowd attended the festival. An elaborate musical program was given by the Trinity English Lutheran choir, led by Hugh McLetchie. Mr. McLetchie also sang two beautiful solos. Miss Nellie Lawson gave a reading in which she skillfully rendered the parts with a naturalness of the native Scotch language and accent. Her effort was highly creditable and she received deserved applause. After the musical program, a luncheon was served and then the guests joined in the dance, which program consisted of Scotch reels and other movements. The last number was a Highland fling, which George McKenzie and Alex Forbes gave in true Scotch style.

UNDERGROUND WIRES.

Council Committee Will Discuss the Ordinance Next Tuesday Evening.

Chairman Bauer has issued a call for a meeting of the council committee on rules, regulations and ordinances to be held next Tuesday evening. Councilman Poirson's resolution providing for the placing of wires underground on Columbia and Clinton streets will be considered and representatives of the telephone, telegraph and electric light companies have been invited to meet with the committe and present their views on the proposed ordinance.

Cleveland's Baking Powder does the work just right every time.

That's why all the leading Teachers of Cookery use and recommend it.

What infinite care and pride a woman takes in her wedding trousseau. How fine and fit every dainty gown and filmy bit of lingerie must be. But how about herself, her own fine and delicate physical organism? Has this most important of all considerations been neglected? Has she any weakness or ailment which is going to unfit and incapacitate her for happy marriage?

No woman is fit to marry who has any unhealthy condition of the special structure most intimately concerned in wifehood and motherhood. No modest reluctance should prevent her seeking immediate relief from such troubles. There is no need of the mortifying examinations so detestable to sensitive-minded women. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is daily curing thousands of women of these troubles in the privacy of their homes.

The "Favorite Prescription" is the only proprietary remedy of its kind prepared by an educated, authorized physician. There is hardly a case so obstinate that it will not completely and permanently cure.

Mrs. Emma C. Clover, of Redkey, Jay Co., Indiana, in a letter to Dr. Pierce, says: "I can recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to any one who suffers with any female disease. When I was in my teens I was always sick. I took your medicines before I was married, and now I am well and strong. I am now twenty-[illegible]. I have also taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and can recommend them all."

It is a druggist's business to sell you, not to tell you what you want.

SOMETHING NEW

5¢

Large package of the world's best cleanser for a nickel. Still greater economy in 4-pound package. All grocers. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

A TEN-CENT CIGAR for a NICKEL. Smoke one and be Convinced.

QUALITY always the BEST and UNIFORM the Year 'Round.

NO EXPERIMENT. Twelve Millions sold annually.

TRADE SUPPLIED BY
UPMANN & WILCOX, CHICAGO.

FOR SALE IN FORT WAYNE BY
C. B. Woodworth & Co., Freese & Rauke, O. G. Klinkerberg, Fort Wayne Club, George Swain jr., Albert C. Alter, G. E. Belott, J. F. Getz.

Holiday Comfort

Can be enjoyed when old Boreas is paying his annual visit from Klondike, if you are prepared for him with one of our handsome, cheery Stewart Parlor Stoves. They are not only an ornament, but good company. They are economical in the use of either coal or gas and will keep your rooms cosy and warm when winter winds are most penetrating.

Skates at Cost.

Seavey Hardware Co.,
Sole agents Famous Born & Stewart Steel Ranges,
19 and 21 W. Main Street.

REGULAR SPANISH

This is the exact sixe and shape of the Regular Spanish Cigar. The only 10c Cigar that sells for 5c. Made by
Phone 535. KASTEN & KOHLMEYER, 248 Calhoun Street.

"77"

Is Dr. Humphrey's Specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and GRIP

Advantages of using "Seventy-seven."

The early use of "77" prevents the Grip.

If you have the Grip and take "77" you won't have Pneumonia. You won't have to stay in bed. You won't have to stay indoors.

If you take "77" and exercise proper care, keep your feet dry, don't stand in the street, keep moving, wear warm clothing and don't get over-tired, you will be able to attend to your duties, keep about your business and not have to lay up

Always keep a bottle of "77" in your pocket and take frequently.

At druggists or sent prepaid; 25c, 50c & $1.00. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. Be sure to get

H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y-S

THE WARD ALBUMS
FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS
SOMETHING NEW
M. L. JONES No. 44 CALHOUN ST. FORT WAYNE, IND.

MOST COLOSSAL SALE OF.....
CLOTHING
IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

A BONA FIDE FORCED SALE
of 950 Men's Winter OVERCOATS and ULSTERS to be sold at about . . . . . .
—50 Cents On The Dollar.

We are overstocked in our Overcoat and Ulster department, and make this tremendous sacrifice to turn them into CASH as quickly as possible.

THIS IS POSITIVELY THE GREATEST OVERCOAT OPPORTUNITY

Ever presented to the people of Fort Wayne and Allen County. Our reputation of doing as we advertise is too well known to the purchasing public to require further comment from us.

$3.95. $5.85. $7.95. $11.85. $14.95.

On Table No. 1
Are 215 Men's Heavy Winter Overcoats and Ulsters that sold at $5, $6 and $7. Take your choice of the lot at - - - - $3.95

On Table No. 2
Are 225 Overcoats and Ulsters that sold at $7.50 $8.00, $8.50 and $9.00. Take your choice at - - - - - - $5.85

On Table No. 3
Are 205 of the best $10.00, $12.00, $14.00 and some $15.00 Overcoats and Ulsters. Take your pick of any coat in the lot at - $7.95

On Table No. 4
Are 185 high grade tailor made Overcoats and Ulsters that sold at $15.00, $16.50 and $18.00. Will sell you choice of any coat in the lot at - - - - - $11.85

On Table No. 5
Are 120 of the best high grade tailor made Overcoats and Ulsters on earth, consisting of Kerseys, Meltons, Friezes and Chinchillas. Every coat sold heretofore at $20.00, $22.00 and $25.00. To close them quickly, we will sell you choice of the lot at - - - - - $14.95

All Sales Strictly for Cash.
We will positively not fill any mail orders for Overcoats at these prices. No Overcoats will be sent out on approval during this sale.

COME EARLY AND GET THE BEST SELECTION.

Lehman's
34 & 36 CALHOUN ST.

Globe

Grand Clearance Sale!

AN ACTUAL

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT...

ON ALL OUR

Men's, Boys' and Children's.....

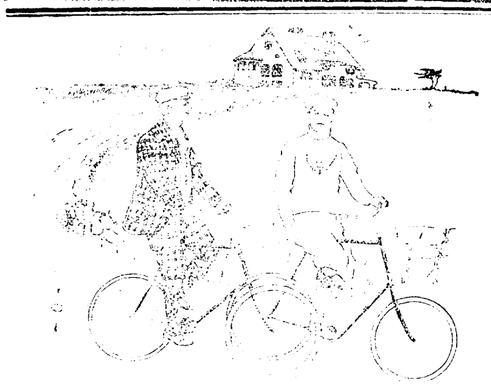
Suits and Overcoats,

Except Black Clays.

$12

Given away again this week. The first key that opens the box next Monday gets the money.

GLOBE Milwaukee



A REMARKABLE MAN.

"Is he a remarkable man?"

"I should say so; I've been with him constantly for the last few weeks and he never attempted to discuss the future of the Philippines."

1840. THE PIONEER. 1898.

A Wonderful Year's Business.

We believe these results have been won through the principles and methods upon which this business is conducted, which principles and methods are being more and more recognized by the great buying public of Fort Wayne. Absolute fairness, utmost confidence, entire satisfaction, absolutely honest advertising, a conspicuous point because uncommon, thoroughly complete stock, polite, intelligent and careful service. A spirit of accomodation, greatest promptness in correcting mistakes, these and many other points all tied together by that perhaps most important factor of all, namely

The Very Low Prices.

MILLER'S FURNITURE STORE,

50 and 52 E. Main Street.

THE SMITH PREMIER

For All Around Work

It is the .... Superior Writing Machine.

It Excels in all Desirable Features. It is Simple, Strong and Mechanically Correct—the Most Economical Machine Made.

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

115 MONUMENT PLACE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

BANDS OF GOLD.

Messrs. Cooper and Needham Honored by Shopmen.

Each Carries to His New Home a Fitting Memento of a Pleasant Association.

In the opinion of the Wabash shopmen nothing is too good for the retiring foremen, W. S. Cooper and E. F. Needham, and this sentiment was beautifully illustrated last evening and this morning, when each of these gentlemen was presented with a handsome and costly ring. Both affairs were billed for last night, but owing to the late arrival of the jewel intended for Mr. Cooper, its presentation was not accomplished until this morning, when it took place at the shop during working hours and was, therefore, of a quiet and informal nature. This ring was a beautiful one, with a large sapphire set.

The other presentation occurred at the boarding house of the recipient, at 106 Fairfield avenue, where Mr. Needham was surrounded by the entire force of the boiler shop before he had an inkling of what was going on. John Seabold spoke in behalf of the men. Mr. Needham was also the recipient of a box of cigars. Mr. Needham's ring is emblematic of the 32nd degree Masons, with diamond settings, and is one of the prettiest and most costly of its kind ever brought to the city.

Messrs. Cooper and Needham will leave on the 8 o'clock train this evening for Springfield, where they will immediately take up their respective duties under Master Mechanic C. H. Doebler.

Mr. Passino Promoted.

A. J. Passino, who has been in the office of Superintendent of Motive Power Potter for several years, has accepted a responsible position in the auditing department of the Pennsylvania company and will go to Pittsburg in a few days to assume the duties of the position. This change is in the line of promotion, Mr. Passino's capabilities having attracted the attention of the high officials. He is a popular young man and his friends will be pleased to hear of his advancement.

Blacksmith Hurt.

Michael Collins, a blacksmith at the Bass works, came near having a leg broken this morning. As it is, he is badly bruised about the hips and legs and will be unable to work for some time. With others, Mr. Collins was engaged in forging a large engine connecting rod under one of the big steam hammers, when the piece was thrown around, the handles of the tongs striking him with the result mentioned. The unfortunate man was carried to Dr. Kesler's office, where after an examination of his injuries, he was taken to his home.

Big Deal in Scrap Iron.

One of the largest deals that was ever made for the sale of railway scrap iron has just been consummated by C. J. Kane, of Pittsburg, and Harry Benjamin, of Cincinnati, for the Benjamin Iron and Steel company, of Buffalo, the Block-Pollock company, of Cincinnati and Chicago, and the Jackson-Woodin Manufacturing company, of Berwick, Pa. The deal includes 15,000 freight cars from the Central railroad of New Jersey and 29,000 tons of scrap metal, including 400,000 pounds of brass.

Important Suit Filed.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 31.—An important suit has been started in the circuit court of this city, which, if the plaintiff is successful, will make every local railroad ticket agent the agent of every railroad in the United States. Edward P. Brockway some time ago purchased from the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad company, through the city passenger agent of the Missouri Valley, a ticket entitling him to transportation over the Chicago and Northwestern and various railways to a point in the south on the Savannah, Florida and Western railroad. Brockway sues for the loss of a trunk and, inasmuch as the ticket was purchased in this city, the action was commenced here. Judge Johnson today issued an order on Mr. Brockway to show cause why service against Mr. Sniveley should not be dismissed.

The First Iron Girder Railway Bridge.

It is not generally known, says the Indianapolis Journal, but the the first iron girder bridge for railways in the west was designed by Joshua Staples when chief engineer of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis road. This was in 1862. The bridges were constructed at Cincinnati and within the past twelve months have been taken out, the engineering department not daring to trust them any longer, so great has been the increase in freight traffic and so much heavier trains are now hauled.

Missouri Pacific Disposes of Some Property.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 31.—A special to the Star from Atchison, Kas., says:

It is stated that the central branch lines west of Waterville will, in a few weeks, pass out of the control of the Missouri Pacific. The central branch running from Waterville to Lenora is owned principally by Boston capitalists except some extensions made by the Missouri Pacific. The Pacific has for some time, it is said, been making negotiations for the purchase of the entire road, but it is now given out that no terms could be agreed upon. The Missouri Pacific recently purchased the branch from Atchison to Waterville. It is said that the lines west of Waterville will be operated by the Boston capitalists as a separate organization or sold to some other road.

A Record Breaker.

The year 1898 was a record breaker in the number of engines repaired and turned out of the Fort Wayne shops of the Pennsylvania company and in the matter of earnings of mechanics, December leads. During the month closing today nearly all of the machinists have placed over 300 working hours to their credit, making the daily average about twelve hours. The benefits of this industry will be far reaching, the entire community coming in for a share in a more or less direct manner. The engines turned out during the week closing today were Nos. 338, 201 and 355, and those taken in for repairs Nos. 323, 344 and 107. Notice has been received also at the shops that several engines from the eastern division can be expected next week.

Will Observe New Year's Day.

As usual, New Year's day will be observed by a general suspension of operations in the railway and manufacturing establishments of the city next Monday. Only sufficient force to do light work in the round houses will be on duty in the railway shops and at the other establishments all the machinery will be shut down.

Preparing to Place Orders for Cars.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The Northern Pacific railroad company has placed orders for ten postal cars and 500 flat cars. The company is also asking for bids for twenty first-class coaches. The Kansas City, Pittsburg and Gulf will receive bids for fifty furniture cars. It is understood that the company will order more freight equipment. The Rio Grande Western will, it is reported, order during the coming year 1,000 stock cars. It is reported that the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking Valley has let contract for 900 freight cars. The Brainerd and Northern Minnesota is reported to be in the market for fifty to seventy-five cars for carrying stone and lumber. The Wabash is reported to be preparing an order for several hundred freight cars.

Fastest Train in the World.

Tomorrow the fastest train in the world, distance considered, will be placed into service by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern road. It will reduce the time between Buffalo and Chicago from fifteen hours and twenty-five minutes to thirteen hours and fifteen minutes, a reduction of two hours and ten minutes. By this route the total reduction in time between New York and San Francisco over the present schedule is a little over thirteen hours.

Preparing for Reorganization.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 31.—At a meeting here yesterday afternoon of the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern railroad, the plan of reorganization of this system, in connection with the reorganization of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad as outlined in the dispatches of the Associated Press last night from Baltimore was unanimously adopted but owing to the fact that General Counsel Harmon had further papers to prepare before any legal proceedings could be taken, nothing was given out regarding the proposed receivership. It is thought that this matter will be concluded at the meeting today. Secretary Bruce did not resign as had been reported. Receiver Oscar M. Murray, of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was in attendance at the meeting and will remain with the officers and directors until all the plans for the reorganization are completed. The plan of reorganization includes provision for $5,500,000 for improvements, cutting down grades, equipment, etc., on the Southwestern system, which extends from St. Louis, through Louisville and Cincinnati, to Parkersburg, W. Va.

Personal and General.

C. Auman, of the Pittsburg planing mills, is sick.

Andy Koehnlein, a Pennsylvania car inspector, is sick.

The annual inventory at the factory of Rhinesmith & Simonson is in progress.

Two of the large 125 arc light dynamos, making a complete car load, left the electric works this morning for Camden, N. J.

Machinists James Olive, jr., and Lee Wolford, of the Wabash shops, will be the guest of friends in Peru tomorrow and Monday.

Louis Gronau, of the Pittsburg planing mills, went out to the old homestead this morning to spend the new year with the folks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Henderson have gone to Colburn, Ind., to spend the New Year holiday. Mr. Henderson is employed in the Wabash shops.

Incoming cars from the south, on the Grand Rapids road, bear evidence of the heavy snow storm that prevailed in the vicinity of Richmond last night.

F. G. Conrade, of the Pittsburg planing mills, is off duty on account of the death of his brother-in-law, Charlie Seibt, notice of which is published in another column.

Dr. A. J. Kesler, who is attending Engineer Thomas Drake, reports his patient to be resting a little easier today. He is, however, a very sick man.

On Monday the general officers of the Wabash will occupy their new rooms in the Lincoln Trust building at St. Louis, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets.

The Wabash and the Peoria and Eastern have arranged to put in an interlocking plant at Mansfield, where the roads cross. The plant will have fifteen levers.

Andy Koonz, of the Pittsburg paint shop, is quite poorly, being afflicted with a malady that threatens to develop into pneumonia unless relief is speedily forthcoming.

Western agents of the Pennsylvania lines were yesterday notified that the embargo on wheat and corn at Baltimore had been raised and shipments may now be sent forward.

The men who compose the committee of railroad employes selected to look after matters at Indianapolis next week will meet at the Order of Railway Conductors' hall tonight, at 7 o'clock.

All doubts regarding the Illinois Central extending its line to Omaha are now removed, the company having purchased ground in that city on which to establish yards and erect freight depots.

General Manager Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, has issued an order that any employe detected entering a saloon will be discharged; also, a garnashee of any employe's wages by a saloonkeeper will result in his dismissal.

Citizens of Frankfort are urging Receiver Hunt, of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kanas City, to carry out the promises of R. B. F. Pierce, the late receiver, and erect a new passenger station at that place, the business of the place justifying such an outlay.

Blacksmith James Trythall has returned from Bethlehem, Pa., where he was his brother's guest on Christmas. Mr. Trythall, while in that city, visited the great Bethlehem foundry and witnessed the men at work upon mammoth guns for the government.

In buying a Packard Piano you help your neighbor as well as yourself.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg.

December 30th, 31st, 1898, January 1st and 2d, 1899; return limit January 3d, inclusive. Get details from nearest Pennsylvania line ticket agent. 27,29,31

No time or money is spared in building the Packard Piano.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

Had Titles Galore and a Perfect Right to Them.

The lad was only about four feet high, but he had a coonskin cap and a pair of rawhide boots which looked as if they had been made to order for a giant. The man who was touring through that neighborhood, on government business, hunt, stopped his horse at the log house to make some inquiries as to the roads. He introduced the conversation with the patronizing inquiry:

"What is your name, my little man?"

The boy looked up at him with stern gravity and answered:

"Dr. Hawkins."

"Why—how long have you been a doctor?"

After some moments of mental calculation the boy replied:

"About 14 years."

"Are you the head of the family?"

"No. I reckon you'd call General Hawkins the head of the family. He keeps store down in the gap. Though Baron Hawkins—he's the brother between general and me—helps a lot. He's mighty good to maw, Baron is."

"Are there any more distinguished people in your family?" said the astonished stranger.

"Well, I dunno as they're so mighty distinguished; but there's Admiral Hawkins and Perfessor Hawkins in the house now."

"They—they are spending a little time at home, are they?"

"Yep. They've got to. They ain't big enough to go to work yet. Admiral's only 4 year old, and Perfess is just cutin his teeth."

"What's your father's name?"

"Paw? His name's Jim. You see, he lowed he wasn't goin to let his boys go through life without the advantages he'd been deprived of himself. But at the same time he wasn't goin to give up no money to the colleges. So he took time by the forelock and give us our names when we was baptized, which I reckon is about as bindin and lawful as anything you could fix up. Paw's about the most prudentest man in the whole country, paw is."—Washington Star.

NOTES OF WOMEN'S WORK.

Mrs. Ina E. Lutt, a native of Minnesota, started and is successfully managing a large electrical plant at Long Beach, Cal.

Mrs. Harry M. Treat, a resident of New York city, aided her husband recently in discovering a valuable gold mine in British Columbia.

Mrs. Franceska Haider, daughter of a wealthy Berlin architect, though but 17 years of age, has been married a year, traveled all over the world, and is now studying law in the University of New York.

The Countess of Minto, wife of the new governor general of Canada, gives promise of being extremely popular in her Canadian home. She is beautiful, has charming manners, is an accomplished artist and is fond of outdoor sports.

Matrimonial Item.

"Maud says she would be willing to marry if the proper man came along."

"And I guess he would not have to be any too proper at that."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Dismal Failure.

"Little Dick cried when he wore his new shoes."

"Don't they fit?"

"Yes, but they don't squeak."—Chicago Record.

A STORY OF ALBANI.

HOW THE GREAT DIVA REMEMBERED THE POOR CHAMBLY FOLKS.

When She Appeared in Montreal, She Sent For the Humble Friends of Her Childhood and Sang For Them an Old Chanson.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

There is no singer on the operatic stage who has more endeared herself in the hearts of her audiences than has Mme. Albani. We have many divas, but Albani is the best beloved of them all. She has the mysterious faculty of winning the love of every man, woman and child who hears her.

Every one who has listened to that wonderful voice, even in such simple little ballads as "Comin Thro' the Rye," "Robin Adair," "The Lass o' Gowrie" and "Home, Sweet Home" has in some way felt that the golden voiced Albani is not only a woman with a throat, but also a woman with a heart.

Many stories are told of the good heartedness of the Canadian diva—how she sang for the New York newsboys at their Christmas dinner till the tears ran down their freckled little faces and how she is always ready to lend her wonderful voice for any charitable purpose—but the following experience in the life of Mme. Albani is not, I think, generally known.

Forty years ago this great woman, who has sung for Queen Victoria and the czar of all the Russias, was a little brown haired Canadian child, in the tiny canton of Chambly, on the St. Lawrence river. She was then known as Emma Lajeunesse. Her father was the village fiddler—for every French-Canadian village must have its fiddler—and also a struggling music teacher of small income and large family. At the age of 7 this little Chambly girl was already the wonder of her native village. Before she could talk distinctly in the archaic Bourbon tongue, still spoken in Quebec, she could resing any air or chanson she had once heard.

She went about carolling "Sur Le Pont d'Avignon" and other French-Canadian folk songs, M. Lajeunesse pere being in the habit of saying:

"Bring along the hardest pieces of music you can find, and my little girl will read them at sight."

In the village schoolyard the little Albani used to hold juvenile open air recitals, leading her playmates in ballads and improvised oratorios. When but 8 years old, she was taken to the Sacre Coeur convent in Montreal, and when but 18 was studying in Paris and a year later in Milan.

MME. ALBANI.

But Albani never forgot Chambly, the ever loved and ever remembered Chambly of her childhood. So when the famous diva and petted singer of three imperial courts made an engagement to appear at the Windsor hall in Montreal she stipulated that a number of the most prominent seats in the house should be saved for her.

Mme. Albani then sent an invitation to the old people of her native village, to the friends she had known in her Canadian girlhood, asking them to come to the great concert, that she might sing to them all again "for the old sake's sake."

The message of the famous singer caused a great stir in the quiet little canton, and much discussion took place over the cottage spinning wheels and over "whisky blanc" in the village inn. But fine clothes were a rarity in Chambly, and it was regretfully felt that it would not be right to appear in the big city and before such a great personage in their plain homespun.

It was finally decided that Antoine and Jeremie Plouffe, both the fortunate owners of black coats that had come down to them through generations and might once indeed have graced a Bourbon salon, should represent the canton and go up to the city and hear their Albani sing.

Mme. Albani had never sung as she sang that night in the Windsor hall, surrounded by an audience of her own countrymen, who applauded again and again as the programme went on.

Then Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home." A hush fell on the house, and the simple, homely old ballad, into which Albani above all others can fling such soul and tenderness, touched the heart of every one of her hearers.

As the last beautiful note died away distinct sobs were heard throughout the huge hall. Two strange figures, in faded black coats of a quaint, old world cut, sat in their seats weeping like children. All eyes were turned toward the curious couple.

The whisper went round that they were from Chambly, and then the house rose and cheered and applauded and flung flowers and cheered again as a Montreal audience had never done before. It had been a long programme, but Mme. Albani came out again and with tears in her eyes sang her old Chambly song of "Sur Le Pont d'Avignon." Never, I believe, did Albani sing with more feeling.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

GOT A LESSON IN SPANISH.

Chicago Student Who Has Mastered the Mystery of the "J."

One of the students of the University of Chicago went to a restaurant on Jackson street a few days ago with two friends who had fought with the First regiment at Santiago. Naturally they talked of the war, and, although the student showed considerable knowledge of the campaign, his pronunciation of Spanish proper names was bad. Invariably he gave the Spanish "J" its English sound.

His companions, who were better posted on the Castilian tongue, stood it as long as they could, and finally one of them said: "See here, if you want to talk war with us you must pronounce those Spanish words as they should be. Say 'San Huan' and 'Monteho,' and remember that 'Hunta' is proper. Don't give the words the 'J' sound. There is no 'J.' It's pronounced 'H' always."

"Oh, is it?" returned the student, with a sneer of sarcasm. "I suppose your name is 'Hohn,' not 'John,' as it used to be before you went to Cuba, and perhaps you want me to tell you that this restaurant is on 'Hackson' street."

The derisive laugh that followed so angered the student that he rapped to his feet.

"I want you to understand," he shouted, "that I am a gentleman! Hump off to me, you hackanas, and I'll show you this is no hoking matter. By the humping Heruscalem, you haven't any more sense than a hack rabbit! If you insinuate that I'm a country hake, I'll break your hhwt! By himiny, I'm going!"

And the indignant student put on his hat and walked out.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SHE IS A PUBLISHER.

MISS COARD BOTH OWNS AND EDITS A SUCCESSFUL NEWSPAPER.

Young Woman Who Has Had a Brief but Brilliant Career in Journalism. She Made Her First Success as a Reporter.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

Probably one of the youngest newspaper proprietors in America is Miss Janey M. Coard, proprietor of the Sewickley Valley, a weekly newspaper devoted to the interests of the towns clustered on the Ohio river, on the outskirts of Pittsburg, and having a clientele of about 25,000 readers.

Miss Coard is very well known throughout the south and the west and even in the east, where her articles have appeared in magazines and weekly papers. She is also known through having been connected with the women's board of the Atlanta exposition, Mrs. Louie M. Gordon having selected her from among hundreds of older and more experienced women to act as northern press representative and as chairman of the exercises on women writers' day. Her youth and remarkable tact and ability as a presiding officer were topics of wide comment at the time, and when the Tennessee ladies began to prepare for their exposition Miss Coard was asked to assist them.

Miss Coard comes of a migrant family. She is a cousin of Madeline Bridges, the poetess and story writer. On both sides the house are lines of talented men and women. Her mother, Mrs. Jane Hall, is one of the leading club women of Pennsylvania, president of the Tuesday club and ex-president of the Woman's club, the parents of Pittsburg. It is to her mother's wise training and sympathy that Miss Coard owes so much of her success.

Five years ago, when about 18 years of age, the young editor began her newspaper career on the Pittsburg Daily Press. She did society work and did it so well that she was acknowledged the best social writer in her city. In order to widen her experience she sought the opportunity of doing every variety of journalistic work. She even insisted on making up her own page in the composing room, to the great amusement of the staff, who could not understand the tireless energy and conscientious anxiety to master every detail of her profession which actuated the new woman reporter.

She became so valuable to the paper that she received special assignments to report telegraphically women's conventions in different parts of the country, to each of which she gave a special local interest. One of her best pieces of convention work was the last working-girls' annual national convention at Philadelphia. For two years she was a member of the editorial staff of The Press, in charge of the children's page. Her signed special articles, which were a feature of the Sunday and daily Press, were widely copied.

JANEY M. COARD.

A year ago the paper which she has purchased was put upon the market. It had been a success, but its former editor wished to go into a still more advantageous business. Miss Coard's offer to buy the paper was accepted. In the time in which she has owned The Journal there have been such marked improvements as to win editorial commendation. It is Miss Coard's intention to ultimately make her paper a daily one. In connection with it is a large printing office.

It was Miss Coard's mother who made famous the Little Church Around the Corner. Some years ago she was a widow in New York, doing literary work. Some of her stories were for the Sunday newspapers and the syndicates. She was told about the church where all the actors were married and from which they were buried. She wrote the story, and it took the public fancy, was copied again and again, and her designation of the Little Church Around the Corner became better known than its real title, the Church of the Transfiguration. CORONE WITHERELL.

No Go.

"No, said the editor to the young packering commercially, "I can make nothing out of this job."

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you," returned the humorist, "I don't know that I can myself. You're the nineteenth editor I've tried it on."—New York Journal.

IMPERIAL

BAKING POWDER

FOR YOUR HEALTH'S SAKE HIGH GRADE, REASONABLE PRICE

MEYER BROS. & CO. FORT WAYNE, IND

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

WANTED.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. 256 West Wayne St. 29tf

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply at 256 Clinton street.

WANTED—$7.00 daily selling specialty soaps; sample outfit free. Lease Soap Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED—If you want to borrow money see "ad" on first page, first column. Room 3, Arcade, upstairs. 13tf

WANTED—$5.00 daily—Guaranteed greatest Combination kitchen utensil; 9 articles in one. Sample free. K. Forshee Co., Cincinnati, O.

WANTED—Salesmen to sell to dealers; $60 to $125 monthly and expenses; experience unnecessary; write for particulars. Acme Cigar Co., Chicago.

WANTED—Young men, our illustrated catalogue explains how we teach the barber trade in eight weeks; mailed free. Moler Barber College, Chicago. 31-6t

WANTED—2,000 new subscribers to the Messenger. The only magazine published in Fort Wayne. 25 cents a year. The Messenger, 104 Barr St., Fort Wayne, Ind. 276

WANTED—Horses to winter at the Oak Lawn farm, two miles north of the city; large barn, ample accommodations for thirty horses; rates, $5 per month. Address, B. W. Hart, care Sentinel. 7tf

WANTED—Male Help—Government Positions—Don't prepare for any civil service examination without seeing our illustrated catalogue of information; sent free. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Store room, 50 Harrison street. Inquire L. St. Ninde & Son, 42 West Berry street. 1tf

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms, at 225 West Main street. Call any morning. Will rent cheap. 14tf

FOR RENT—If you want money on household goods see "ad" on first page, first column. Room 3, Arcade, upstairs. 13tf

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, gentlemen; modern conveniences, central, moderate price. Address, 12, Sentinel. 23tf

FOR RENT—One handsome furnished room, modern conveniences, central location; reference required. Address Box 12, care this office. 24tf

FOR RENT—Lodge room, each Wednesday evening, No. 167 and 169 Calhoun street, old Sentinel building. Enquire, D. J. Shaw, 62 West Main street. 10-tf

FOR RENT—Seven-room brick house, two blocks from court house; also six-room frame house on Walton avenue. Inquire of C. W. Edgerton, Maiden lane. 15tf

FOR RENT—By Dec. 15 my house, 481 South Calhoun street, consisting of 8 rooms, with all modern improvements, including furnace, by Herman Michael, 16 Court street, or 483 South Calhoun. 2tf

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Two fresh cows. 37 Maple avenue.

FOR SALE—New 8-room house, West Williams street; $2,450, if sold at once. W. E. Dond. 7tf

FOR SALE—Two horses on Garden street, at a great bargain; water and gas in both. Call at 69 Garden street. 15tf

FOR SALE—If you want money on personal security see "ad" on first page, first column. Room 3, Arcade upstairs. 13tf

FOR SALE—Or exchange: A fine brick residence, 87 East Jefferson St.; any reason to offer considered. W. E. Dond. 2tf

FOR SALE—Knocked down to $2,000, a 5-room dwelling, West Washington Blvd.—$2,000. Rochell & Wagner. Tel. 49. 24 Court St. tf

FOR SALE—I will offer for short time a modern residence on Douglas avenue, near Calhoun, at a bargain. W. E. Dond. 15tf

FOR SALE—Cigar, tobacco and confectionery store in good location, for sale; or will give good reason for selling. Address L., care Sentinel. 304

FOR SALE—New 7-room house, with bath, hard and furnace; nice location, central north side. W. E. Dond, over Old National bank. 7tf

FOR SALE—One choice building lot, elegant Lakeside location; recently sold for $650; will sell for $550 if taken at once. W. E. Dond. 27tf

FOR SALE—One and a half story nearly new 6-room residence, near organ factory; $1,000, small cash, easy payments. W. E. Dond. 15tf

FOR SALE—Here is a bargain—25 feet on West Jefferson street, including barn, fruit trees and iron fence. Price, $1,200. Rochell & Wagner. 8tf

FOR SALE—Good farm, well improved, one mile east of Maples; $45.00 per acre; would take small property, south side, part pay. W. E. Dond. 7tf

FOR SALE—Seven-room house, South Calhoun, to be moved off premises to make room for business building; want an offer. W. E. Dond. 7tf

FOR SALE—Six hundred feet front on Clinton, by Nelson Creighton, Maple lake; can be divided into 75 feet each, at no advance. W. E. Dond. 15tf

FOR SALE—25 foot lot, south frontage, between Calhoun and Clinton, on East Creighton avenue; offered for one week only at $1,000. W. E. Dond. 27tf

FOR SALE—Parties leaving city—Two-story, corner lot, central location, rent $16 per month $2,000. Tel. 49. Rochell & Wagner, 24 Court St. 7tf

FOR SALE—New 7-room house and bath room; conveniently located for electric light and Wabash shop employes; bargain at $1,500. W. E. Dond. 27tf

FOR SALE—Several bargains in south side property, well located. If you are thinking of buying call on Rochell & Wagner. Home 49. 24 Court St. 8tf

FOR SALE—Just think of it! $550 buys one of the best lots on Columbia avenue. Lake privileges for 4 cents and up to grade. Home 49. 24 Court St. Rochell & Wagner. 8tf

FOR SALE—Cook stoves, stakes, furniture, carpets and all kinds of Xmas presents. Remember you can find room suit, as low as $15, kitchen cupboards, sell and exchange stoves for cash and I will call.

FOR SALE—Corner lot, St. Mary's avenue and Harrison St., 50x150 at $500; corner lot Hermann and Fredrick sts., 50x150 at $400; two lots on Harrison St., 50x150, at $300 each. These lots are green acres bargains. Schrader & Wilhelm, First floor, No. 7 Court St. 25tf

REAL ESTATE BARGAINS—Seven cottages, $1,100 to $2,000; 7-room house, Lakeside, $2,000; 8-room house, Lakeside, $2,500; lots in all parts of city at good bargains; also farms, all kinds, sell, will exchange or buy any property. Money to loan at lowest rates of interest. D. J. Rudisill, Room 23, Bank Block. 15tf

STRAYED.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—A black and white setter dog, name "Jack." A liberal reward will be given to any one returning the same to R. A. Strauss, corner Broadway and Organ street, city.

LOST.

LOST—A pair of gold-rim glasses, on Williams street, left Lyne corner, East Main street corner or on East Washington street. Finder please return to 236 E. Washington St. 31c2

Money to Loan.

AMERICAN INVESTMENT CO., advances money to salaried people on their own names without security or endorsement. Loans negotiated on good securities. Room 4, Tri-State Building, over Klinkenbergs' Drug Store. Open Evenings from 7:30 to 9 p. m.

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office and Residence 36 Madison Street. Specialty—Diseases of Women. Telephone 470. Office hours 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the matter of the estate of Mary R. Sturgeon, deceased. Proceedings to sell real estate. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an order of the Allen Circuit court, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Mary R. Sturgeon, deceased, will offer for sale at private sale, at the law office of S. M. Hench, at 35 East Main street, in the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 12th day of January, 1899, the following described real estate, situate in Allen county, Indiana, to wit: 42 5-10 feet off and along the west side of lot numbered 8, in block numbered 28, in Ewing's addition to the city of Fort Wayne.

Terms: One-half cash in hand, one-half in one year, with note at 6 per cent. interest, waiving valuation and appraisement laws, and secured by mortgage upon the real estate sold; or the undersigned will receive all or any larger sum than one-half in cash, the balance to be secured as aforesaid. Sale will begin at 2 o'clock p. m.

ARTHUR T. STURGEON, Administrator.

29-5

S. M. Hench, attorney for estate.

J. F. ZIMMERLY & CO.,

Practical Plumbers,

Gas and Steam Fitters.

NO. 141 CALHOUN STREET.

MASONIC TEMPLE

Saturday, December 31.

Charles Frohman Presents

JULIA MARLOWE

In Her Newest Success,

THE COUNTESS VALESKA.

A Romantic Drama of the Napoleon Era.

Prices—Lower floor, $1.50; Balcony, $1.00.

Sale of seats Wednesday, December 28.

Positively no Free List.

MASONIC TEMPLE

MONDAY, Jan. 2, 1899.

New Year's Matinee and Night.

HOYT'S "A Milk White Flag."

Mary Marble and original cast.

Matinee Prices—25, 50 and 75 cents.

Evening Prices—25, 50 75 and $1.

Masonic Temple Extra.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4.

The Famous original

BOSTONIANS,

Presenting Herbert's Opera,

"THE SERENADE."

Price—Lower floor, $2.00 and $1.50; balcony, $1.00.

Sale of seats Monday, Jan. 2.

10% DISCOUNT ON CAMERAS AND DRY PLATES FOR THE HOLIDAYS

M. L. JONES, NO. 44 CALHOUN ST., FORT WAYNE, IND.

F. M. SMITH & CO.,

Will save you money on .....

Barney & Berry Ice Skates, Pocket Cutlery, Table Cutlery, Razors and Strops, Shears and Scissors.

F. M. SMITH & CO.,

22 Calhoun St.

BOWMAN & SON,

No. 34 MAIDEN LANE,

is the place to get your

Machine Repairing Done,

Saws Hammered, Gummed, Filed and Set, and ALL edge tools sharpened.

We are agents for the best Gas or Gasoline Engine on the market, which are strictly business engines. No trappy devices about them.

Prices as low as the lowest. 202m

A Nice Holiday Gift

Is a set of our

Fine Harness

Or one of our splendid

Robes, Whips, Blankets,

All at Special Low Holiday Prices.

Geo. H. Kuntz,

11 Harrison Street.

When in Need of

Coal, Wood or Kindling

You will find it to your interest to call or telephone

G. H. KRUDOP,

Cor. Francis & Hayden.

Both Telephones 135.

Prompt delivery one of our specialties.

BLACKSMITH COAL.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

17 West Wayne Street.

ICE SKATES! ICE SKATES!

FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE FINEST

—AT—

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 and 40 E. Columbia St.

When on the way to the Lake Side Park, Don't forget the SKATES at

Pfeiffer & Schlatter

38 and 40 E. Columbia.

ust Wait

And be on the Watch for the Notice of Our

Great January Sale!

Due Notice of the Opening Will Soon be Given.

This Coming Sale

Will eclipse any sale ever held in this city
In its immensity,
In the class of its offerings,
In its extremely low prices,
In its general character.

Watch For This Sale.

Save Your Pennies.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

ARE NOW IN ORDER

Beautiful novelties around the store--suitable.
1-4 off on all Chinaware.
1-4 off on all Cut Glass.
1-4 off on all Bric-a-brac.
1-4 off on all Fancy Novelties.

We show for evening wear, a fine line of Ladies Glace Kid gloves in elbow and full arm lenght, showing all the new dainty shades and white.

NECKWEAR FOR MEN.

A new line for street and evening wear in all the new shaps, some beauties not seen elsewhere. Price 25c to $1.50 each.

FOR EVENING WEAR.

Pretty things by the yard in nets, plain figured and dots.

Liberty silks, mous-d-soie some in pretty stripes, all in light and dark grounds.

Figured grenadines, the new evening dress to be made over colors.

Full fronts of mous-d-soie and liberty silks etc.

We are entering so many visiting cards for January delivery. We would urge the necessity of giving orders at once. No disappointment can then occur. 100 fine cards, name and plate for $1.00.

Rurode Dry Goods Co.

EBERSOLE PIANOS

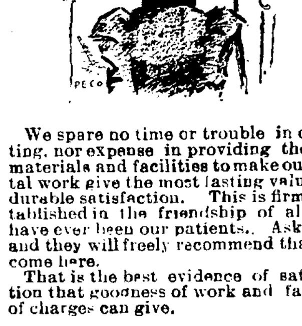
Have no equal in tone.

FRANK B. LONG,
119 Calhoun Street.

MONEY!

Can be saved to no better advantage than by placing it with the ALLEN COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION, 32 East Berry Street. Any number of shares can be taken at any time. Six per cent. interest is paid on all classes of stock. No fees to investors. Money to Loan for any Purpose.

ASK THEM....



We spare no time or trouble in operating, nor expense in providing the best materials and facilities to make our dental work give the most lasting value and durable satisfaction. This is firmly established in the friendship of all who have ever been our patients. Ask them and they will freely recommend that you come here.

That is the best evidence of satisfaction that goodness of work and fairness of charges can give.

U. S. DENTAL PARLORS,
98 CALHOUN ST.
DRS. J. A. & J. W. WILLIAMS Mgrs.

Manicure Sets,
Comb and Brush Sets.
Tortoise Shell Combs.
Toilet Novelties in Sterling Silver.
All popular Brands of
Fine Perfumes

MISS E. C. RODENBECK,
NEW YORK HAIR BAZAAR,
124 Calhoun Street.

)-ALL OUR-(

Winter Underwear

)-GOES AT-(

Actual Cost.

WM. MEYER & BRO.,
80 and 89½ Calhoun St.

LOANS TO

Salaried People

(Ladies' or Gentlemen) on their own names.

ROOM 3. ARCADE. UPSTAIRS.

OUR BUSINESS IS TO SELL KODAK CAMERAS
M. L. JONES No. 44 CALHOUN ST. FORT WAYNE, IND.

Dress Suits!

We have just received another shipment of Fine Worsted, Crepe, Vicunas and unfinished Worsteds for

FULL DRESS SUITINGS.

No gentleman should be without one when you can have them made here in the very best manner and lined throughout with the best of silk, at

$35, $40 and $45.

I. MAUTNER & CO.,

Until March 1st our store closes at 6 p. m.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office . . . . No. 173.
Editorial Rooms . . . . No. 350

The Weather.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—For Indiana: Fair and continued cold tonight and Sunday, with colder in south and central portions tonight; brisk southerly winds.

NEWS NOTES.

Prof. W. E. Clapham will return to Bloomington Sunday.

Miss Olga Anderson will give a pedro party at her home this evening.

J. H. Coolman, of Covina, Cal., is visiting friends and relatives in this city.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Burchard, of Fairfield avenue, a daughter.

Adolph Felger, of Huntington, is visiting Fort Wayne relatives for a few days.

A case of diphtheria is reported in the family of Peter Gnau, No. 13 Force street.

Miss Anna Robertson gave an informal reception today in honor of Miss Haberly.

Mr. and Mrs. Gust Muhlenbruch are having as their guest Miss Laura Piel, of Indianapolis.

Miss Mollie Motherwell was this week the guest of Miss Mollie Ulerich in Columbia City.

Mrs. John Aiken, Mrs. Wallace Beard and Mrs. P. Dickinson returned today from a visit at Scott, Ohio.

Frank Cragg will return to Connersville, Ind., after spending a week with his parents on Taber street.

Mrs. C. L. Drummond and children returned at noon from a week's visit with relatives in Huntington.

Miss Nellie Palmer, of 63 Pontiac street, has returned from a pleasant visit with her grandfather in the country.

Dr. Merz and wife will entertain the passive members of Emanuel's Lutheran church next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Louis Greibel, of this city, was yesterday the guest of Mrs. Jennie Goodwin and daughters, of Kendallville.

Mrs. J. C. Ledyard, a niece of President Ledyard, of the Michigan Central, is in the city to take medical treatment.

Mrs. Rollin Snider, of Cleveland, who was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Andrews, of Barr street, has returned home.

Miss Edith Yarnelle entertained a few friends at cards yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Edna Munson, of Chicago.

Mrs. L. S. Lytle and daughter, of Delphos, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ferguson, of No. 5 North Calhoun street.

Master Van B. Rogers, son of H. A. Rogers, has gone to Huntington to spend New Year's with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rogers.

Mesdames William Strunbeck, George Schaefer and George Pontius and Miss Zadie Wallace, of Columbia City, are visiting Fort Wayne friends.

Marshall and Frances Winegardner have returned to Columbia City, after a pleasant visit in Fort Wayne with their sister, Maud, and Miss Lola Foster.

Miss Myrtle Stahl, one of the night operators at the central exchange of the Home Telephone company, is confined to her home by an attack of lung fever.

C. K. Parks, traveling salesman for the Eclipse Novelty company, who has been spending a brief vacation here, left yesterday for Michigan to resume his duties.

Mrs. I. P. Shook, of Napoleon, Ohio, who had been visiting relatives in this city for a few days, left early this morning on the Nickel Plate for Buckingham, Ill., to visit her sister.

Ronald Smith, of Sioux City, Iowa, son of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Smith, former residents of this city, arrived in the city yesterday, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Williams for a few days.

G. F. Miller, clerk at the Dreier Bros. drug store, who has been confined at St. Joseph hospital with typhoid fever for the past two months, was able to be out of bed for the first time yesterday.

Miss Knight entertained a small company at cards yesterday afternoon in compliment to visiting young ladies in the city. Miss Avery, of Chicago; Miss Buehler and Miss Burnham, of Evanston, were among the guests.

Mrs. Willis Hattersley, assisted by Mesdames John Heller, C. E Read, George Loesch and George Belott last evening entertained the members of the Southside Pedro club and their husbands. Five prizes were given. About forty guests were present.

Miss Adah Higgins last evening gave an informal reception to the younger set of society girls and boys. The party was given in honor of Fred Ward, of Richmond, Ind. Miss Laura Fee assisted with Miss Higgins. Mrs. Alex White assisted in the dining room and was assisted by Miss Alice Foster and Miss Katherine Walton. The decorations were pink and white.

MONEY TO LOAN
On real estate or personal security. C. F PFEIFFER, Rooms 9-7 Bass Blk. 2tf

There appears in this issue a notice of the change in the time card of the Wabash railway.

Lola Foster, of 19 Lavina street, is visiting in Columbia City.

Mrs. O. W. Whitelock, of Huntington, visited Fort Wayne yesterday.

John Bodenhafer, of Kendallville, was in Fort Wayne yesterday on business.

Mrs. L. C. Hunter and children have gone to Huntertown to spend New Year's.

Leslie Marcey, of the Marcey Manufacturing company, Bluffton, is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Lela Purdy, of Albion, spent the holidays with Fort Wayne friends.

Miss Ocee Kans, of South Whitley, Ind., is visiting Mrs. J. H. Foster, of 19 Lavina street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gale Perry entertained very pleasantly last evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wells.

Mrs J. A. Boyd has returned from Huntington, where for several days she has been the guest of friends.

Mrs. C. J. Moore and son, William, returned yesterday from a visit with Mrs. H. R. Barricks in Huntington.

Charles Brackenridge, jr., has accepted a position in the office of the new insurance firm of Sidney C. Lumbard & Son.

Misses Anna and Helen Miller, of Decatur, Ind., are the guests of Misses Kittie and Blanche Gaffney, of 42 West Williams street.

Edward H. Forry, of Indianapolis, left for home Friday evening, after having adjusted the loss of the F. M. Smaltz fire, on Christmas day.

Mrs. John Beck and sons, Claude and Clement, of Wabash, arrived in Fort Wayne yesterday and will make an extended visit with friends.

Beginning tomorrow night there will be a series of revival services at Calvary U. B. church, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. J. W. Lake.

Little Evelyn Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer, celebrated her eighth birthday yesterday by giving a party to a number of little friends.

Miss Frankie Dalton, of Colerick street, will entertain the members of the E. B. B. club and their gentlemen friends this evening with a progressive pedro party.

Among the guest at the Wayne: A. M. Stewart, F. F. Whitley, St. Louis; Eugene Valet, Muncie; H. E. Hunt and wife, Port Huron, Mich.; C. L. Sprague, Cincinnati.

Fred Sihler and Henry Bowerfind left today for Adrian, Mich., to spend New Year's. Mrs. Sihler is already there and will join her husband on a trip to New York city.

Among the guests at the New Aveline: A. B. Metcalf, Indianapolis; G. L. McKibbey, Van Wert; Mrs. S. B. Davis, Kalamazoo; Ed Jones, Anderson; E. E. Mosiman, Bluffton.

The men of Grace Reformed church will give their annual New Year's supper next Monday evening, in the lecture rooms of the church, from 5 to 9 p. m. They will also have a musical program.

Trustee Schmetzrr and his deputies have furnished transportation for ten paupers within the past two days. Some of these have been sent to neighboring county seats and some were sent farther.

The annual congregational meeting of Heidelberg Reformed church will take place tomorrow morning, at 10 o'clock. The pastor urgently requests all members to be present, as business of unusual importance will be transacted.

The First Spiritualist society's meetings are held in the hall above Bloom's undertaking rooms, on Calhoun street. W. D. Dunakin will lecture tomorrow at 7:45 p. m. A New Year's entertainment will follow the lecture. Lyceum class at 2:30 p. m.

The annual revival services of Bethel church of the Evangelical association, corner Clinton and DeWald streets, will begin this evening and continue every night next week. There will be English preaching each night. Rev. Oaks, presiding elder, will assist in the services.

The revival meeting at the St. Paul M. E. church is taking on large proportions. Last evening the attendance was large and a service of deep spiritual interest was held, resulting in the conversion of one man about fifty years old, and others were under deep conviction.

Frank Stone and other traveling men for the firm of Layman & Gary, of Indianapolis, have received a handsome purse as a Christmas present from the Garland Stove company, of Detroit. Every year the stove company presents Layman & Cary's men with a neat present of some kind.

Boyd Clark, who for the last three years has made Fort Wayne his headquarters, has been transferred by his firm, the Simmons Hardware company, of St. Louis, to Texas and he will shortly leave for that state with his family. Mr. Clark and family have resided for some time past on West DeWald street. He has been succeeded here by G. A. LaRue, an experienced salesman, who will make this city his central point to work from. Mr. LaRue arrived this morning and is registered at the New Aveline.

J. A. Armstrong will leave tomorrow for New York.

Miss Lula Dibone, of Bluffton, is visiting Fort Wayne friends.

Miss Mabel Lawson has arrived home from a visit at Van Wert.

Miss Edith Betz, of South Bend, is in Fort Wayne visiting relatives.

John Lichtenberger, of Bluffton, was in Fort Wayne on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Smith, of Bluffton, were visitors in this city yesterday.

Miss Jennie Hatfield spent the holidays with relatives and friends in Ossian.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clark are guests of relatives and friends in Ossian this week.

Attorney Hugh Keegan will go to Indianapolis Sunday to join the forces of Judge Taylor.

Miss Edith Walkerman, of Kendallville, spent the holidays with relatives in Fort Wayne.

Gus Webber and family, of Bluffton, are in Fort Wayne to visit over New Year's with friends.

Miss Ella McCrea, of Wabash, was this week the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. M. Wilson, of this city.

Rev. Father Durham, of the Cathedral parish, is spending the week with his parents in New York city.

Mrs. George Spangler left yesterday morning for South Bend, where she will visit her mother for a few days.

John and A. W. Snyder, prominent Whitley county farmers, were in Fort Wayne yesterday on business.

Miss Van Warring, superintendent of a Chicago hospital, is the guest of Miss Early, of West Wayne street.

Miss Rose Fox will entertain her friends from 2 to 5 o'clock at her home on West Wayne street, next Monday.

Mrs. Albert Drechsler, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. W. Irwin, has returned to her home in the east.

Mrs. S. H. Meyers and Miss Susie Trout, of Columbia City, are visiting with Fort Wayne friends for a few days.

Miss Dussey and Master Clarence Quince have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Click, of Huntington.

Deputy Revenue Collector Thomas Winegardner has returned from a business trip to Decatur, Red Key and Portland.

Miss Alma Proegler entertained the Forget-Me-Not club in a delightful manner at her home on Griffith street last evening.

Miss Louise Raser entertained friends in a delightful manner last Thursday evening, at her home, 70 West Wayne street.

Charles Merryman and Fred Barr, of Bluffton, will spend New Year's with Arthur Johnson, bill clerk at the National express office.

Among the guests at the Randall: S. Stein, Huntington; Miss Laura Myers, Dupont, Ohio; L. A. Packard, Napoleon, Ohio; R. M. Tobbe, Lansing, Mich.

Mrs. C. A. Baxter, of Delphos, Ohio, is in the city for a several weeks' visit with relatives. She will take a course of treatment in a hospital while here.

Parke Frazier, recently of the McCormick offices, has been appointed local agent of the John Hancock Fire Insurance company and he will open an office in the Arcade.

Louis Kestel has been employed as attendant in the bath rooms of Dr. John Schilling in the Lau block. Mr. Kestel has had considerable experience in bath houses at Chicago and Toledo.

A musical of a high order will be given by the Sons of Columbus, assisted by the Daughters of Isabella, on January 16th. Reineke's orchestra will furnish music. There will be an elaborate program of instrumental and vocal music.

Frank Webster, who has been extra assistant in the money order department of the postoffice, finishes his duties there this evening. Next Monday he will enter upon the duties of insurance solicitor for the Metropolitan Insurance company.

William Kessler, of Auburn, has been in the city several days to complete arrangements with Chapin & Denny to have foreign patents procured on a cigar lighter invented by him. He will get patents in Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries.

The next meeting of the Entre Nous club will be held the second Wednesday in January. The members were entertained at the last meeting by Mrs. Owen Corcoran, of South Harrison street, and at that time the visiting guests were Mrs. McIntyre and Miss McTighe, of Auburn, and Mrs. W. D. Gordon, of Peoria.

A neat model of the proposed new cottages at the Indiana School for Feeble Minded Youth has been worked out by Architect J. M. E. Riedel. It is constructed of wood on a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot. The model will probably be presented to the legislature at the coming session, when an appropriation is asked for the purpose of making the improvement.

Leonidas H. Davis and wife, of Grand Rapids, are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cory, of Wabash, visited in Fort Wayne this week.

Robert Spice has returned from a hunting trip in Huntington county.

Miss Gladys Zoellers is the guest of the Misses Metzger in Lafayette.

Mrs. Carl Spiegel, of 19 Jones street, is quite sick with the pleurisy.

Miss Kittie Wilmington, of Prospect, is visiting with Fort Wayne friends.

Mrs. Dallas F. Green is entertaining her nephew, Master Perry Bogardus.

Ernst Gerke, of Friend's clothing establishment, has recovered from an attack of grip.

George Brecheisen, of Mansfield, Ohio, is the guest of his sister, Dr. Emma Brecheisen.

Mrs. Alice Summerbell, of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bell, of Kokomo.

GENTLEMEN

$25.00, $28.00, $30.00 suits for the next thirty days 20 per cent. off. Good styles and workmanship.

THIEME BROS ,
31t6 12 W. Berry St.

Attention, Machinists!

Friendship lodge, No. 70, International Association of Machinists, will hold a meeting at the hall this evening, at 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of arranging for the funeral of their late brother, Charles W. H. Seibt. Every member should be present.

By order of the Presdent,
JOHN CASEY.

Important Changes on the Wabash.

Taking effect tomorrow, January 1st, Wabash passenger trains will pass Fort Wayne as follows, viz:

WESTBOUND.

No. 21, except Sunday	8 00 a. m.
No. 7, daily	12 35 noon.
No. 5, daily "Mail"	5 42 p. m.
No. 3, daily	8 15 p. m.

EASTBOUND.

No. 2, daily	6 10 a. m.
No. 10, daily	8 20 a. m.
No. 6, daily	11 53 a. m.
No. 24, except Sunday	7 00 p. m.

THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Announces the Opening of a New Term.

At this, the close of another year, the management of this institution desires to extend greetings for the new year to our many friends and patrons, and to express our appreciation for the very generous patronage with which we have been favored during the past year. Our aim for the future, as in the past, will be to maintain our present high standard of discipline and scholarship.

The success of a school, public or private, like that of any business enterprise, depends upon the manner in which it is conducted. A good school is the product of a combination of favoring conditions—the result of a harmonious union of qualities, the importance of all of which is generally recognized. These qualities may be enumerated in the order of their consequence, as follows: Efficient management, capable and conscientious teachers and a strong, consistent and interesting course of study; and to these should be added, to render a private school popular and prosperous, just and cordial treatment of pupils and patrons and an attractive equipment.

We have endeavored to build up our school along these lines, and the fact that the year just closed, has been the most successful in the history of the institution, is the conclusive evidence that our efforts have been rewarded.

The International Business College has been located in the Schmitz block for the past nine years, and has been under one management during that time. This is a stable business concern—and if you make a contract with us you can rest assured that we will be here to carry out our part of the contract.

This school does not have a new proprietor and a new faculty every six months, as is the case with some clap-trap schools, whose only object is to eke out an existence by humbugging the people. They are here today and away tomorrow and their poor, deluded victims have no redress.

If parents would use a little more judgment about selecting a school and investigate these matters for themselves and not swallow, whole, all the fairy tales that some of these cheap solicitors beguile them with, they would not only save money, but would be showing more interest in the welfare of their children. A first-class school does not need solicitors out to drum up business.

Our mid-winter term for day and evening classes begins Tuesday, Jan. 3. If you are interested in our line of work, come and see us or write for a handsome, illustrated catalogue to T. L Staples, Pres.

The Fort Wayne Turnverein will give a grand opening ball, at their new hall, cor. Main and Harrison Sts., Dec. 31st, New Year's Eve. 28t4

20 PER CENT. OFF.

For thirty days all heavy weight overcoats, suits and trousers, 20 per cent. off.

THIEME BROS ,
31t6 12 W. Berry St.

Attend the Saturday Night Hop and Social Watch Party, at White Bank hall, tonight. Admission, 10 and 15 cents.

PAGE YARNELLE

Gets the Ten.

Page Yarnelle got $10 at Reuben S. Patterson's for ticket 99,918.

Notice.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Fort Wayne club will be held on Monday evening, January 2d, at 8 o'clock, p. m, in the library of the club house.

C. D. LAW, President.
CLARK FAIRBANKS, Sec.

Enter Fort Wayne Business college, January 2, 1899.
Fine teachers, all men.
We employ no girls as teachers.
Tri-State building. 30t2

Get our prices on winter suits and overcoats. G. Schmidt, 70 East Main. 3-26t

The Fort Wayne Turnverein will give a grand opening ball, at their new hall, cor. Main and Harrison Sts., Dec. 31st, New Year's Eve. 28t4

The Packard Piano is made by home labor.

For Sale.

The counters, grill work, desks and furniture of the Hamilton National Bank in the room they are about to vacate. Much of this is quite new and in good condition.

JOHN MOHR,
16d&wtf Cashier.

Card of Thanks.

We desire in this way to express our gratitude to the kind friends and neighbors and to the Ladies' Auxiliary to the B. of L. E. for their assistance and sympathy in our late bereavement.

WM. TOURGEE AND FAMILY.

The Packard Piano is the result of 50 years' experience of a man who had no equal in piano scale drawing, and it was his last and greatest effort.

Commence the New Year by taking out some shares in the Allen County Loan and Savings Association. No fees to investors. 27 tf

If you want white bread during the holidays, get a sack of White Loaf Flour. 13tf

Card of Thanks.

We desire in this manner to thank our friends and neighbors, and especially Rev. Dannecker, for kindness and sympathy extended us in our recent bereavement, by the sickness and death of our daughter, Edna.

MR. AND MRS. CHAS. SCHACHER.

The annual election of directors for the Hamilton National bank of Fort Wayne, will take place at the office of said bank on Tuesday, January 10, 1898, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m.

30tf JOHN MOHR, JR.,
Cashier.

The Packard Piano is unequaled for sympathetic and pure tone combined with the greatest power.

"Our Nation in War."

Ladies' tailor-made suits to order at G. Schmidt's, merchant tailor, 70 East Main. 3 26t

Packard Pianos are made of the best material by skilled mechanics.

O'Clock 12 O'Clock Dances.

Every Monday night at White Hall, opposite Masonic Temple. Admission, 10 and 15c. 12sat-tf

An old established Chicago tea, coffee and spice jobbing house wishes a first-class salesman with established trade in this line, tributary to Fort Wayne, Ind. State experience, age, name, last employers, salary wanted. Address P. O. Box 1147, Chicago. n26-s4t

FOR

Life Insurance,
Fire Insurance,
Rental Insurance,
Accident Insurance,
Plate Glass Insurance,
Cyclone Insurance,
Elevator Insurance,
Boiler Insurance,
Public Liability Insurance,
Employers' Liability Insurance,
General Liability Insurance,
Workman's Collective Insurance,
Team Insurance,
Fidelity Insurance, or
Surety Indemnifying Bonds

—GO TO—

C. B. FITCH,
65 Clinton St.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING—NOTICE OF ELECTION.
FORT WAYNE, Indiana, Dec. 8, 1898.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Fort Wayne will be held at its banking house Tuesday, January 10th, 1899, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., for the election of seven directors, to serve the ensuing year.
8tf LEM R. HARTMAN, Cashier.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

TO ALL.

And we thank the people of Fort Wayne and Northern Indiana, for one of the most successful years in our business career.

OUR STORE WILL BE

CLOSED

ALL DAY MONDAY, JANUARY 2nd.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
BEADELL & COMPANY.

For **Holiday Gifts.**

Etchings Framed and Unframed, From $2.00 to $100.
Platinotypes.
Rare Prints from Roullier of Chicago and Keppel of New York.
Beautiful Books on Literature, Music and Art.
Bound Books from 10c to $10, at

LEHMAN BOOK & NEWS COMPANY
81 Calhoun St.

A FEW LEADERS.

Best Buckwheat, 13c sack.
Corn Meal, 5c sack.
Navy Beans, 4c quart.
Scotch Peas, 4c quart.
Best Flour, 85c large sack.
Best Potatoes, 40c bushel.

E. Lewis Street Cash Store.
S. GANZEE, Prop.

IT IS SO!

Farm land is bound to raise in price before long. Now is the time to buy. I have a number of good improved farms to sell or trade. Can give possession any time. Money to loan at 6 and 7 per cent. interest. If you want to buy a home, don't forget to look at my list of houses and beautiful lots in all parts of the city.

Respectfully,
LOUIS F. CURDES,
Home Phone 622. 8 & 9 Pixley-Long Block.

Given Away.

A beautiful Imported Royal Doulton China Dinner Set, 112 pieces.

A ticket will be given with every dollar purchase and entitles you to a chance in the free distribution of this beautiful China Dinner Set, to be gven away January 1st, 1899.

Genuine Haviland Decorated China Dinner Set, 113 pieces, worth $50, only $34.98.

1847 Roger Bros. Silver Plated Knives, $3.25 per doz.

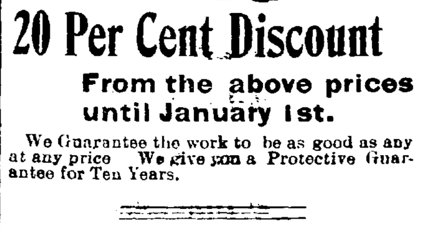
Wm. Roger's Silver Knives, $3.00 per doz.

WARD CHINA ....STORE,
Sign Big Iron Dog.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Until January the first, **Teeth Extracted Without Pain Free of Charge,** between the hours of 9 and 10 each day.

Set of Teeth, $5 00.
Best Set, S. S. White, $8.
22 K Gold Crown, $5 00.
Bridge Work, $4.00.
Gold Fillings, $1 and u



20 Per Cent Discount

From the above prices until January 1st.

We Guarantee the work to be as good as any at any price. We give you a Protective Guarantee for Ten Years.

Boston Dental Parlors,
74 CALHOUN ST.
Phone 203 main. Open evenings and Sundays.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

Do you want to borrow money? The Tri-State will loan you money on the famous dollar monthly plan, pay fast or slow—$1,000 for $10.00 per month.

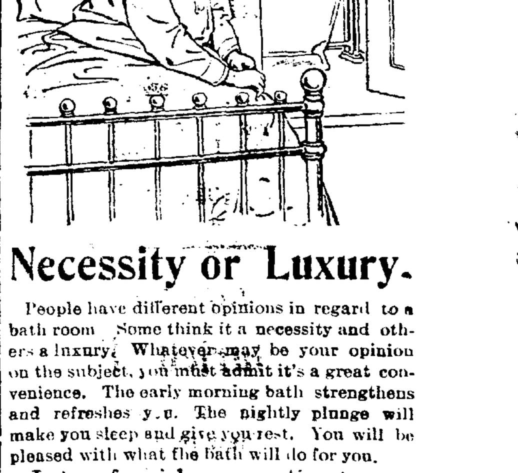
BEST PLAN IN THE WORLD.

INVESTORS

Should call at office for the best plan to save money. $325,000.00 of stock matured in five months. Call at office for full particulars

COR. BERRY & COURT.

Tri-State Building and Loan Association,



Necessity or Luxury.

People have different opinions in regard to a bath room. Some think it a necessity and others a luxury. Whatever may be your opinion on the subject, you must admit it's a great convenience. The early morning bath strengthens and refreshes you. The nightly plunge will make you sleep and give you rest. You will be pleased with what the bath will do for you.

Let us furnish you estimates on what it will cost to have this necessity in your house.

H. F. Franke
THE PLUMBER

Fort Wayne Trust Co.
CAPITAL $200,000.00.
Cor. Main and Court St.

Pays interest on deposits of $1.00 and upwards. Loans made at a reasonable rate of interest.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL and MATERNITY!
141 Cass Street, corner Sixth.
Telephone 1235.
DR. LUELLA M. DERBYSHIRE.

TUESDAY ONLY

50 Children's Cape Overcoats $2.50 to $5 = $2.00

50c, $1.50, $2.00, and $2.50 Umbrellas = $1.00

FRIEND'S CLOTHING STORE.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. [PAGES 5--8] SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898. [PAGES 5--8] PRICE FIVE CENTS.

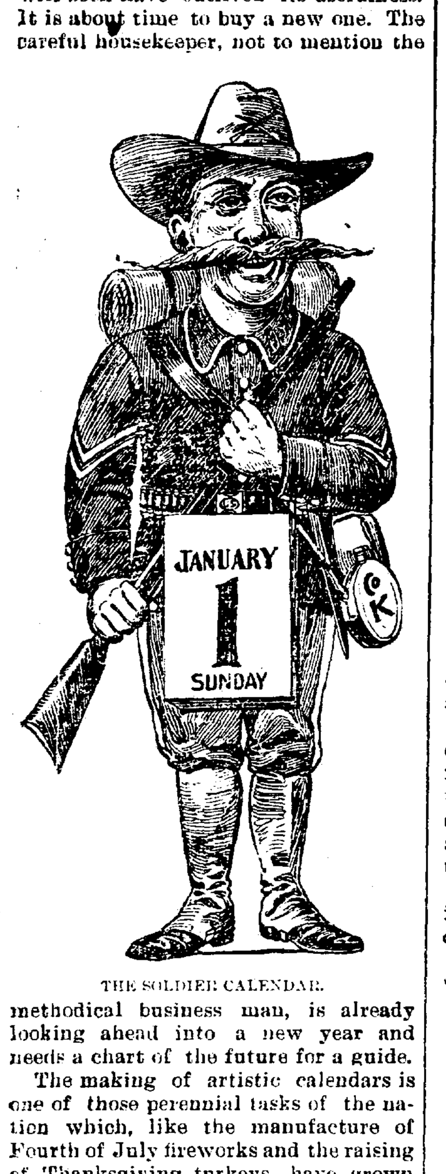
THE NEW YEAR'S CHART

Calendars For 1899 Are Unique, Useful and Pretty.

A GREAT VARIETY THIS SEASON.

Some Are Works of Art, and Others Are Lithographic Freaks—You May Pay From 1 Cent Up to $15—The Proper Thing.

Calendar time is almost here again. We will soon be writing 1898—and scratching it out to write 1899 instead. The year old calendar which hangs above the desk or on the library wall will soon have outlived its usefulness. It is about time to buy a new one. The careful housekeeper, not to mention the



THE SOLDIER CALENDAR.

methodical business man, is already looking ahead into a new year and needs a chart of the future for a guide.

The making of artistic calendars is one of those perennial tasks of the nation which, like the manufacture of Fourth of July fireworks and the raising of Thanksgiving turkeys, have grown to great proportions. Time was when most good Americans depended on the farmer's almanac for their chronological and astronomical information. It also supplied weather forecasts and humor, the one startlingly inaccurate and the other remarkably well seasoned.

But now the first of every year brings with it a perfect flood of calendars of all shapes, sizes and colors. Many of the big publishing houses make a specialty of calendar printing. Within the last few years the various firms have begun to enter into a spirited rivalry in the production of unique and artistic calendars. Never before has this been so noticeable as it is this season.

As a result the purchaser of a calendar for 1899 may have his choice of a bewildering variety. He may pay almost any price he chooses, from 1 penny up to $15. It all depends on his taste and his pocketbook. He may get something which will merely tell him the days of the months, or he may have a work of art or a weird fancy of the chromo lithographer thrown in.

The designs which served for calendars last year will not do this season. The American citizen wants his calendars new and fresh.

Almost every individual fancies one particular style of calendar. Some like a block calendar, with a leaf for every day of the year. Other people who can never remember to tear off these sheets wouldn't have one in the house. I agree with these last. A block calendar is a nuisance. You are almost certain to neglect it, and when you do the two weeks' old date stares out at you reproachfully. I object to being lectured by an inanimate thing. You can't talk

THIS KIND NEEDS DAILY ATTENTION.

back. It takes no excuses. Hang a calendar which needs daily attention, like a pet dog or a canary bird!

Some people sugar coat their daily pill by getting a calendar which has a quotation from one of their favorite authors on each leaf. This isn't so bad if you like your poetry or philosophy in minute homeopathic doses. It's all a matter of taste.

One of the newest of these block calendars is made in the shape of a volunteer soldier cut out of stiff cardboard. He is in full marching order, with cartridge belt, knapsack, haversack and canteen. He holds his gun at a "port arms." His mustache is long and blond and realistic. It is made of flax. There is an eyelet in the top of his campaign hat, and you can run a string through [illegible] him from the gas fixture. The block calendar he carries [illegible]

[illegible] up to date calendar is of the [illegible] kind. On its cover are represented the United States [illegible]

with fine drawings of battle scenes in Cuba, executed by an artist who was there or thereabouts. These soldier calendars will doubtless be very popular.

One of the season's novelties is a calendar which is also a photograph frame. A fan calendar is another oddity. There are 12 sticks, and each one is devoted to a month. It shuts up and opens just like any fan.

On something of the same order is the parrot calendar. Polly is a bright colored bird of stout bristol board with hinged wings. These wings can be spread out like a fan and when opened reveal the months.

The ship calendar is somewhat unique also. It represents the upper gear of a full rigged ship. The months appear on the sails, which are about to be reefed by sailors who lean over the yardarms as if hard at work preparing for a coming storm.

There is the cat and clock calendar. It is the shape of a grandfather's clock. A couple of frisky kittens are playing with the pendulum, which really moves, and at the top another kitten is trying to stop the hands.

Some imported French calendars are in the shape of grotesque looking personages. They are printed in those peculiarly rich colors which American lithographers failed to reproduce for so long. One of these is a lecturer with real hair. The calendar appears under the table over which he leans.

Then there are the college calendars. Each of the big eastern universities has one. That designed for Princeton patrons is in the form of a football suspended from the jaws of a fierce visaged tiger. Yale's is printed in Yale blue, and Harvard, of course, has a crimson one.

There are calendars in the shape of wreaths and clusters of various flowers. Some of these are cunningly devised and daintily colored, but it would puzzle many people to find out the day of the month by them, which, when you come to think of it, is what calendars are supposed to be for.

There is the usual showing of staple calendars, such as the Dickens, Longfellow, Tennyson and the like. Then there is the regular church calendar, showing the days of religious observance and illuminated with appropriate texts and Biblical quotations.

There is a whist calendar too. This is a monthly calendar with quoted excerpts from the writings of whist au-

THE PARROT CALENDAR.

thorities. Thus the whist fiend, when he dates his letters, may be reminded of the criminal folly of leading from a tenace, minor or major, or led to reflect upon the well earned glory which comes to him who uses the finesse with discretion.

If you are looking for something artistic in the way of calendars, your stationer can probably fill the bill. One of the most expensive calendars of the season is called the Gibson, after the artist whose drawings are used to illustrate it. The various pictures are printed from copper plates on vellum and framed in broad mats on which are printed the monthly calendars.

There are Rembrandt calendars and some with each leaf ornamented with a water color reproduction. I was shown one calendar which contained six artist proof etchings. The price was $15.

"And the etchings can be taken right out and framed," said the persuasive saleswoman.

It was true. They could be framed. But why not buy your etchings "straight?" Why disguise the fact that you want to buy half a dozen etchings for framing? Why purchase them in the form of a calendar?

Most of these calendars are very pretty trifles and might add to the brightness of a room in which there was a lack of knickknacks, but we are told that the really correct thing for a study table or a library desk is a plain, unornamented monthly calendar with the various sheets held in a simple easel frame of leather, either seal or morocco or a good imitation of either. A silver frame is permissible, and it is well enough when the rest of your desk furniture is silver mounted, but leather is the thing, without any flowers or birds or trumpery ornamentation about it. But this, again, is a matter of taste. Some people like pictures with their calendars and some don't. If all didn't, the calendar makers would be idle.

You will have to make up your mind as to which kind you want very soon, for old 1898 is about saying his farewells, and young 1899 is almost here.

SEWELL FORD.

The Social Whirl.

Trotler—What has become of Struckile? When I left, he was making desperate efforts to get into the first society.

Homer—By the time he got in the people who then composed the best society had bursted up, so he is now as badly off as he was before.—New York Weekly.

Disgusted.

"What makes you think you were defeated by fraud?"

"I paid for 163 votes in the Second precinct, and the books show that I got a total of only 155 there. Our election system is simply rotten."—Cleveland Leader.

Saved by His Calling.

Hardupp — Hello, Space, old man! Will you indorse a note for me?

Phil Space—Excuse me, but my journalistic training would never let me have anything to do with paper written on both sides.—New York Journal.

The Dear Things.

Mrs. Lynx—Loss of sleep, you know, means loss of beauty.

Mrs. Mynx—You've never been much of a sleeper, I believe!—Yonkers Statesman.

FLY OUR FLAG NOW.

THREE SPANISH WARSHIPS WHICH DEWEY SANK NOW AFLOAT.

How the Admiral Surprised the Navy Department by Raising Them—The Constructor Who Did the Work. They Are Useful Gunboats.

Admiral Dewey is a man of much promptness. He wastes few words in telling about what he is going to do. His communications with Washington have generally been brief, curt announcements of things achieved.

Early in November word was received from him that he had contracted with a Hongkong firm for the raising and repairing of three of the Spanish hulks which he had sunk in Manila harbor. The Washington authorities were surprised. It had all along been considered that these wrecks were far beyond redemption, and that the best which could be done was to sell them at auction for old iron.

It seems that Admiral Dewey made new plans. It probably occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to add to our navy in Philippine waters these gunboats which had once borne the flag of Spain. He did not let the matter go as a mere idea.

His first communication had been sent by mail, and the Washington naval sharps were still discussing whether or not the project was practicable when a cable message came from Admiral Dewey announcing that the three hulks had been raised. The other day we learned that one of them had been sent to Hongkong under her own steam. In the course of a week or two she will be sailing back to Manila, her battered, shot ridden sides plugged, her guns remounted and the stars and stripes floating from her new spars. This is the way Dewey does things.

But of course the admiral does not deserve all the credit. He has a lot of good Americans serving under him. Among them is a young man who is now heard of for the first time. A year

NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR WASHINGTON LEE CAPPS.

ago he was an obscure naval constructor, pegging away at routine work in Washington. Early in the summer he was sent to Manila to look at the wrecks which Dewey's guns had made. It is largely owing to his perseverance and skill that the gunboats have been successfully raised.

This young man is Washington Lee Capps. He is not now in Manila, having recently been sent back to San Francisco. It was at first intended that he should superintend the reconstruction of the recovered gunboats, but his presence was needed more at the Union Iron works, where the battleship Ohio, a sister ship to the Wisconsin, is in process of construction. Lieutenant Hobson has been ordered to take his place at Hongkong.

The three ships which are soon to be added to our eastern squadron are the Don Juan de Austria, the Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon. They are boats that will be valuable to us when properly manned and defended.

The Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon are English built and are rated as third class cruisers. They are steel ships of good construction, of 1,040 tons displacement, 200 feet in length.

The other vessel is the Don Juan de Austria, a tight little ship of 1,152 tons displacement, 210 feet in length, 32 feet wide and drawing 12.5 feet of water. She is Spanish built and carried an armament of four 4.7 inch Hontoria guns, four 6 pounders and one machine gun.

Apart from the pride of attaching these vessels to the navy of the United States, a sentiment which caused the government to make such heroic efforts to save the ill fated Maria Teresa, these three ships are really excellent little war vessels. Owing to their small and handy size they will be just the ships for the coastguard work of our new islands in the orient.

The entire cost of raising and repairing them is to be only $500,000; at any rate that is the sum to be paid to the Hongkong contractors. The fitting up of the boats as cruisers will probably add something more to the cost, but even at that they will be the cheapest ships in the navy. Uncle Sam would like to acquire a dozen or two at the same rate.

CAPTAIN T. B. FRANCIS.

Green City Folks.

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, I had some city boarders durin th' summer, but I didn't interdooce 'em around much 'cause I saw they wasn't fust class folks what goes out of the city every summer.

Neighbor—Oh! They showed they'd never been in the country before, did they?

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, indeed. Why, the very fust meal they asked for cream. —New York Weekly.

Better Than Law.

Housekeeper (excitedly)—I am in a terrible way about a servant girl I can't

get rid of. I have discharged her, but she won't go. She is a perfect giantess, and has a most horrible temper. What would you advise me to do?

Great Lawyer (calmly)—Keep the kerosene can full and the wood wet.—New York Weekly.

NEW KING OF DUDES.

A Silk Lined Beau Brummel Who Wears a Red Neck Halo.

There is a new king of the dudes. His name is Jones—Frank Elsinore Jones, if you please. He is of and from Chicago. His whole attire is an expression of sartorial perfection, but he holds the throne of dudedom not merely because he dresses in perfect taste. Hundreds of men do that and wear no crown. Jones not only conforms to style, but originates the style.

No ordinary language can do justice to Jones. Nothing but the untrammel-

FRANK ELSINORE JONES.

ed metaphors of the St. Louis journalist can describe him. Jones is "it." He is the warmest thing that ever peeped over the parapet. Solomon came first, it is true, but now Jones has appeared, and it's up to Solomon again.

He travels out of Boston for a dry goods firm, does Jones, but he keeps most of his wardrobe in Chicago. This is well. Some of his costumes would melt the gilt dome of the Boston statehouse. Nothing but the cool blasts from Lake Michigan prevent them from having a climatic effect on Chicago.

You will know Jones should you meet him by his neck halo. It is in the form of an inch wide band of red on his white collar. All of Jones' collars have this band except those which are similarly striped with blue or green or pink. And his shirts—they, too, are striped. They look like remnants of summer awnings.

Or you might know him by his overcoats. One of them is a raglan ulster. The sleeves run up under the collar, and in the middle of the back there is a wide watteau plait slightly gathered at the waist line by a buttoned cloth strap. Under this he wears a frock coat with bell skirts, which stand out like the ancient crinolines. His hat is a Beau Brummel silk with a bell that would call the farmhands in Connecticut to a dinner on the Pacific slope.

But much of his finery is concealed. Jones is a silk lined man. All his coats and vests are lined with heavy, corded silk, and his underwear is silk, "20 thread brittle" it is known to the trade. It is in tints of pale blue and pink. No other shades are permissible, says Jones. His stockings match his underwear and are held up by solid silver garters. His suspender buckles are of solid gold.

When he is on the road, he carries 27 vests in shades beside which an October sunset takes on neutral tints. He feels embarrassed with less than 30 pairs of trousers to select from.

Another Chicago drummer, J. Waldere Kirk, once held the title of "King of the Dudes," but he has abdicated. Jones and Kirk met recently in a St. Louis hotel lobby, and, according to the journalistic word painter who depicted the scene, "Kirk looked like 30 cents." The king is dead; long live the king!

MISS SAMPSON TO WED.

The Admiral's Youngest Daughter to Be Married Jan. 4.

Miss Olive Farrington Sampson, whose marriage to H. H. Scott of San Francisco is to occur on Jan. 4, is the youngest daughter of Admiral Sampson. She is 20. Miss Sampson is good to look at, and is exceptionally accomplished and brilliant of mind. She is her father's favorite.

Miss Olive is one of four daughters. Two of her older sisters, Margaret and

MISS OLIVE F. SAMPSON.

Katherine, have married naval officers, the former being the wife of Lieutenant Ray Smith of the Indiana and the latter the wife of Ensign Richard H. Jackson of the torpedo boat service. Miss Nannie Sampson, who is 22, is unmarried.

The coming wedding will occur in Glen Ridge, N. J., where the Sampsons live, and the ceremony will take place in the Congregational church. Admiral Sampson expects to be present. Mr. Scott, the groom elect, is a young business man and the son of a wealthy merchant of San Francisco who died several years ago. Mr. Scott is somewhat of a society man, and Miss Olive is destined to be one of the social leaders of the metropolis of the Pacific slope.

An Old Theme.

Father (calling from the head of the stairs at 1:30 a. m.)—Fannie!

Fannie—Yes, papa. What is it?

Father—I wish you would ask that young man where he would like to have his trunk put when he comes.—Chicago News.

HARCOURT STORIES.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES TOLD OF THE RETIRING LIBERAL LEADER.

How He Happened to Receive Six Invitations to a Dinner Party, and Why He Attended Three to Which He Was Not Asked.

Sir William Harcourt, whose retirement as the Liberal leader of the house of commons has made a huge stir among English politicians, will be remembered by Americans who have seen commons in session as the most conspicuous figure on the floor of the house. We have some big men in congress, but probably not one of such burly bulk, such massiveness of head and such pompousness of manner as Sir William. He talks as big as he looks, too, and his whole air is one of immensity.

Aside from his eventful public career he is an interesting personality. Although he is in his seventy-second year, it is not because of old age that he gives up the leadership. He is apparently as vigorous as he was 20 years ago when as Gladstone's lieutenant he was ready to fight home rule or support it for many weary weeks on end.

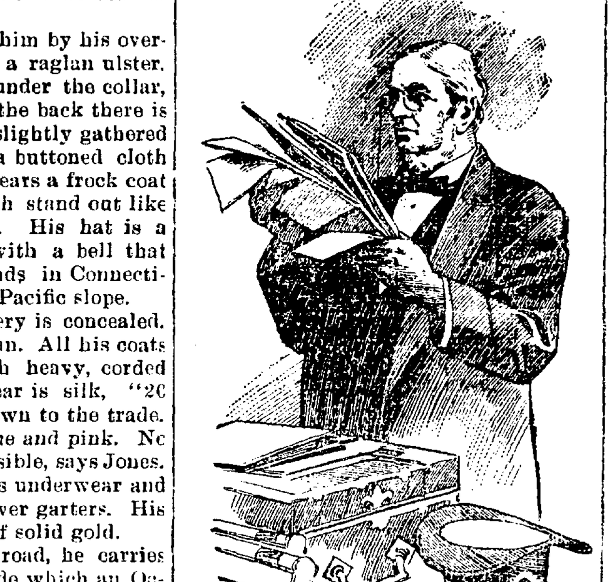
More good stories are told about Sir William Harcourt than about any other member of commons. One of the best is the oldest. It relates to the time, years ago, when Sir William was even less liked than he is now, and today he is not what might be called a popular man.

The tale runs that six men had united to give a stag dinner, and it was agreed that each was to ask as his guest the most disagreeable person he knew. No confidences were to be exchanged, leaving untrammeled the curiosity that centered upon the meeting when each man would be able to see wherein his particular selection was excelled. Covers were laid for 12, but only seven sat down.

Each man had asked Vernon Harcourt.

But Sir William has become less disagreeable in his later years, particularly since he took for his second wife an American woman. She has rained sweet influence over the household and Sir William Harcourt has become quite bearable over a wide circle of society. It is even said by those who flatter him that he reserved all the frost of his manner for the occasional dinners he gave to political supporters while yet he resided in Downing street as chancellor of the exchequer.

It has been said that on these occasions, sitting at the head, or rather in



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

the middle, of his own table, the exchancellor of the exchequer has dwelt in silence through six courses, while his trembling guests have conversed with each other in funereal whispers.

In pleasing contrast are the attitude, appearance and manner of Sir William when, under the same roof, still weighted with the cares of the treasury and the colleagueship of Lord Rosebery, he has acted as host, whether at dinner or through an evening party, with Lady Harcourt beaming as hostess.

A hard hitter in the political arena, Sir William Harcourt probably has on his visiting list a larger number of people from the other political camp than has any man in an analogous position.

How large that visiting list is is indicated by another story. In the middle of a busy season Sir William, in fulfillment of a long standing engagement marked in his pocketbook, went out to dinner on a Monday night. He fancied he observed on making his entrance to the drawing room that his host and hostess looked at him with some surprise and even embarrassment. The mood was, however, momentary.

On the following Wednesday he kept another dinner engagement, of which he had made careful note in his book. Again he noticed, with even less hope of misunderstanding, an almost frightened look passing between his host and hostess when his name was announced. Again the embarrassment proved transitory, and Sir William had another thoroughly enjoyable evening.

On Friday he went out to a third tryst. In the hall he came across the butler—an old acquaintance—who started back when he recognized the newcomer.

"What's the matter?" asked Sir William. "Didn't you expect to see me to dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, "but it wasn't tonight; it was next Tuesday."

Closer investigation of his engagement book explained the mystery. It was arranged in pages, each one noting a week's engagements. Sir William, in his haste, had unknowingly turned over two pages, and was this week keeping engagements which really fell due the week after.

HOWARD SPENCE SINCLAIR.

His Natural Inference.

Mrs. Pollytix—Oh, here is the picture of such a lovely party coat in this magazine!

Pollytix — What is a party coat? Something that can be turned?—Indianapolis Journal.

That Lantern Incident.

"Hello, Gene!" called out Alexander, with the air of familiarity which was commonly affected by conquerors of the world in those days. "What are you doing with that lantern?"

"I am looking for an honest man," replied Diogenes, [illegible]

that he was addressing a stranger in the city.

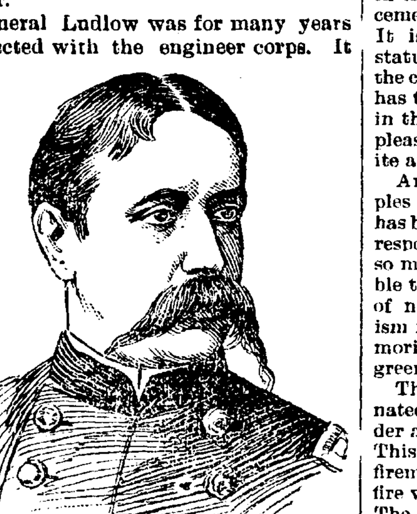
"Oh, I thought perhaps you were paying off an election bet," exclaimed the monarch, for these continued disappointments were becoming irksome.—Detroit Journal.

HAVANA'S GOVERNOR.

Major General Ludlow, and the Kind of Man He Is.

Major General William Ludlow, who has been appointed military and civil governor of Havana, is a man of many good qualities and of much force of character. He was graduated from West Point in 1864, and has been in the army ever since. During the civil war he won some distinction, but it was only last summer, when he led the advance on Santiago and commanded a division, that he became at all prominent as an officer.

General Ludlow was for many years connected with the engineer corps. It



MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW.

was as an engineer that he went to Philadelphia on leave of absence to supervise the construction of the waterworks about a dozen years ago. He did not get along well with the Philadelphia politicians, and was removed. Here is a story which may throw some light on the cause of his removal:

A politician who had a big contract on the waterworks job called on Ludlow one day and left a $50 bill on the desk as he went out.

"Here, sir! What's this for?" demanded Ludlow as he spied the bank note.

"Oh, a little matter of a few dollars to buy some cigars for the boys at the works!" answered the contractor in some confusion.

"I have some good cigars myself," said Ludlow. "Come back and try one."

The contractor came back, seeing no good reason for refusing, and took a seat while Ludlow opened a drawer in his desk and produced his cigars. The box was offered to the contractor, who took one, and Ludlow took one himself. Quietly taking up the bill, while talking pleasantly all the while, Ludlow rolled it into an elongated shape, and lighting it at the gaslight offered the contractor a light for his cigar. He then lighted his own cigar, and calmly watched the burning bill until it was consumed. No more bribes were offered Ludlow in Philadelphia. Similar surprises await the tricky citizens of Havana.

PATTI'S BARON.

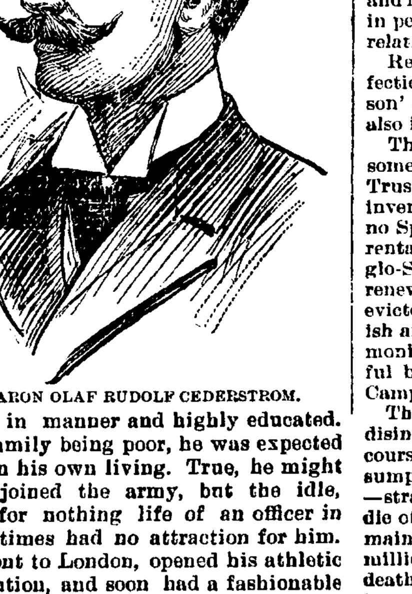
The Handsome Young Swede Who Is to Marry the Great Diva.

This is the young man whom Mme. Adelina Patti—the divine Patti—is to take as her third husband. Baron Adolf Rudolf Cederstrom has nothing but youth, manly beauty and a noble name to bring to the altar. But what of that? Has not Patti a castle of her own and the unexpected receipts of any number of farewell tours?

The baron is only 28 and Patti is 51. The match, nevertheless, is by no means grotesque, for Mme. Patti doesn't look a day older than she did when she came to America in the early eighties, and she was then only 35. She met Baron Cederstrom in his London gymnasium, where he was engaged in teaching the young English noblemen how to work up their muscles, fence, shoot, wrestle and acquire all sorts of athletic and calisthenic accomplishments.

The baron's father is Baron Claes Edvard Cederstrom, an old lieutenant in the Royal Swedish Life dragoons. His mother before her marriage was the Baroness Martha Leijonhufvud. The family is one of the best in Scandinavia.

Young Olaf is a handsome, distinguished looking man, simple and cour-



BARON OLAF RUDOLF CEDERSTROM.

teous in manner and highly educated. The family being poor, he was expected to earn his own living. True, he might have joined the army, but the idle, good for nothing life of an officer in peace times had no attraction for him. He went to London, opened his athletic institution, and soon had a fashionable and profitable clientage. Mme. Patti was much impressed by the young Swede's manliness and invited him to Craig-y-Nos, her castle in Wales. It was from there the formal announcement of the engagement was made.

The wedding will take place at Craig-y-Nos Feb. 25. Baron and Baroness Cederstrom will then go at once to London. The former is to become a naturalized British subject.

Advantages of Wealth.

Mr. Nicefello—I am told that Miss Bullion never wears the same dress twice.

Miss De Pink (rival belle)—Yes, that is true, and I understand she has a different set of teeth for every day in the week.—New York Weekly.

CUBAN CEMETERIES.

SOME ARE BEAUTIFUL, SOME MEAN, BUT ALL MENACE THE LIVING.

Custom of Temporary Burial and What It Means—The Holy Field a Breeding Ground For Yellow Fever and Other Deadly Diseases.

If Spain had insisted on carrying away not only the ashes of Columbus but the bones of all dead Spaniards in Cuba, we would make no complaint. As it is Spain has taken only the historic and harmless dust of the illustrious Genoese navigator and left behind a lot of pestilence breeding cemeteries in which yellow fever will hide for many years after hygienic measures have scoured it from the rest of the island.

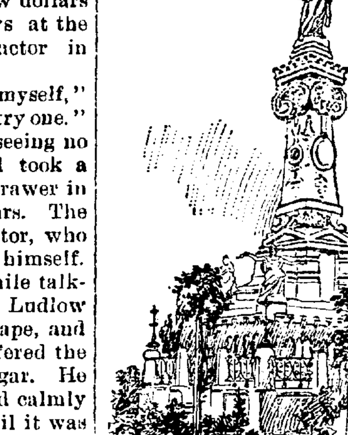
Each Cuban city has at least one very fine cemetery and several very poor ones. Havana has the most beautiful cemetery in the new world. This is the Columbus cemetery or the "Cementerio de Colon." It is crowded with exquisitely carved statues of marble. The portal or gate of the cemetery is of majestic porportions. It has three entrances. The cemetery itself, in the first impression made on the visitor, pleases by its lack of somber files of granite and marble.

Among the monuments are Gothic temples in miniature of exquisite taste. Italy has been drawn upon for the designs. The response has been fitting. In the midst of so much that is rendered enduring in marble the suggestion of the eternal verdure of nature in the tropics and of its symbolism is not lost. Many of the family memorials have their setting in arbors of green foliage.

The marble city of the dead is dominated by a monument which is the wonder and the admiration of every beholder. This is the monument to the bomberos, or firemen, a score of whom lost their lives in a fire which scourged Havana in May, 1890. The bomberos belong to a volunteer organization which includes in its membership the young men of the best families in the city. Their martyrdom appealed to all classes, and in commemorating the sacrifice of their lives the animosity of Spaniard and Cuban was forgotten.

The monument is nominally the tribute of the city of Havana; actually it is the free will offering of the people. It was completed in 1897. The monument is high, yet its graceful lines are not destroyed. The background which the clear blue sky forms for it destroys the rugged outlines. It stands forth a lofty carved shaft in a deep vault of azure.

The victims of the Maine are buried in the Cemetery of Columbus. At intervals



FIREMEN'S MONUMENT, COLUMBUS CEMETERY, HAVANA.

a cry goes up against the neglect of their graves and for the immediate erection of a monument. The graves are not neglected. No week passes that fresh flowers are not strewn over these sepulchers by patriotic Americans.

But the cemeteries in which the poor are laid to rest are quite different affairs. For them burial is not a permanent disposal. In Cuba, as well as in many Spanish American republics, burial and disinterment go on just as they have for centuries past.

The system dates back to the earliest times in things Cuban and Spanish American. The boredas, or niches, are built in stone masonry. Generally the boredas have three tiers of niches, one above another, the top being finished in stone and plaster. As one stands facing a section they look like the entrances to a baker's oven. In some cemeteries they occupy two sides of the Campo Santo, or Holy Field. In other cases, near large and populous cities, they form a quadrangle, the outer walls of which are of solid masonry. They have a main entrance, through which the funeral enters. They also have a rear gateway, generally facing a field.

The first effect on entering one of them is weird. The newcomer is in a city of the dead—on the flat system. Each niche is large enough to hold the coffin of an adult. The day of the funeral arrives, and the coffin is taken from the hearse and borne by the attendants of the cemetery to the niche selected. It is pushed in feet foremost, and the entrance is closed either by plain masonry or by a marble slab fitting the end of the niche. The latter is generally inscribed to Fulano de Tal, with "Descansez en paz," or "Requiescat en pace," some preferring Spanish, others Latin.

This system is peculiar to the church of Rome in Cuba and in Spanish America. The majority of burials is temporary. The rental paid for each has to be for one year and in advance. "Descansez en paz" (Rest in peace) is the utterance of friends and relatives.

Resting in peace depends upon the affection and willingness of the dead person's friends to pay another year's rent, also in advance.

The cemeteries generally are managed by some church or some concessionario. Trusts of all kinds are old time Spanish inventions. The year expires, and there is no Spanish manana, or tomorrow, about rentals. They are adjusted on strict Anglo-Saxon principles. The rent not being renewed, Fulano or Fulana de Tal is evicted. The early day evictions are Spanish and not Irish. The coffin is unceremoniously taken out through the ever useful back door and dumped without the Campo Santo.

This practice of wholesale and constant disinterment is a menace to the living, of course. In the tropics many die of consumption, while many of the lower classes —strangers—die of yellow fever. Others die of smallpox. The removal of the remains of such may mean the liberation of millions of germs to start in a new and death dealing role. This is one of the customs which will speedily be abolished under the American rue, and it cannot be done away with too quickly.

MARK NORRIS.

His Revenge.

"She refused him when he was a civilian, you know, but when he came back from the war in a uniform she was crazy to get him."

"Well?"

"Well, he did the best he could for her. He married another girl, but he sent his uniform to her with his compliments. He said he knew what she prized."—Chicago Post.

Joys of Being Engaged.

[illegible]—Oh, Beatrice, did Charlie pro[pose to y]ou this morning?

[illegible] (blushing)—Ye-yes, he pro-

posed, and we're to be married in a year if papa will give his consent.

Ethel—There! I owe Charlie a pair of gloves, confound it!—He bet me that you'd jump at him if he asked you, and I gave you credit for having more sense. —Stray Stories.

MODEST MRS. ROOSEVELT.

Doesn't Want to Be a Social Leader, but Will if She Must.

Here is Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, wife of the rough riders' colonel and the governor elect of New York. Probably the picture is unfamiliar to you, for this is the first one which has ever been published. Mrs. Roosevelt does not like publicity, and she has steadily refused requests for photographs of herself.

So long as Mrs. Roosevelt remained in private life her wishes were regarded, but now she is to become mistress of the ex-

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ecutive mansion of the Empire State she must share some of that publicity which has made her husband's name and features known all over the country.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a young woman not much over 30. She is of medium height, with fair complexion, dark eyes and hair and possesses a remarkable charm of manner. The governor prospective has no more fervent champion than his accomplished wife, who is a firm believer in her husband's talents and unlimited ability. Mrs. Roosevelt is unquestionably the greatest spur to her husband in his public career, and is perhaps more ambitious for him than he is for himself.

In no sense a woman of fashion, Mrs. Roosevelt dresses simply and always in perfect taste. She wears few jewels, and those remarkably handsome one. There are six little Roosevelts—the eldest a daughter by Mr. Roosevelt's first wife, who was formerly Miss Alice Lee of Boston. Mrs. Roosevelt's existence is devoted to husband and children. Whatever she believes is required of a governor's wife she will do and do well.

Socially Mrs. Roosevelt cannot fail to be a very charming figure, and as the governor's wife and the head of fashionable society in Albany she is sure to be greatly admired. The social season is to be a lively one, for there are already scheduled numerous receptions and dinners at the executive mansion, at all of which Mrs. Roosevelt will preside. That she does not intend to shirk any of her social duties is shown by the fact that she has made arrangements to take an active part in social events at the New York state capital.

A MOTHERLY QUEEN.

How Victoria Earns the Loyalty and Devotion of Tommy Atkins.

The loyalty of Tommy Atkins for "the widdy at Windsor," of which Kipling has told us so much, is probably due to the fact that Queen Victoria has a warm regard for her soldiers. Her recent visit to the general army hospital at Netley was the third one within the year. The queen has been anxious about the condition of the many men who have been sent back from the Sudan. Some of them came home cut up by the spears and swords of the Mahdists, and many are suffering from the desert fever.

On the occasion of her latest visit her majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Sleswick-Holstein. Her majesty was conveyed by an elevator to the floor on which are the medical wards and in her wheeled chair was accompanied in her tour of inspection by the sirdar, with Surgeon Major Nash leading the way. Drawn up in

QUEEN VICTORIA VISITING SICK SOLDIERS AT NETLEY.

line were all the patients entitled to the Atbara and Omdurman medals, which were distributed by Lord Kitchener after the queen had passed along.

Special medical wards, where serious cases are treated, were then visited, and the queen addressed words of sympathy and comfort to the patients as her chair was wheeled from bed to bed. The surgical ward also received a visit from her majesty, and so, too, did the convalescents. In one of the medical wards the queen presented two patients, Staff Sergeant G. A. Benson and Private A. Davidson, both of the army medical corps, with medals for distinguished service in the field.

Tommy is nursed not only by other Tommies, but in certain cases by women. The army nursing sisters have proved themselves to be so beneficial to the physical well being of English soldiers when sick or disabled, and, moreover, have effected such an improvement in their manners and morals, which has extended beyond the four walls of the hospital ward, that the wonder is that there are only about 70 of them to nurse those who fall out of the ranks of an army of 150,000 men.

More Than One.

"Has your husband a title?" asked the heiress' friend.

"Yes," she answered; "he's a duke. But," she added, with a sigh, "that isn't what papa calls him."—Washington Star.

Mr. Pneer—Johnny, wouldn't you like to know how much you weigh?

Johnny Pneer—'Course I would.

Mr. Pneer—Well, I gave you a cent one day last week. Step on that platform and drop the cent in the slot. That's right. You weigh 38 pounds. Now what do you say?

Johnny—Thank you, papa.

BATTLING WITH ICE.

GIANT FERRYBOATS WILL TRY TO KEEP STRAIT OF MACKINAC OPEN.

This Season the Michigan Railroads Are to Make a Great Struggle Against Jack Frost, Who Usually Locks Up the Lake Door.

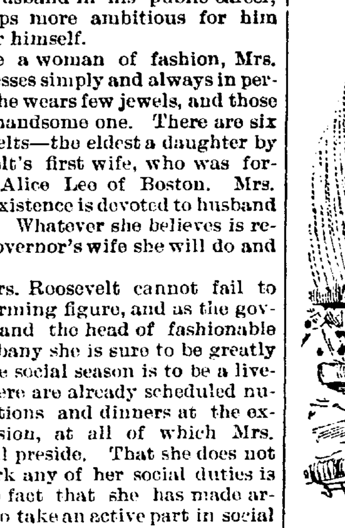
For many winters an interesting battle has been carried on between the huge ice crushing ferryboats which cross the strait of Mackinac and the ice floes which sometimes refuse to be crushed. It is quite important to the railroad men to keep an open passage across the strait, for at Mackinaw city two lines of rails come down to the water and the only way of making a connection with the railroad, which has a terminus at St. Ignace on the northern peninsula, is by ferry.

In summer whole trains are run on to the giant ferryboats and taken across the strait. In winter the programme is irregular. Sometimes the great ferryboats are able to smash a channel and keep it open for weeks at a time. Then the mercury will drop down to 20 degrees below zero and stay there for several days. Some fine morning the ferryboat goes out to find ahead of her miles and miles of thick block ice, against which she rams and butts with hardly any effect.

Then again the floes which have been forced apart during the daytime will come together at night and freeze hard and fast. Great windrows of jagged ice will be thrown up, varying in thickness from 5 to 15 feet. This is what makes railroad connections between Michigan's two peninsulas so uncertain during the winter months.

But this season the railroad men think that they will be able to win the battle. Two titanic ferryboats of improved construction, strengthened and steel prowed, have been made and put to work. As the ice breaking problem is an interesting one in other parts of the world besides the strait of Mackinac the struggle is being watched in many quarters. The Russians are particularly interested, as the czar is having similar ice crushers built in America for use at the mouth of the Volga. If the Michigan railroad people can keep a clear channel through the strait this season the czar will try to keep open several of the Baltic ports.

It is to be a battle royal, for only preliminary fencing has thus far been engag-



ICE CRUSHING FERRYBOAT AT WORK.

ed in. The real cold weather will come later in January. There are sure to be many noble encounters of steel and ice wall, repeated attempts of giant ice crushers attached to great lake boats against floes and windrows, and the tedious trials to force passage through fields of frigid blue.

The prow of one of these ice crushers is made something on the lines of an immense steel fist. The ferryboat goes ahead under full steam and tackles the ice guards. It heaves up on top of the obstruction and then the iron fist comes down on the ice with a blow harder than the fabled Vulcan ever gave. The ice, no matter what the thickness, caves—that is the word. After that tremendous catapultic onslaught the 10 feet of frigidity cracks humbly before the prow of the persistent monster.

The problems of ice navigation do not stop with the strait of Mackinac, however. For three years the Toledo and Ann Arbor Railroad company has been trying to solve the question of winter navigation across Green bay, really a part of Lake Michigan. Two years ago the Ann Arbor ferries ran until the last of December into Marinette and Menominee. To accomplish this on a number of occasions fields of ice 20 miles in breadth were combated and overcome. The heavy ferries crushed into the ice, when not over five feet in thickness, and overcame it in the same manner as the giants of the strait do in January and February.

But the battle began to favor Jack Frost, and the railroad company decided to run as long as possible to Marinette and Menominee, but not to risk too much in the middle of winter. The boats have run from Frankfort to Menominee with no difficulty to the middle of December and when the season is backward into the fore part of January. The Ann Arbor company is to make a new trial this year.

With this in mind the managers of the line have asked the ninth lighthouse district establishment to keep various lights along the route of the boats in operation throughout the winter. They have been granted this request, and lights on Chambers island, Green island and at Sherwood point will be twinkling their warning and showing a friendly glare through snowstorms and blizzards. Sherwood point's light will shine on the Ann Arbor ferries just after they leave Sturgeon bay canal and enter Green bay. Midway between Marinette and Sturgeon bay the boats will see the light on Green island. Chambers island is to the northeast of the Menominee harbor.

That the Ann Arbor company may take a notable achievement of this winter effort to navigate Green bay is quite probable through the construction of a new boat recently launched. The Globe Iron Works company of Cleveland have put a ferry steamer that a layman would deem able to plow into the toughest collection of windrows. It is 270 feet long and 52 feet beam. It is of steel, and its bow has been especially strengthened for working in the ice. It has twin screws and will be capable of high speed. Its cost is said to have been $185,000.

With this new machine the Green bay ice problem may be overcome, and if it is the winter of 1898-9 will be notable enough to mariners and to the commercial interests of the northwest without any other victory.

FRANCIS TALBERT.

An Empty Smile.

As he entered the room she greeted him with an empty smile. However, her aim was bad, and it crashed against the wall, littering the floor with broken bits of brown glass.—Philadelphia Record.

The Modern Highwayman.

"Throw up your hands!" he cried.

Those addressed did so without a murmur. Then slowly and proudly the fellow took their money.

Yes, four aces are hard to [beat].—New York Journal.

Morning Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON I, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 1.

Text of the Lesson, John i, 1-14—Memory Verses, 9-12—Golden Text, John i, 4. Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." The topic of the lesson is "Christ, the True Light," but the verses assigned for the lesson are the introduction to the gospel and tell us why John wrote it. In chapter xx, 31, he says concerning his gospel, "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." While in Matthew Jesus is the King of the Jews, in Mark the servant of Jehovah, and in Luke the Son of Man, in this gospel He is the Son of God equal with the Father. The first phrase takes us to Gen. i, 1, "In the beginning God." The name "The Word of God" takes us to Gen. xv, 1, where God appears to Abram as "The Word of the Lord."

2. "The same was in the beginning with God." A helpful comment upon this is found in Prov. viii, 30, and the context, where we read of the Word of God under the name of wisdom as being with God when He created all things, rejoicing always before Him, and in verse 35 it is written, "Whoso findeth me findeth life." Another parallel with a later part of our lesson. John xvii, 5, is also suggested by this verse: "Glorify thou me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was."

3. "All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made." This also places the Son with the Father in Gen. i, 1, and is finely commented upon and more fully stated in Col. i, 16. "By Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth; all things were created by Him and for Him, and He is before all things and by Him all things consist."

4. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." He that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life (1 John v, 12), so that not only is there life in Him, but there is no life apart from Him. He also is the light of the world as He said in chapter viii, 12; xii, 46, and all apart from Him is darkness, so that while in Him is life and light, apart from Him is only death and darkness. The vast majority of the people on earth are in darkness because the light has never been brought to them, but multitudes who have heard of the light will not receive it.

5. "And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." In the creation story in Gen. i, 1-3, we read that "darkness was upon the face of the deep, and God said, Let there be light, and there was light." In II Cor. iv, 6, we read that God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

6. "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." Jesus was God, but John was sent from God. Jesus Himself said in this gospel over 30 times that the Father sent Him, but He was sent to reveal the Father while John was sent to herald and point out the Christ. John was sent as truly as Jesus, but each for a different purpose. It is still true that God gives to every man his work and the ability for it.

7. "The same came for a witness to bear witness of the light, that all men through him might believe." His testimony was not, he was only a voice. He cried, "Behold the Lamb of God." And when men turned from him and followed Jesus he said, "This, my joy, is fulfilled. He must increase, I must decrease." He was great in the sight of the Lord, and of him Jesus said that no greater was born of woman.

8. "He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light." When asked if he was the Christ, he answered, "No." It was his joy to bear witness of the Christ.

9. "That was the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." He was not the "light of the world" as Christ is, but the true light, the only light, and beside Him there is no other. There are many false lights which only lead men to destruction. All religions which do not have Christ and His atonement for the foundation are false and can only lead to destruction.

10. "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not." Adam and Eve in Eden knew Him not, for they turned away from Him. Cain knew Him not, for he turned away from Him. The antediluvians, as a whole, with but few exceptions, turned from Him. After the deluge the people in Babylon of Shinar turned against Him, and when Abram was called to leave his home and kindred he was called out from idolatry (Josh. xxiv, 2).

11. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." He chose the land which He gave to Abram, Isaac and Jacob to be specially His own that He might specially bless and care for it, and He chose Israel to be a special people unto Him set them apart from all the people on the earth that He might make Himself known to them and through them to all nations.

12, 13. "But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." Here is, to my mind, the best definition of believing, and that is to receive Him as we receive a gift. The gift of God is eternal life (Rom. vi, 23). How simple that we should be required only to accept Him! That the Creator should become the Redeemer and by making Himself one of us work out a salvation which He offers to us freely without money or price or desert on our part is surely a wonder of wonders, but what shall we say of those who know this and yet turn their backs upon Him? There is no room for anything of man in God's salvation, nothing of birth or attainment or power or might, for man has proved himself sinful throughout and an enemy of God. Whoever will be saved must be willing to confess himself a sinner and receive the Son of God as the gift of God. All such are born of God, born from above.

14. "And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us (full of grace and truth." The parenthesis in the verse says, "And we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father." God manifest in the flesh, the Son of God becoming man, partaker of flesh and blood, that He might show what man ought to be and what redeemed man will be, and, having no sin of His own, suffer our sins to be laid upon Him that He might bear them in His own body on the cross, such is the mystery of godliness.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Dexter Bros., druggists, and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

War Portfolios.

[illegible] Notice of War, Parts 1 to [illegible] issued at this office [illegible] Dealers fail to get the [illegible]

FACTS ABOUT DAWSON

WHAT A WOMAN SEES IN THE KLONDIKE METROPOLIS.

Eliza Archard Conner Likes the Aurora Borealis, but Dislikes Canadian Officials — Dawson Doctors Have Plenty of Patients.

[Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.]

DAWSON is like the lady wearing a great quantity of complexion who was "not so bad as she was painted." Do not believe more than a quarter of what you read about it and the mines thereabouts. Even we writers who tell the truth sometimes see things wrong. For one thing, the climate itself is not so severe as we have all thought. It is the length and darkness of the winter that make it to be dreaded. Even that darkness is relieved, however, by the radiant and ineffably beautiful aurora borealis, glorious as the light that plays around the eternal throne of God. It is worth a journey to the arctics to see that northern light.

Ladies who have wintered in Dawson tell me they need in the town itself the same clothing required for the cold months in Chicago. It is in the country and on trips to and from the mines that the furs, moccasins and German socks are wanted.

A DAWSON DOCTOR.

Necessories of life, except perhaps window glass, are abundant in Dawson. Luxuries are in demand and will be paid for. Canned fruits will sell better than bacon and beans. Whisky cost 50 cents a drink when I was there, yet there is no lack of people to swallow it.

The second time in my life that I ever knew for a fact champagne to literally flow like water was in Dawson. The first time is another story. During one evening at Dawson a social party consisting at first of four persons, the number gradually increasing till it included 12, ordered and paid for 24 bottles of champagne at $30 a bottle, $720 for the evening.

Now, as to the business prospects at Dawson, there is better opportunity to gain wealth in and around that town than any place else I know of. There is more wealth in the rough about Dawson, as I truly believe, than any other known spot on the globe. Good business opportunities are abundant, and as a daily American mining claims are sold for a song—claims as apt to turn out rich as any.

But it is rank madness to go to Dawson without capital or supplies. A year ago any man or woman who went to the Klondike found immediate work at wages ranging from $100 to $300 a month. Now the labor market is as much oversocked as anywhere in the State. In the face of this glut, however, wages have been kept up. Common laboring men get not less than $5 a day, while miners receive $10 a day and board themselves. But there are four working men and women for every vacant place. The richest mines in the Klondike region are now in the hands of companies and large capitalists who hire miners by the day to work them.

It is the old story the world over of big fish eating up the little ones. Yet the only conclusion the little fellow should draw from this situation is a resolution to pull himself together and become a big fish himself. He can do it more easily in Dawson than almost anywhere else. If, then, the little fish has good sense and good health and in addition half a year's food and clothing, or if not that as much as $500 in money, in no place can he make somebody of himself quicker than in the Klondike. He has only to wait and watch his chance. It is bound to come.

But good health is almost as hard to keep as wealth is to get. Many men who have won the gold have lost their health in the getting of it. Scurvy, typhoid and many other forms of disease rage through the unhealthy summer season. The Dawson doctors are busy. Many times I saw just such sights as are pictured in the accompanying illustration, the anxious wife, far from friends and home, watching the approach of the dread typhoid as it claims her argonaut husband as a victim. This is one of the somber tints to life in the Klondike.

Whether Dawson is to die the death of all mining camps or become the most northerly permanent city on the globe depends entirely on how the mines around it hold out. If, as is firmly believed by many, gold will be found to justify quartz and hydraulic mining after the placers have been worked out, then we shall see Dawson blooming out as the durable [illegible] of the north.

Canada's attitude towards her people in the Klondike is not the attitude of a mother to her children. As to the administration of the Canadian government in the Klondike—well, "don't shoot the musician; he's doing the best he knows how." The Canadian government at Ottawa has had no idea either of the seriousness or the magnificence of the problem on its hands in the Northwest Territories. Its sole notion of running the district seems to be to keep the miners from killing one another and to get money out of them. In royalties, licenses and recorders' fees the Dominion government has received a sum of money certainly reaching into the millions.

On the American side of the line there would by this time have been a good wagon road from Dawson to the Forks and to the richest mines. Dawson itself would have been drained and at least partly sewered. It can hardly be believed on our side of the line, but to this day it has not been possible to obtain a clear title to town lots and building sites.

How an American postal railway clerk, who catches a mail bag off a peg alongside the track on the fly while the train whizzes past and gets the contents of the sack all distributed before the next station is reached, would make things hum in that miserable Dawson postoffice! Even the familiar "gum band" is apparently unknown there. A package of letters is elaborately wound around three or four times with a twine string and carefully tied. It must be untied, unwound, wound up and tied again every time. Even a Hardscabble or Squedunk postoffice clerk in the States would answer six calls for letters while that possessed Dawson clerk is untying and unwinding his tow string.

The saddest sight in Dawson is the long line of miners, hundreds of them, standing outside that wretched postoffice waiting their turn to ask for letters from home. Sometimes they give a dollar to a member of the Canadian mounted police, and he goes in at a side door and asks directly for the letters and gets them.

I could not find at Dawson that jealousy of Americans which Canadian newspapers foster for their own purposes at home. Americans are well treated by the Dawson government officials. They ought to be, for it is from them most of the royalties.

I met at Dawson English speaking men from all over the world, Americans, Canadians, Australians and British from the old country, and they all seemed to me like one people, my own—hearty, sincere, plucky and kindly, men and brethren to like and be proud of.

ELIZA ARCHARD CONNER.

A SQUELCHER.

It Was Mighty Rough, but Taught a Good Lesson.

In the lower part of the upper peninsula there is a family in which the majority of the members are veritable giants. At their nearest town there was a clothing store that failed last summer, its stock of goods being turned over to a Detroit firm in the course of settlement. The head of this firm sent his son to the town in question to dispose of the goods at retail. The son is a good feeler, and put on a few extra furbelows in the little northern village.

One Saturday afternoon there was a rush to the "slaughter sale," the son, "little, but, oh, my!" doing his best to dazzle the pretty country girls who were assisting in the family purchases. When a prospective customer, fully 6 feet 6 inches, built in proportion and with a voice that shook things, came in, the son took him in hand.

"I'm lookin fur a suit fur my boy," began the customer.

"Certainly," answered the son glibly. "Right this way, please."

"Durned if I know just what to do," after half a dozen suits had been examined. "I don't know that boy's meas'rements. S'pose I orter brought him along."

"Oh, I don't know! You make a pretty good load for one team yourself." And the son strutted consciously while the girls giggled. "How old's the boy? Seventeen, hey? Just about my age. We can fix him out all right enough."

"What!" came in a voice that filled the store. "Why, you little shrimp, your whole suit wouldn't make a vest fur my boy. He was twice as big as you afore we weaned him."

This time the giggling girls laughed outright, and the son did nothing during the remainder of his stay but attend to office business.—Detroit Free Press.

Punctures.

It's an Ill wind that blows over Chicago.

Has a baldheaded man had a falling out with his hair?

Is the bark of the pepper plant worse than its bite?

Christmas salutes begin with the mistletoe "bough."

A woman who loses her speech must suffer martyrdumb.

A man can shoe a horse, but it takes a woman to "shoo" hens.

The chap with the soothing heels means enough to keep her [illegible]

WHIST TROPHY JUMPS.

Successive Surprises For American League Contestants.

EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN LEADS.

Studies In Conventional Small Card Openings From Suits Lacking in High Card Combinations—The Eleven Rule.

The American Whist league challenge trophy is on the go. After being won from the Whist club of New York by the Knickerbocker Whist club of the same city, it passed over to the Buffalo Whist club, and thence to the Philadelphia Whist club. Several challengers between New York and Philadelphia dropped out of line on account of the distance they would have had to travel in order to meet the holders of the cup. This season is remarkable for such lapses on the part of challengers. I can't help considering them unsportsmanlike. Of course, if a club is unable to get four players to travel, say from Philadelphia to Buffalo, for the sake of playing a whist match, that settles it. You can't blame busy men of affairs, as expert whisters generally are, for finding it impossible to drop their business at short notice for a pleasure trip of two or three days. The trouble is that at the beginning of the season clubs enter challenges which they scarcely expected or even hoped to make good. This is not right. Everybody knows that the league trophy is apt to make big jumps, and that any challenger may have to make a big jump after it. Therefore no club should challenge unless it feels reasonably sure of being able to send a team anywhere at any time. The Philadelphia club deserves much credit for going to meet Buffalo, and that with a winning four. Several previous challengers having dropped out, Philadelphia's turn came much earlier than they had anticipated, and they knew of it only during the week before the contest, but the players responded nobly. President R. Leroy Smith of the league, who superintends the matches, is kept hustling.

I come to the consideration of conventional small card openings from suits not headed by any of the high card combinations with which I have hitherto dealt. Before I describe the several methods of opening peculiar to different systems I wish to tell definitely what that most frequently practiced of all small card openings, the fourth best, is and also what it means and what inferences may be drawn from it. Years ago nobody ever thought of leading any other card than the lowest from such a combination as king, 9, 8, 7, 4, 2. An English player conceived the idea of leading the cards next to the lowest, the 4 in this instance, so that partner and adversaries as well, missing the 2 in the hand, would place it in the leader's hand and know he had led from a suit of more than four cards. It was purely an information giving scheme, and it was adopted pretty widely and practically christened the "penultimate" lead. Then another English player, seeing that the penultimate worked very well from suits of five cards, which are the most common of long suits, discovered that you might use the "antepenultimate," or next but one to the lowest, from suits of six or more. What they were driving at was really the lead of the fourth card from the top, and it is a wonder the Englishmen didn't realize this, but it remained for an American, N. B. Trist of New Orleans, to point out the key of the combination. Mr. Trist was chiefly instrumental also in the perfection of the high card leads showing number, and it was on this account that they were called American leads.

At first it was only the small cards of the suit opened to which players paid attention—that is, by missing and accounting for smaller cards than the one led they laboriously calculated the number of cards in the suit. It dawned upon the experts soon, however, that the lead of the fourth best frequently gave a speedy clew to the higher cards in the leader's hand, and that this was a consideration more important than the mere number in suit. For example, suppose you have the ace, queen, jack and 10 of a suit of which your partner leads the 7; then, knowing that the 7 is the fourth best, and considering your own hand you can tell at a glance that the three cards higher than the 7 which your partner holds must be the 8, 9 and king. You draw the same inference if you hold ace, queen and jack, partner leads the 7, and one of the adversaries drops the 10. It is seldom that you can thus tell exactly from the first round of the suit what the leader's holding is, but you can always find out something about it. Suppose you hold ace, queen and small ones, partner leads the 7, one adversary drops the jack and the other plays low. Now, partner may hold above the 7, king, 10, 9; king, 10, 8; king, 9, 8, or 10, 9, 8. The second round will show all about it.

A most valuable adjunct to the fourth best lead is an informatory convention is "the 11 rule," which was discovered by R. F. Foster. It is simply this: Subtract from 11 the number of pips on the card led, and the difference shows the number of cards higher than the one led which are not in the leader's hand. Thus, if partner leads the 7, you know that four cards (7 from 11) higher than this are out against him. If you hold ace and queen and an adversary drops the jack, three of these four cards are at once accounted for, and you infer that the missing one may be either the 8, 9, 10 or king.

But when using "the 11 rule" it is not so much the exact character of the holding of or against partner thus you care for as the number of cards in the way of the establishment of his suit. Thus, in the instance just given three of the four cards higher than the 7 outside of the leader's hand being accounted for, you know only one remains, and it can be caught or forced out on the next round.

I presume all whist players understand what the "establishment" of a suit means, but for the benefit of tyros I shall say that it is the process of clearing away by successive leads of the higher cards held by the adversaries, so that all the cards of the suit held by yourself and partner are good for tricks barring their being trumped. An established suit is not always "brought in"—that is, the established cards do not always win tricks—but the established suit is generally a serious menace to the adversaries for fear it may be brought in. The taking of tricks with the established cards of a plain suit after the adversaries' trumps have been forced out is the most delicious achievement of the skilled player.

However, this is a matter of whist strategy, and I am concerned now only with the tactics or conventional processes.

E. C. HOWELL.

Stick to Your Golf Clubs.

A good many golfers, especially those new at the game, are often apt to acquire the habit of changing their clubs. This is partially due to two reasons. First, the average novice is more or less at sea as to style, exact use of his clubs, etc., and where unsuccessful is liable to blame his club. Then again he may be making the rounds with a friend who is using clubs of a different make. The friend, who perhaps is playing a better game, naturally stands by his own clubs in preference to those of any other make and advises the novice to try such and such a make. Old and experienced golfers will invariably advise a player to stick to one set of clubs unless it has been demonstrated beyond a shadow of a doubt that the clubs are unsuited.

New Hockey Goal.

A new hockey goal has been devised by the Quebec Hockey club of Canada. Plans have been prepared, and they will be submitted to the Hockey union with the request that all the clubs adopt this goal. First of all, the goal is flush with the edge of the platform which marks the end of the ice. The tops of the posts are connected by a rope, and network extends back from the posts and from the rope, so that a network pocket is formed behind the goal, [illegible] to make [illegible]

BLOODHOUND BREEDING.

A Growing Demand For These Famous and Ferocious Animals.

Bloodhounds, first used as efficient aids by planters in Cuba and the southern states in tracking and capturing runaway slaves, though they have survived their usefulness so far as slavery is concerned, are still regarded as extremely serviceable in securing the arrest of criminals and escaped convicts. In Cuba these sagacious, keen scented animals are yet valued as indispensable adjuncts to the administration of justice, and many of the states throughout the south have passed stringent laws compelling sheriffs, marshals and other officers of the law to keep a pair of bloodhounds well trained and ready for any emergency.

To supply the demand for these animals a new and unique industry has been developed in California. Near the pretty little village of Mountain View an ex-deputy sheriff of the county has established a flourishing bloodhound ranch, the only one of the kind on the Pacific coast. True Blue, owned by Dr. Martin, late of Tulare, and valued at $500, is the sire of the dogs at Mountain View. Music, the dam, is valued at the same price as True Blue, and the young dogs range in price from $150 to $350, according to the degree of intelligence displayed in taking and keeping the scent. Two of the young hounds at the ranch, Sampson and Dewey, have already exceptional ability.

The training of these animals is carried on in a systematic manner, usually beginning when the hound is from 5 to 6 months old. The first thing taught the dog is an inveterate hatred of every living thing except his master. This is usually done by having the young hound confined in a peculiarly constructed wire inclosure and teased from the outside by different persons, generally strangers. This part of the training is kept up until the desired result has been obtained, when the next lesson is given, that of trailing. This is

TRUE BLUE.

usually for a short distance at first, the length of the run being increased at each successive trial, until finally the dog can take and follow a trail indefinitely.

When in pursuit of a fugitive, they give a sharp, deep bark, which can be heard a long distance in the open country and which is changed into a long bay or howl when they have their game treed. This howl is kept up until the trailers arrive on the scene and the capture is effected. A bloodhound is a very formidable opponent to meet single handed, being not only very powerful and active, but also very savage. Not knowing the meaning of it, they will attack anything they are set to trail.

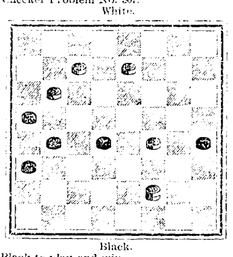
While there are several breeds of bloodhounds, the Cuban and those of the southern states are the only real bloodhounds. The hounds of the southern states are directly descended from those of Cuba, the two being nearly alike in appearance and intelligence. Large sums of money have been spent by breeders throughout the south in the endeavor to make these animals as nearly perfect as possible. The main requisites demanded for a good dog are a high order of intelligence, delicate scent, pluck, vim and endurance. It is a rare thing for a good hound to make a mistake in trailing, capturing and identifying a criminal, often picking out its man in a crowd of several hundred people.

Popularity With Women.

A French newspaper took a vote of its readers to discover which were the most popular pastimes with ladies. The result was this: Cycling, 1,732 votaries; tennis, 1,598; skating, 1,550; riding, 1,542; automobilism, 877; hunting, 622.

CHECKERS AND CHESS.

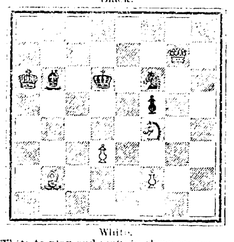
Checker Problem No. 507.
White.



Black.

Black to play and win.

Chess Problem No. 507.
Black.



White.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

Checker problem No. 506:

Black.	White.
1..14 to 18	1..11 to 16
2..18 to 15	2..16 to 20
3..15 to 11	3..20 to 24
4.. 3 to 7	4..24 to 19
5.. 7 to 10	5..19 to 23
6..10 to 15	6..23 to 27
7..15 to 19	7..27 to 32
8..19 to 24	8..32 to 28
9..11 to 16	9..28 to 19
10..16 to 23	10..12 to 8
11..23 to 18	11.. 8 to 3
12..18 to 14	12.. 3 to 8
13.. 5 to 1	13.. 8 to 11

14..14 to 9, and wins

Chess problem No. 506:

White.	Black.
1..Kt x P	1..K to K 4
2..Q to Kt 4	2..P to B 5
3..Q to K 4 mate	

Speaking Advisedly.

The Calm One—Ain't mad, are you? The Choleric One—You mean "angry," sir! Only dogs get mad.

The Calm One—Oh, no! I meant "mad."—New York Journal.

In Plain Words.

Lawyer—What is your vocation? Witness—I ain't got none. I work in a boiler shop.—Cleveland Leader.

Theatrical Institutions.

'Tis not the star who at the play
Is bent on winning tears,
Who drives the rest of earth away
And holds your spellbound ears.
Who prompts you as your soul rebels
Against life's way perplexed.
It is the man in front who tells
Just what will happen next.

'Tis not the singer with the note
That shakes the chandelier,
Who sets your nervous thrills afloat
Throughout the atmosphere.
It is not joy, alas! but woe,
Which fills your being there,
Caused by the girl behind, whose toe
Keeps time scraping your chair.

SHARKEY AND McCOY.

What John L. Sullivan Says About Their Fight.

MEN AND METHODS SIZED UP.

Fitzsimmons Must Meet the Winner or Go Out of Business—What May Be Learned From Similar Contests in the Past.

The forthcoming battle between Tom Sharkey, the stout hearted, powerful sailor, and Norman Elijah Selby, better known by his fighting name, "Kid" McCoy, the nervy, lithe, clean cut Indiana boy, is going to keep some of the wise gazabos, the know it all bunch, guessing pretty hard. That contest will take place at the Lenox Athletic club, New York, on the night of Jan. 10, and will be practically the first step toward settling the question of the world's championship. Fitzsimmons must meet the winner or go out of business. The public will stand no more nonsense at his hands. He can't do the dog in the manger act, hug his championship and refuse to fight for it or let any one else fight for it.

Now as to the contest between the able seaman and the ambitious young Hoosier, it will, in my opinion, be a far more interesting struggle than most of people seem to expect. At first glance it would seem to the average man of the world that it must be necessarily a repetition of the Sharkey-Corbett affair, with the "Kid," by reason of his inferior weight, a loser in even quicker time than the split haired Californian. "Surely," this worldly man will argue, "McCoy is no cleverer, speedier or shiftier than Corbett, and as he is 20 pounds lighter, how is he going to withstand Sharkey's rushes and fierce short range fighting for even the nine rounds the actor did?" This argument seems all right, but it isn't. It's all wrong. I'll tell you why. In the first place, McCoy is six years younger than Corbett, is healthier, cleaner and consequently more enduring than the ex pompadour chap. He has never wrecked his system by any sort of excesses. Besides, he is a far harder hitter and can do more damage to an opponent. He may within the 20 rounds allotted for the contest be able by reason of his superior skill to blind his man, as Nat Langham once did with Tom Sayers, and thus render victory certain. By blinding, of course, I mean the closing of the flesh about a man's eyes by a lot of clever and systematic punching in that direction. That is an old English trick in pugilism and was employed in long drawn out fights by small, clever men against strong, lumbering biz fellows.

Best of all, McCoy has that very necessary quality in a fighter—heart, with the full possession of which most sportsmen are not inclined to credit Corbett. Certain it is that when the Californian enters the ring with any hard human proposition he is seized with a sort of nervous trepidation which robs him of half his strength at least and causes him to succumb to punishment far quicker than another man. Orville Gardner, nicknamed "Awful" by reason of the punishment he was able to administer to an easy proposition, a clever boxer of John Morrissey's stamp, was killed off in this way when ever he was put up against a strong, game man. So was Charles E. Courtney, the great oarsman, who cut a wide swath between 1875 and 1880. He could distance ordinary rivals and break all records when rowing against an easy mark, but the moment he was pitted against a foeman worthy of his steel—I mean oars—he would actually lose nerve by nervous prostration. Witness, for example, his fiasco with Edward Hanlan at Washington on May 20, 1880. It was really pitiable to look upon the sufferings of this giant, with the physique of a Hercules and the heart of a baby. Of course Corbett is nothing near as bad as that. Courtney was an extreme case. The Californian has enough of control over his nerves to chat with friends as the ringside or dance a jig, as he did with Fitzsimmons at Carson City on entering the arena, just like the little boy who kept whistling to keep his courage up while going through the country churchyard, but this nervousness weakens him all the same.

Now this aspiring young man, Mr. McCoy of Indiana, hasn't a particle of this weakness. He is as cool as an icicle and has nerves of steel. He does not lose a bit of strength, but, on the contrary, is able to apply it to the very best advantage. His judgment as to time and distance is excellent, and he manages pretty cleverly to keep out of harm's way, or he is as shifty a lad as ever entered a ring.

Were the battle to a finish I would pick Sharkey for a winner, as he is far the more rugged man of the two, and the "Kid" cannot hit him hard enough to knock him out. Eventually the sailor would get to the "Kid" and break him down by superior weight and strength, unless, as I have hinted above, the youngster could blind him and pick the seaman off at his leisure. Such a contingency, however, in these days of science and medical appliances is very remote.

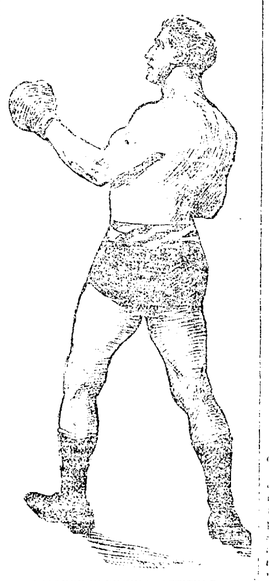
Under the conditions of the present match, shrewdly formulated and insisted upon by young Mr. McCoy, I hold that the "Kid" stands almost as fair a show to win the decision as the gallant tar. First it must be mentioned that the journey is limited—20 rounds—and that the rules are made to suit McCoy—no wrestling, no hitting in the breakaways, and the like—in fact, the same rules as Corbett shaped to suit himself in his recent match with Sharkey and to which the sturdy sea soldier readily agreed in order to clinch a match of any old sort with elusive James.

I have an idea that the "Kid" will keep honest, stout hearted Tom pretty busy for a good share of the 20 rounds finding him in that 24 foot inclosure and test his temper pretty well by constant jabbing. For a long time the "Kid" will score the most points. He may last the 20 rounds, and if he does he will get the decision, unless Sharkey by reason of his constant leading, thus leaving openings for his opponent and opportunities to score, makes weight with the referee and obtains a draw, which in many instances is the correct decision, even though the man who stands on the defensive makes more points. Of course, if the doughty seaman is stronger as the fight goes on [illegible] "Kid," he will in all probability win the verdict notwithstanding the fact that the plucky youngster with the Scriptural name is still on deck and able to go a few rounds more.

This will be a contest between two men of totally different methods, the one a natural fighter, made so by his Creator, the other a scientific boxer, made so by the art of man. In courage alone, which is their common heritage, they are alike. The one is a forward, aggressive gladiator, willing to take three blows from his adversary if he can only succeed in landing one, the other a skillful, calculating tactician, who hopes to avoid dangerous punches by fine generalship and wear out his opponent by persistent jabbing, just as dripping water will eventually wear out granite. Under these conditions which of these contestants ought to win? I will give you a pointer on that by quoting a bit of fistic history. Tom Cribb, Dan Donnelly, the Irish champion; Tom Sayers, John Morrissey, and Tom King were natural fighters. They met the cleverest boxers of their day, and most of them invariably won, although they had some close calls, while some of them met with defeat. Tom Cribb twice conquered Tom Molyneaux, the "American Black," the Peter Jackson of his day, clever, shifty, plucky. In the first battle Cribb nearly lost at one stage of the game, but won out eventually. Dan Donnelly met and defeated the skillfulIcs of his time, in clinking Tom Cooper of England, although the latter nearly had him out once in the early part of the fight. John Morrissey defeated John C. Heenan, the Cemetery of that period, after a slashing fight of 11 rounds, but nearly lost to Tyer Yankee Sullivan. Tom Sayers, after whipping the best man in England, lost for once to skillful Nat Langham, while hulking Tom King won one fight from and lost another to Jem Mace, "the cleverest man in all England," as the chronicles of that day used to term him. Again in our day, and that not long ago, that admirable cyclone that fighter of nature, "Kid" Lavigne whipped Dick Burge, who was regarded as a fistic marvel in England, and only a few months ago could only make a draw with Jack Daly, a very clever lad, built somewhat on Burge's lines. Taking everything into consideration, I think Sharkey ought to win, but he has no cinch.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN.

MCCOY AS A PLAIN CITIZEN.



SHARKEY IN BUSINESS ATTITUDE.

CHAINLESS GEAR WITH ELLIPTICAL COG WHEELS.

New Chainless Wheel.

At the recent cycle show in London a new chainless was exhibited known as the Farey transmission. The principle was the off attempted one by which all of the power is to be applied vertically, doing away with the radial center. Since the chainless talk became universal in cycle land a year ago it has become customary to associate the term with level gears, pin rollers, spur wheel gears, etc., the old style ratchet and pawl, "grasshopper" and such devices, while actually without a chain, not being recognized in the category by the layman cyclist.

Eighteen Hole Golf Courses.

England's golf courses are to be the rule next season, and scores of smaller clubs are making preparations to increase their links.

The Darlings!

"Have you valsed with Mr. Waggs? He says he likes it dreamy."

"Dreamy! To my mind it's more like a nightmare."—Ally Sloper.

Nothing Unusual.

"She stood it for a good time, but at length she spoke."

"She always does speak at length."—Pick Me Up.

As We Will Hear It.

Mrs. Fersen—They tell me that your friend Whirler is quite a traveler.

Stayson—Nothing to speak of; never been out of the United States that I ever heard of; never went farther than the Philippines in all his life.—Boston Transcript.

Badly Drawn.

Magazine Editor—No, sir, this picture will not do. We can't accept it.

Artist—What's the matter with it?

Editor—Not one of the girls appears to be more than six feet tall.—Chicago News.

A Bad Sign.

Marie—Does your papa approve of the attachment between you and Charlie?

Ethel—I'm afraid not. He still banks the furnace at 8:30.—Cleveland Leader.

That Is What He Meant.

"He says he loves her for all he's worth," remarked Faugle.

"He means for all she's worth," added Cumso.—Detroit Free Press.

Willing to Assist.

Burglar Bashem—S-s-sh! Stir one limb and you're a dead man! I'm looking for money.

Pebblebeacher—My good fellow, don't shoot. I'll help you.—Ally Sloper.

900 DROPS

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INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Worm Seed
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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It is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Cures Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Not a Snuff. No Injurious Drug. Full size, 50 cts. at Druggists or by Mail.

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COLD IN HEAD

BROWN'S FOR EITHER SEX

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Y. W. C. A. Rooms,

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should apply at once. Miss Johnson has charge of the rooms to be rented and may be seen after 5 o'clock at the association house, Berry Street.

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CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

JOYS OF CHRISTMAS.

What the Holy Babe's Escape Means to Humanity.

An Eloquent Holiday Sermon by Dr. Talmage from the Lessons of Herod's Efforts to Destroy the Christ Child.

Washington, Dec. 25.—(Copyright, 1898.).

In a most unusual way a scene connected with the nativity is emphasized by Dr. Talmage in this Christmas discourse; text, Matthew 2, 13: "Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." The cradle of the infant Jesus had no rockers, for it was not to be soothed by oscillating motion, as are the cradles of other princes. It had no canopy, for it was not to be hovered over by anything so exquisite. It had no embroidered pillow, for the young head was not to have such luxurious comfort. Though a meteor—ordinarily the most erratic and seemingly ungovernable of all skyey appearances—had been sent to designate the place where that cradle stood and a choir had been sent from the heavenly temple to serenade its illustrious occupant with an epic, yet that cradle was the target for all earthly and diabolical hostilities. Indeed I give you as my opinion that it was the narrowest and most wonderful escape of the ages that the child was not slain before he had taken his first step or spoken his first word. Herod could not afford to have him born. The Caesars could not afford to have him born. The gigantic oppressions and abominations of the world could not afford to have him born.

The Herod who led the attack was treachery, vengeance and sensuality impersonated. As a sort of pastime he slew Hyrcanus, the grandfather of his wife. Then he slew Marianne, his wife. Then he butchered her two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus. Then he slew Antipater, his oldest son. Then he ordered burned alive 40 people who had pulled down the eagle of his authority. He ordered the nobles who had attended upon his dying bed to be slain, so that there might be universal mourning after his decease. From that same deathbed he ordered the slaughter of all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age, feeling sure that if he massacred the entire infantile population that would include the destruction of the child whose birthplace astronomy had pointed out with its finger of light. What were the slaughtered babes to him, and as many frenzied and bereft mothers? If he had been well enough to leave his bed, he would have enjoyed seeing the mothers wildly struggling to keep their babes, and holding them so tightly that they could not be separated until the sword took both lives at one stroke, and others, mother and child, hurled from roofs of houses into the street until that village of horseshoe shape on the hillside became one great butcher shop. To have such a man, with associates just as cruel, and an army at his command, attempting the life of the infant Jesus, does there seem any chance for His escape? Then that flight southward for so many miles, across deserts and amid bandits and wild beasts (my friend, the late missionary and scientist Dr. Lansing, who took the same journey, said it was enough to kill both the Madonna and the Child), and poor residence in Cairo, Egypt. You know how difficult it is to take an ordinary child successfully through the disorders that are sure to assail it even in comfortable homes and with all delicate ministries, and then think of the exposure of that famous babe in villages and lands where all sanitary laws were put at defiance. His first hours on earth spent in a room without any doors, and oftimes swept by chilled night winds; then afterward riding many days under hot tropical sun, and part of many nights, lest the avenger overtake the fugitive before he could be hidden in another land!

The sanhedrin also were affronted at the report of this mysterious arrival of a child that might upset all conventionalities and threaten the throne of the nation. "Shut the door and bolt it and double bar it against him," cried all political and ecclesiastical power. Christ on a retreat when only a few days of age, with all the privations and hardships and sufferings of retreat! When the glad news came that Herod was dead, and the Madonna was packing up and taking her Child home, bad news also came, that Archelaus, the son, had taken the throne—another era of infamy. What chance for the babe's life? Will not some short grave hold the wondrous infant?"

"Put him to death!" was the order all up and down Palestine, and all up and down the desert between Bethlehem and Cairo. The cry was: "Here comes an iconoclast of all established order! Here comes an aspirant for the crown of Augustus! If found on the streets of Bethlehem, dash him to death on the pavement! If found on a hill, hurl him down the rocks! Away with him!" But the Babe got home in safety and passed up from infancy to youth and from youth to manhood and from carpenter shop to Messiahship and from Messiahship to enthronement, until the mightiest name on earth is Jesus, and there is no mightier name in Heaven.

What I want to call your attention to is your narrow escape and mine and the world's narrow escape. Suppose that attempt on the young child's life had been successful! Suppose that delegation of wise men, who were to report to Herod immediately after they discovered the hard bed in the Bethlehem caravansary, had obeyed orders and reported! Suppose the beast carrying the Madonna and the Child in the flight had stumbled and flung to death its riders! Suppose Archelaus had got his hands on the babe that his father had failed to find! Suppose that among the children dashed from the Bethlehem house tops or separated by sword of the enraged constabulary Jesus had perished!

Then, to begin on the outmost rim of my subject, Christmas festivities would never have been observed, Christmas carols never sung, Christmas gifts never bestowed, Christmas games never played, Christmas bells never rung. What an awful subtraction from the world's brightness would have been the making of December 25 like other days of the year! Glorious day! After brightening England and Holland and Germany for centuries it stepped across the sea and pronounced its benediction on our shores. Why, we never get over our childhood Christmases! Father and mother joined in them. They forgot their rheumatisms and shortness of breath, and for awhile threw off the sorrows of a lifetime while they struggled with us as to who should first in the morning shout the "Merry Christmas!" Then there were all the innocent allurements as to who brought the presents, and the wonderment as to how sleighs drawn by reindeer could come down the perpendicular, and afterward the disappointment as some older brother or sister, with all the [illegible] that the chimney had not been the channel of generous descent. Oh, what times they were, the Christmases of our boyhood and girlhood days! We still feel in our pulses some of the exuberance which we then unwittingly stored up for future times, when the eye might lose some of its luster and the foot some of its spring and the heart some of its rebound. How holly and rosemary and ivy and mistletoe looked interwoven! The Puritans may not have liked the day, and John Calvin may have pronounced it superstitious and feared it would bring into religious observance the saturnalia of the heathen, the decorations of ivy inappropriate because ivy had been dedicated to Bacchus and mistletoe had been associated with Druidical rites, but we testify that Christmas never did us any harm, and the only objection we ever expressed was that it was so long a time from Christmas to Christmas. Ecclesiastical controversy as to whether it ought to be celebrated on the 6th of January, or 25th of March, or 29th of September, or 25th of December, did not bother us then any more than it bothers us now. It always came at the right time, although a little late, and now we realize that Christmas comes opportunely, just after the shortest day of the year, December 21, and at the time when days are lengthening and the sun is recommencing its upward course, telling us that spring and summer are coming. Oh, what a forest of Christmas trees—trees bearing 12 manner of fruits—now standing throughout the households of Christendom! Oh, what hosannas are ascending on this day, the Christmas of a Saviour's birth, this year blending with the Sabbath of a Saviour's resurrection!

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I had and all the world had in that babe's escape, let me say that had that Herodic plot been successful the one instance of absolutely perfect character would never have been unfolded. The world had enjoyed the lives of many splendid men before Christ came. It had admired its Plato among philosophers, its Mithridates among heroes, its Herodotus among historians, its Phidias among sculptors, its Homer among poets, its Aesop among fabulists, its Aeschylus among dramatists, its Demosthenes among orators, its Aesculapius among physicians, yet among the contemporaries of those men there were two opinions, as now there are two opinions concerning every remarkable man. There were plenty in those days who said of them: "He cannot speak," or "He cannot sing," or "He cannot philosophize," or "His military achievement was a mere accident," or "His chisel, his pen, his medical prescription, never deserved the applause given." But concerning this full-grown Christ, whose life was launched three decades before that first Christmas, the moan of camels and the bleat of sheep and the low of cattle mingled with the Babe's first cry, while clouds that night were resonant with music, and star, pointing down, whispered to star: "Look, there He is!"

That Christ, after the detectives of Herod and Pilate and sanhedrin had watched Him by day and watched him by night, year after year, was reported innocent. It was found out that when He talked to the vagrant woman in the temple it was to tell her to "Go and sin no more," and that if He spoke with the penitent thief it was to promise him Paradise within 24 hours, and that as He moved about He dropped ease of pain upon the invalid's pillow, or light upon the eye that lacked optic nerve, or put bread into the hands of the hungry, or took from the oriental hearse the dead young man and vitalized him and said to the widowed mother: "Here he is, alive and well!" and she cried: "My boy, my boy!" and he responded: "Mother, mother!" And the sea, tossing too roughly, some of His friends, by a word easier than a nurse's word to a petulant child, He made it keep still. The very judge who for other reasons allowed Him to be put to death, declared: "I find no fault in Him!" Was there ever a life so thoroughly ransacked and hypercriticised that turned out to be so perfect a life? Now, can you imagine what would have been the calamity to earth and Heaven, what a bereavement to all history, what swindling not only of the human race, but of the cherubim and seraphim and archangel, if because of infernal incursion upon the bed of that Bethlehem Babe this life of Divine and glorious manhood had never been lived? The Christic parables would never have been uttered, the sermon on the mount, all adrip with benedictions, never preached, the golden rule, in picture frame of everlasting love, would never have been hung up for the universe to gaze upon and admire.

Can you imagine what a sacrification of the world's literature would be the removal of all Christ ever did and said? It would tear down the most important shelves of your congressional library, and of the Vatican library, and of British museum, and Berlin and Bonn and Vienna and Madrid and St. Petersburg libraries, and St. Paul's life would have been an impossibility, and his epistles would never have been written, and St. John, from the basaltic caverns of Patmos, would never have heard the seven trumpets or seen the heavenly wall with 12 layers of illumined crystallization. Oh, wise men of the east, I am so glad you did not report to the imperial scoundrel at Jerusalem where the babe was, for the hounds would have soon torn to pieces the Lamb, and I am so glad that not only did you bring the frankincense and the myrrh to the room in that caravansary, but that you brought the gold which paid his traveling expenses and those of Joseph and Mary in that long and dangerous flight to Cairo, in Egypt, and paid their lodging and board there and paid their way back again! Well enough to bring to the barn of the Saviour's nativity the flowers, for they aromatized the dreadful atmosphere of the stables, but the gold was just then the most important offering. So now the Lord accepts your prayers, for they are the perfume of Heaven, but He asks also for the gold which will pay the expenses of taking Christ to all nations.

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I and the world had in the diversion of the persecutors from the place of nativity, let me say that had that Herodic raid upon the swaddling clothes been successful the world would never have known the value of a righteous peace. Much has been made of the fact that the world was at peace when Christ came. Yes. But what kind of a peace was it? It was a peace worse than war. It was the peace of a graveyard. The Roman eagles had plucked out the world's eyesight and plunged their beaks through the heart of dead nations. It was a peace like that spoken of by a dying Indian chieftain when a Christian home missionary said to him: "You have been a warrior and I suppose have been in many feuds, but you must be at peace with all your enemies in order to die aright." The dying chieftain replied: "That's easy enough. I am at peace with all my enemies, for I have killed all of them."

That was the style of peace on earth when Christ came, but the spirit of arbitration, which is to garland the tomb of this century and coronet the brow of the coming century, is consequent upon the midnight anthem above Bethlehem, two bars to that music, the first of Divine ascription, and the second of earthly pacification. "Glory to God and peace to men." In His manhood Christ pronounced the same doctrine: "Blessed are the merciful." Before the Bethlehem star flashed its significance the theory was: "Blessed is wholesale cutthroatery. Blessed are those who can kill the most antagonists. Blessed are those who can most skillfully wield the battleax. Blessed are those who can stab the deepest with spear or roll a chariot wheel over the most wounded or put his charger's hoof on the most dead." The entirely new theory of our Christ was blessing for cursing; prayer for those who despitefully use you; foundries to turn spears into pruning hooks, redhot furnaces to melt swords into molds shaped like plowshares. If gigantic acerbities and world-wide tigerisms had, without any Gospel opposition, gone on until now and been augmented by 1,898 years of ferocity, by this time what would this world have been turned into? You need not remind me of the awful wars since the opening of the year 1 of our Christian era, for if the earth has been again and again lacerated into an Aceldama, through improved weaponry of death and more rapidity of fire, Prussian breechloader, which in 1866 startled the nations with unprecedented havoc, eclipsed by contrivances that can sweep vaster numbers to death by one volley, and telegraphy adding to gunnery new facilities for slaughter by instantly ordering armies to where they can do the most wholesale murder—I say if all this woe has been wrought, how much worse would it have been if the Christly revelation had not been let down from Heaven on five-runged ladder of musical scale, and there had been no preaching of good will all up and down Christendom for 19 centuries! The Bethlehem manger has given the most potent suggestion of peace the world has ever received. The cavalry horses cannot eat out of that manger.

I take another step forward in showing the narrow escape you and I had and the world had in the secretion of Christ's birthplace from the Herodic detectives and the clubs with which they would have dashed the Babe's life out when I say that without the life that began that night in Bethlehem the world would have had no illumined deathbeds. Before the time of Christ good people closed their earthly lives in peace while depending upon the Christ to come, and there were antediluvian saints, and Assyrian saints, and Egyptian saints and Grecian saints, and Jerusalem saints long before the clouds above Bethlehem became a balcony filled with the best singers of a world where they all sing, but I cannot read that there was anything more than a quieting guess that came to those before Christ deathbeds. Job said something bordering on the confident, but it was mixed up with a story of "skin worms" that would destroy his body. Abraham and Jacob had a little light on the dying pillow, but, compared with the after Christ deathbeds, it was like the dim tallow candle of old beside the modern cluster of lights electric. I know Elijah went up in memorable manner, but it was a terrible way to go—a whirlwind of fire that must have been splendid to look at by those who stood on the banks of the Jordan, but it was a style of ascent that required more nerve than you and I ever had, to be a placid occupant of a chariot drawn by such a wild team. The triumphant deathbeds, as far as I know, were the after Christ deathbeds. What a procession of hosannas have marched through the dying room of the saints of the last 19 centuries! What cavalcade of mounted hallelujahs has galloped through the dying visions of the last 2,000 years save 100! Peaceful deathbeds in the years B. C.! Triumphant deathbeds, for the most part, reserved for the years A. D.! Behold the deathbeds of the Wesleys, of the Doddridges, of the Leigh Richmonds, of the Edward Paysons, of Vara, the converted heathen chieftain, crying in his last moments: "The canoe is in the sea. The sails are spread. She is ready for the gale. I have a good pilot to guide me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus." Of dying John Fletcher, who entered his pulpit to preach, though his doctors forbade him, and then descended to the communion table, saying: "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy seat," thousands of people a few days after following him to the grave, singing:

With heavenly weapons he has fought
 The battles of the Lord,
Finished his course and kept the faith
 And gained the great reward.

Of Pastor Emile Cook, the great French evangelist, who sat in my church in Brooklyn one Sunday morning, and in a few days shipwrecked and dying after his wife had said to him: "God will help you, my dear; He will give you peace," replying: "But I have it—peace, I have it!" Of Prince Albert, quoting with his last breath: "Rock of Ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee!" Of the dying soldier who had been shot through the mouth and could not talk, and when the chaplain approached him, motioned for pencil and paper and wrote: "I am a Christian, prepared to die. Rally round the flag! Rally round the flag!" Of John Brown, of Haddington, who said: "I desire to depart and be with Christ, and, though I have lived 60 years very comfortably in this world, I would turn my back upon you all to be with Christ. There is no one like Christ—no one like Christ. I have been looking at Him these many years, and never yet could find any fault in Him but was of my own making, though he has seen 10,000 faults in me. Oh, what must He be in Himself when it is He that sweetens Heaven, sweetens Scripture, sweetens ordinances, sweetens earth, sweetens trial." Of John Janeway, saying in his last moments: "I have done with prayer and with all ordinances. Before a few hours are over I shall be in eternity singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. I shall presently stand on Mount Zion with an innumerable company of angels and with spirits of just men made perfect, and with Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant. Hallelujah!" Some one ought to preach a course of sermons on triumphant Christian deathbeds, and then let some one preach a sermon on triumphant infidel deathbeds—that is, if he can hear or read of one of this latter kind. I never heard of one. Do tell us of one. There never was one. And had the Babe of Bethlehem died the same week in which he was born there never would have been a triumphant Christian deathbed. It is the wonderful story of Christ now rapidly filling the earth, that makes triumphant Christian deathbeds. The Bethlehem star had to give way before the rising sun which was to become the noonday Sun of Righteousness.

Space has a temperature of 300 degrees below zero.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

EMPLOYMENT OF DRINKERS.

In the Majority of Cases Employers Will Not Hire Them—Result of an Inquiry.

A circular containing several inquiries was sent out by the United States commissioner of labor several months ago to persons and companies employing a large number of men. The object of the investigation thus instituted was to ascertain something about the relations of the drink habit to labor. Over 7,000 establishments, which employ nearly 2,000,000 men, replied. The answers have almost the significance of a census therefore. Commissioner Wright has just published a summary of them.

Out of 6,976 employers 5,363 said that they were accustomed to consider whether a person was in the habit of drinking when they were asked to give any sort of a place. The employers who did not take this matter into consideration numbered 1,613. The industries represented in this report were agriculture, manufactures, mining and quarrying, trade and transportation. The largest percentage of employers who inquired about drinking was among those engaged in trade and transportation.

The means used to find out about an applicant's habits were usually direct inquiry, reputation and personal appearance. The reasons assigned for taking a man's habits into consideration were to "guard against accidents," "because of responsibility of position" and "because of unreliability of drinking men." Dishonesty, abuse of animals, the employer's disgust for drinking men and the importance of example to other employes were also urged in explanation of the practice.

In reply to the question whether men were likely to spend their money on drink immediately after drawing their pay, 3,897 establishments sent an affirmative answer, 2,766 a negative one and 362 said nothing. Only a small number gave any data as to the means resorted to for the correction of the evil. But discharge, change of the day for paying [illegible] ment payment of wages and moral suasion were the chief remedies mentioned.—N. Y. Tribune.

TREATMENT OF INEBRIATES.

Two Cases in Point Illustrating a Practical, Common Sense Method, and a Delusive Theory.

John Cabot, a merchant, 34 years of age, with a family, began to frequent saloons and to neglect his business. It was evident that he would soon be a pauper and his family must soon be supported by the town. He was declared in court an habitual drunkard and a guardian appointed over his property. He was placed under the care of a physician in the country, and six months later returned home restored. For two years he continued his business under guardianship, then this was removed, and four years later he was prosperous, and a sober, most reputable citizen.

In a neighboring town a prosperous farmer fell heir to a large property. Soon after he began to frequent horse races and drink in fast company. He lost largely and drank to greater excess. My advice to take his property out of his hands was considered harsh and unreasonable. Four years of entreaty and persuasion by his wife and friends to stop drinking finally ended in total bankruptcy. Later on he was arrested as an accomplice in crime, sent to prison, and died. His family were literally pauperized and scattered, dependent on their friends and the community for support.

These two cases illustrate the practical, common-sense view of treatment, and the stupid, delusive theory of the self-treatment by the inebriate.

Six years ago I testified in court that a man was an inebriate lunatic and irresponsible. The judge decided otherwise, and my opinion was severely condemned. This man continued drinking and lost his property, and is now a paretic in an almshouse. His family are scattered and pauperized.—Journal of Inebriety.

VARIOUS NOTES.

There are over 7,000,000 total abstainers in Great Britain.

A vote for a righteous cause is never lost or thrown away.—Levr.

No gift on earth pure water can excel: Nature's the brewer, and she brews it well. —National Temperance Advocate.

One-ideaed men have controlled the thought forces in every age of the world. They generate an irresistible white heat.—The Issue.

One thing can be placed to the credit of William Jennings Bryan. As colonel of the Third Nebraska regiment he refused to allow a canteen to be established in his quarters. He had no use for liquor himself, and he knew that his soldiers were better off without it.—Lever.

To use it seems a species of glaring and inexcusable hypocrisy for our government to wage a war for liberty in Cuba and while this war is being waged subject the sons of the loving mothers of our land to an evil far more damning and deadly than all the tyrannies of Spain.—Baptist Standard.

Effect of Coffee Drinking on Eyes.

Snaitkin, according to the Medical Review, says that the Moors are inveterate coffee-drinkers, especially the merchants, who sit at their bazars and drink continually during the day. It has been noticed that almost invariably when these coffee-drinkers reach the age of 40 or 45 their eyesight begins to fail, and by the time they get to be 50 years old they become blind. One is forcibly impressed by the number of blind men seen about the streets of Fez, the capital of Morocco. It is invariably attributed to the excessive use of coffee.—N. Y. Medical Times.

Beer and the Islands.

The brewers are quick to seize upon our newly-acquired island possessions for the introduction and sale of their beer. Shiploads of this liquor are being sent to Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. Woe be to the inhabitants thereof if they consume much of this dangerous beverage, and woe to our government if it permit these people to be slaughtered by strong drink.—Lever.

Noted in All Inebriates.

All inebriates have moral aberration and moral obliquity, and in many cases but little intellectual failure, although sense defects may be prominent. The capacity to realize the nature and character of ethical relations is always seriously impaired. It is impossible to use spirits for any length of time to excess and be of sound mind and body. —Journal of Inebriety.

SLIDING TOWARD DEEP HOLE.

A Boy's Experience at a Sawmill Warns Him of a Great Moral Peril.

"Buzz—z—z—z!" went the old sawmill, and Grandpa Jameson ran it. As the sharp saw buzzed away, the heap of sawdust below grew steadily. There was another heap that grew, though at intervals, as the first heap was transferred to it, and this was behind the mill. It was an immense heap, sloping down to the river below, and not far from the base of the heap was "Deep Hole." Grandpa Jameson was careful to cut down this big heap and cart off a section every month, but sometimes, when he was very busy, the removal might be delayed a few days.

The miller knew that this might bring to somebody a danger, for if a person should venture out upon the unstable pile, it would let him down further and further, and what about Deep Hole below waiting to receive him?

"I had a tech of trouble myself," he would say, "for one day I got out there and began to slide down, and might have gone into Deep Hole, if a customer had not seen me, run a pole down to me, which I grappled, and then he drew me up."

And the morning of this story, whom did he see playing about the summit of that heap?

His grandson, Henry Jameson.

"Good mornin', Henry!"

"Good mornin', grandpa!"

"Come in, won't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Henry," asked grandpa, when the boy was in the mill, "what's the news?"

"Nothing, unless you mean my invitation to Mr. William Rogers dinner party to the boys and their friends to-morrow afternoon."

"Then you're goin'? Wall, look out for Mr. Rogers' punch bowl. They say he has it out every chance he can get. Does he offer it to the boys?"

"Oh, only sips."

"Sips! Don't you tech it. You get a-goin' and you may not be able to stop."

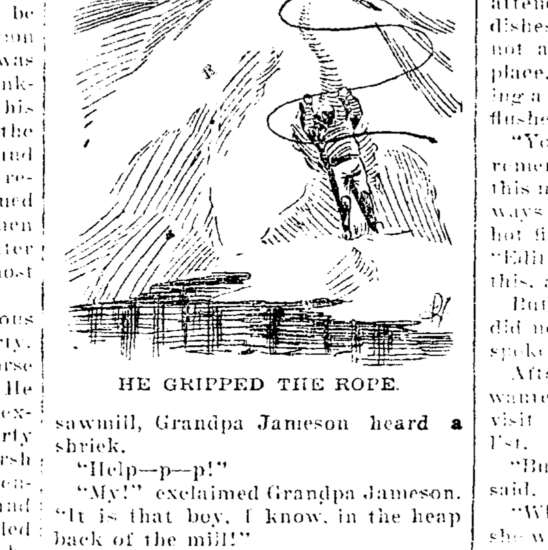
"But, grandpa, a sip, what harm will that do?"

"But a sip starts. You get a-goin', and will you stop so easy? Every sot once was jest a sipper."

"Oh, grandpa, you—you're too particular."

"Buzz—z—z—z!" went the old saw just then, and it cut through the words of the talkers, and the conversation came to a sudden end.

In a few minutes work was interrupted again, and in the hush of the



HE GRIPPED THE ROPE.

sawmill, Grandpa Jameson heard a shriek.

"Help—p—p!"

"My!" exclaimed Grandpa Jameson. "It is that boy, I know, in the heap back of the mill!"

He seized a rope lying on the floor, rushed to the rear of the mill, and, looking down the slope of the big heap, he saw a boy with seared, staring eyes, clawing at the heap with his hands and trying to plant his feet firmly, but all in vain! Below was Deep Hole, black and threatening!

"Here, Harry," shouted the miller, "grip this fast!"

Oh, how good looked the rope that came sliding down the slope of the heap and touched Henry's outstretched hands, eagerly clawing away. How he gripped that rope!

"Hold on tight, and I'll haul ye up!" Grandpa Jameson assured him. "I've got some help."

It was Mr. Rogers who, passing by, heard the shout, and came just in time to pull on the rope.

Up—up slowly came the frightened boy, and he finally stood in safety in the mill.

"Look out, Henry!" said Mr. Rogers. "Look out another time."

"There, Henry, I am going to cart off that stuff to-day," said grandpa, when alone with Henry. "And you, when you go to Mr. Rogers' dinner party, don't sip any punch. When one starts, they may go sliding down towards Deep Hole—the drunkard's deep hole."

The morrow came. The dinner party assembled. The host was in excellent spirits.

"I welcome the boys and their friends," said he, "and I want you all to take with me a little—a little of this punch."

A number of the boys thoughtlessly lifted and sipped the proffered glass.

Henry shook his head.

"Henry," called out Mr. Rogers.

"No, I thank you, sir."

"Why—why not?"

"You saw me back of the mill, sliding down, yesterday. What, if I begin now, and should slide down, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rogers, pettishly.

He looked mortified, though, and did not further press the matter, which should not have been pressed at all.

Henry Jameson told his mother the whole story when he went home.

He was busy telling it to her, when the outside door opened and somebody came into the little entry leading to the sitting-room where Henry and his mother were seated.

"That was the reason, mother, why I did not take that punch—"

"I am glad you did not, Henry."

"Why, I seemed to see Deep Hole right before me, and I had begun to slide toward it, I thought. I stepped back, quick, I tell you; I suppose I offended Mr. Rogers. I am sorry for that."

"Oh, don't be sorry!" said the person in the entry, now coming forward.

It was Mr. Rogers himself.

"Excuse me! Nobody came to the door when I knocked, and I thought, Mrs. Jameson, you would excuse an old neighbor for entering, as I wanted much to see Henry's mother, and tell her about Henry's excellent stand yesterday. I have thought it over, and I, too, am going to stop this business, give up my punch and everything else in that line, for what if I should get into Deep Hole?"—Presbyterian.

The man who drinks only one drink a day is on the side of the drinking customs.—National Temperance Advocate.

RELIGIOUS MATTERS

HOPE.

Oh souls that wing this world of night,
 To earth's remotest bound.
Behold the risen star of hope,
 There peace alone is found.

The glorious hope which bids us rise
 Above this world of care,
Will bear thee on its wings of light,
 And thou its joys may share.

The grace of Christ, the fount of life,
 Can life alone impart.
The Christian's hope, like heaven's dew,
 Renews the broken heart.

Beyond the veil, this hope is stayed,
 Where pain shall be no more.
Its comforts span the sea of death,
 And bears us safely o'er.
—W. A. Sharp, in Ram's Horn.

ETHEL'S RELIGION.

A Short Story Aptly Illustrating a Very Practical, Everyday Sort of Christianity.

Ethel and Edith were twin sisters, but they were quite unlike in appearance and character. Ethel was practical, energetic and ambitious, thoughtful in small matters, and sunny-hearted. Edith was dreamy, romantic and visionary, and given to melancholy.

Of late Edith had turned her whole attention to religious thoughts, had passed through a "conversion," and was now a member of the church, and a most devout one. Her father and mother were much pleased with her sincere feeling on this subject, and they encouraged her in all her benevolent aims and charitable works among the poor and needy, where she was most active. But Edith was very sad about one thing, and that was her sister's indifference to religious subjects. To be sure, Ethel attended church and occasionally Sunday school, but she showed no enthusiasm on the matters dear to her sister's heart, and Edith feared that she was as yet wholly unregenerate.

There were four younger children and an aged and invalid grandaunt in the family, and they kept no servant. This necessitated a great deal of hard work on the part of the mother and the twin girls.

One Sunday morning soon after Edith's conversion she had been pleading with her sister, while they made their toilets, to take a more serious view of religious subjects. Right in the midst of her most eloquent appeal Ethel said: "Excuse me, dear," and hurried out of the room and downstairs. She did not return, and Edith sat by the window in a deep reverie when the bell called her down to breakfast half an hour later.

The mother usually prepared the morning meal, and afterwards the girls attended to the work of clearing up the dishes and washing them. Ethel was not at the table when Edith took her place, but presently she came in bearing a plate of hot pancakes, her cheeks flushed and burning.

"You were very thoughtful, dear, to remember that we were to have cakes this morning, and that my headache always comes on if I am much over the hot fire," said Mrs. Gray, with a smile. "Edith will prepare the next plate after this, and you can sit down."

But Edith was deep in a reverie, and did not hear until she had been twice spoken to.

After service that morning Edith wanted her sister to go with her and visit the poor and sick people on her list.

"But I cannot this morning," Ethel said. "I promised to read to auntie."

"Why, mother is there, and I am sure she will look after auntie."

"Yes, but mother is not feeling very well, and she has the children to entertain Sundays when they are out of school, and that is work enough for one person to do. Then father likes to have her sit with him awhile on Sunday afternoons, so I feel it my duty to read to auntie. Some other day I will arrange to go and visit your poor people with you."

Edith turned away with a sigh, and Ethel hurried home to her duties. It was only a few days later that Ethel made her plans to go with Edith into a poor district on a visit of mercy, and then to finish up the afternoon on a shopping excursion. She was pleased to see how Edith was welcomed into the homes of the poor, and gratified at the words of thanks and blessing which they bestowed upon her.

They took a street car to go into the shopping portion of the town, and sat down in the only two unoccupied seats in the car. Edith was talking very earnestly to Ethel about the necessity for greater interest in religious matters, and urging her to pray for an awakening of her heart, when she observed her sister rise up and grasp a strap on the opposite side of the car. At first she thought Ethel was annoyed by her conversation, and had taken this way to put an abrupt end to it; but just then she saw a tired old woman, burdened with a large basket of clean laundry-work, drop into the seat her sister had vacated, and she knew Ethel had risen to give her the place. Ethel was always doing things like that.

When they reached the large drygoods house where they were to do their shopping, they encountered a great crowd of people. It was Saturday afternoon, and the store would close at five o'clock, and everybody was in a hurry.

Edith pushed ahead and passed through the great swinging door, when she heard a smothered cry from Ethel. Looking around she saw her sister catch the heavy door by both hands, just in time to save it from slamming full in the face of a woman who was entering behind Edith.

"Oh, Edith!" cried her sister, as she hurried to her side, "you must be more careful about those doors; if I had not caught it just as I did the lady might have been seriously hurt."

"I was thinking of something else," Edith replied. "You know I seldom am conscious of my surroundings; my mind is so full of other things."

When they had finished their shopping and were again seated in the car ready to go home, Edith took out her Sunday school lesson and began to read it with great attention. She had turned diagonally in the car seat so as to get a better light on her book. The car was filling rapidly, and people were standing from one end of it to the other, jostling and pushing and treading on one another's toes. Still Edith read on, absorbed. Presently she whispered to Ethel:

"Oh, how I would like to be more like our dear Lord! It is the only wish of my heart, my only ambition!"

An odd smile curled the corners of Ethel's lips, and she whispered back in her sister's ear:

"I can tell you how to take one step nearer that goal right now."

"How? What do you mean?" asked Edith, astonished to think of getting spiritual counsel from an unregenerate sister.

"Why, by turning around straight in your seat and making room for another person to sit down," Ethel replied. "You are selfishly occupying two seats while half a dozen people stand. Our Lord would never have done a thing like that."

Edith flushed and turned about in her seat, silent for a moment. A tired-looking woman dropped into the extra space with a gentle "thank you."

"I was so intent on serious thoughts I did not notice," Edith remarked, after a moment.

"I know of no thoughts more worthy of one's attention than making other people feel our sense of brotherhood by thoughtful, unselfish acts," Ethel replied. "Any religion which does not include such acts is not the right kind. I may not be as devout as you in many ways, but this is my way, or I try to make it my way, of showing religion. I doubt if I will ever be an enthusiast like you, and do so many great things or long for great sacrifices, but in my heart I feel deeply the love-one-another spirit of Christ, and I try to show this in my daily, yes, hourly, actions at home and abroad. Some of us must work in small ways, others in great actions, but it is not for either one to say the other is unregenerate or hard of heart."

Somehow after that afternoon Edith had very little to say about Ethel's lack of religion, and it was noticeable to all that she grew more thoughtful in small things and looked nearer home for her duty. She showed, too, a spirit of true religious humility by one day thanking Ethel for what she had said to her.

"You made me see life in a new phase," she said, "and myself in a new and unattractive light. After all, it is the small courtesies and small kindnesses which go to make up the sum of life, and I was neglecting these to reach over and find some great duty."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Woman's Home Companion.

AN UNFAMED PHILANTHROPIST

A Sample of Countless Unknown Christian Noblemen Who Simply Go About Doing Good.

The familiar form of an aged clergyman, leaning upon crutches, has been missed from the streets of New York and Brooklyn since the 19th of July. His name was James L. Hodge, and few men at their death have ever been more sincerely mourned than he was by the immediate public, who loved him and called him "Doctor."

He was the pastor of the Mariners' temple in New York city, a sailors' mission, which his Christian energy and sacrifice made prosperous, and which he served without pay to the end of his active life.

His tender interest in seamen as a pastor, and his gifts as a "sailor preacher," won him the personal affection of every honest tar who came into port, and hundreds who went away with his blessing carried it round the world. Like "Father" Taylor and Phineas Stowe, of Boston, he had his congregation on the sea.

But Doctor Hodge was a large lover of his kind, and to the last of his 86 years his heart and hand were free to every human class and every worthy cause. He is remembered not only in the many churches revived and strengthened by his vigor and devotion in the days of his prime, but in the history of every public and private philanthropy that once appealed to him.

Moral, human and patriotic movements, represented 50 years ago by such names as Tappan, Beecher, Chapin, Cheever, Cooper, Garnet, Dodge, found in him a sturdy helper, and in all similar movements his cooperation never slackened so long as his strength remained.

President Arthur, who had known him for years and ably seconded his benefactions, once remarked, on his request for some favor to another:

"Doctor, why is it that you never ask anything for yourself?"

A type of Doctor Hodge's practical kindness was his rescue from a felon's death of a young Irish sailor, under capital sentence for complicity in a mutiny at sea.

During one of his many visits to the city prison, Doctor Hodge noticed this boy, learned something of his history, and after closer inquiry, became convinced of his innocence.

To prove it to the authorities was a formidable task, but he set about it, visiting lawyers and judges, publishing articles in the papers, and traveling and talking unweariedly for months, until, at his third interview with the president of the United States, he secured the prisoner's discharge.

A "pardon" he would not accept, as the lad had not committed crime. Returning, he presented the vindicated youth with his release papers and a new suit of clothes, and sent him home to his country and his mother.

We have told the story of this humble philanthropist because it gives us a sample of the countless unknown noblemen who benefit the world without winning brilliant victories on sea or land, or doing any deed of public daring.

James L. Hodge was the intimate friend of many famous men, but he remained obscure. He was simply a stalwart, toiling Christian—a style of citizen and patriot that makes the true glory of any country and contributes to the peace and happiness of mankind.—Youth's Companion.

GEMS FROM MATTHEW HENRY.

God's vengeance has leaden feet and iron hands.

We cannot expect too little from men nor too much from God.

God is a good master, who likes His servants to sing at their work.

Thoughts are as words before God. Vain thoughts are as provoking words before Him.

Heavenly pleasures satisfy, but never surfeit. Earthly pleasures surfeit, but never satisfy.

He will not always chide. How unlike are they to God who are always chiding and never cease.

The wicked, after all, flourish only "as a green bay tree," which is all leaf and no fruit. The righteous are like the green olive, which is fat as well as flourishing.

Religion.

Religion involves a conscious experience with the God whom it adores: it must give a ground for morality in the belief in a constantly growing intimacy with and inward obedience to the great spiritual father.—Rev. Lester Bradner, Jr.

A Christian.

If you are a Christian you must have at least three things—a creed, something to believe, a code, something to go by and a cult to worship.—Dr. Patton.

Doubt.

Doubt robs us of more than it gives. We are reminded that even Goethe once remarked that he was tired of hearing men's doubts.—Rev. Dr. Williams.

Great Ideas.

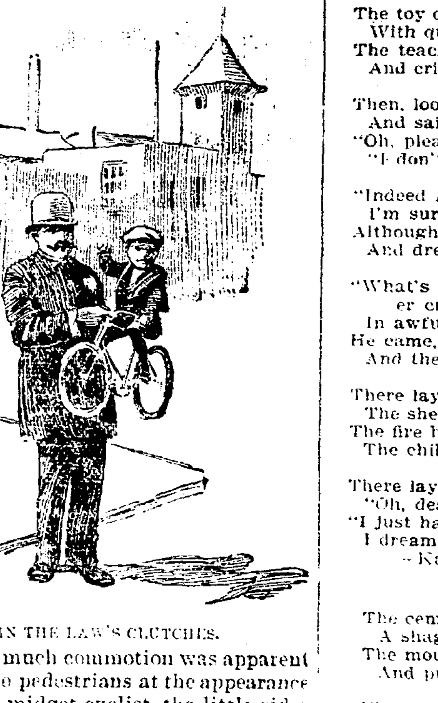
Great ideas are, first of all, in the souls of the best men, and the public has to be educated up to them.—Rev. R. Thomas.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

ANOTHER SMALL CYCLIST.

A Little Shaver of Jackson, Mich., Who Is at Home on a Wheel.

Master Verne Trask of Jackson, Mich., is probably the smallest bicyclist in the world and commenced to ride almost as soon as he could walk. As he is now but 2½ years old, it may readily be imagined that his wheel is below standard size. The tiny machine is practically perfect in every detail, and, although the front wheel only measures 13½ inches in diameter, its pneumatic tires are of the ordinary size. One day recently he rode about two miles, and,



IN THE LAW'S CLUTCHES.

although much commotion was apparent among the pedestrians at the appearance of such a midget cyclist, the little rider did not pay the least attention to anybody, but pedaled on as hard as he could, regardless of police regulations. When the road was bad, he would take to the pavement with an insouciance that greatly amused the city police. His father, Mr. Charles Trask, left England for the United States some 14 years ago, and he belongs to a well known west of England family. The drollest thing was to see the father taking up the boy, bicycle and all. Then, after looking carefully to see that everything is right, setting down both machine and rider and literally bowling along the whole concern.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Camel's Revenge.

The camel is stupid save when angry and then seems to become suddenly possessed with an intelligence almost preternatural in carrying out its vengeful designs. Palgrave relates the following story of a camel's revenge, which serves to illustrate this point:

A lad of 14 had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, from one village to another, at a half hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way, its conductor struck it repeatedly and harder than it seemed to have thought he had a right to do. But not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it "bode its time."

That time was not long in coming. A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and, finding the road far and near clear of passersby, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth and, lifting him up in the air, flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off and his brains scattered on the ground.

Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village as though nothing were the matter, till some men, who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it.—St. Paul's.

The Dream of the Toy.

The sandman lost a dream one night—
 A dream meant for a boy—
It floated round awhile, and then
 It settled on a toy.

The toy dreamed that it stood in class
 With quite a row of boys;
The teacher rapped upon his desk
 And cried: "Less noise! Less noise!"

Then, looking at the toy, he scowled
 And said, "Next boy—foretell."
"Oh, please, sir," cried the little toy,
 "I don't know how to spell!"

"Indeed I don't know how it is;
 I'm sure I'm a toy,
Although I seem to be in class
 And dressed up like a boy."

"What's that? What's that?" the teacher cried.
 In awful tones he spoke.
He came, with strides, across the floor,
 And then the toy awoke.

There lay the nursery very still,
 The shelf above its head;
The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
 The children were in bed.

There lay the dolls and Noah's ark.
 "Oh, dear me!" said the toy,
"I just had such a dreadful dream.
 I dreamed I was a boy!"
 —Katherine Pyle in St. Nicholas.

Pussy's Burial.

The cemetery was beneath
 A shaggy cedar tree:
The mourners were the Jersey cow
 And pussy's child and me.

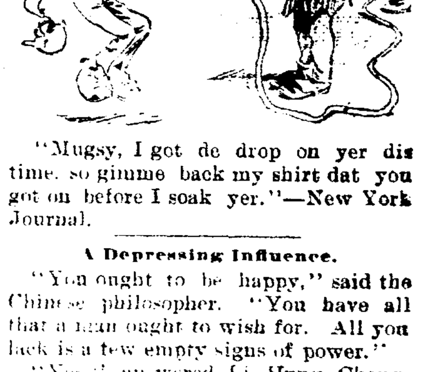
The tombstone was a piece of slate,
 And daisies were the shroud;
I cried a little to myself,
 The kitten purred aloud.
 —F. L. Waldo in Youth's Companion.

An Abstract Noun.

A governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. "An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of, but not touch. Can you give me an example?"

Tommy—A redhot poker.—Tit-Bits.

A Hold Up.



"Mugsy, I got de drop on yer dis time, so gimme back my shirt dat you got on before I soak yer."—New York Journal.

A Depressing Influence.

"You ought to be happy," said the Chinese philosopher. "You have all that a man ought to wish for. All you lack is a few empty signs of power."

"Yes," answered Li Hung Chang, "I'm the richest man on earth, and I suppose I ought to be happy. But I'm not. I can't be comfortable when I realize that the empress dowager may at any moment take it into her head to use my peacock plumage for a feather duster and my yellow jacket for a mop."—Washington Star.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR CHRISTMAS '98.

The holidays will soon be with us. As in former years, we have anticipated the wants of our customers and in consequence have laid in a large supply of Christmas and New Years goods. In many instances there being little change in prices, especially in staple goods. The independent refineries have broken the Sugar Trust, and we are able to reduce Sugars [illegible] per lb.

Our holiday goods consist of Imported Toys, Drums, Dolls and German Albums, all the latest styles [illegible] 75c and $1.00. Extra nice at $1.25 each. Rich Bohemian Vases, high color and all styles from 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c and $1.25 each.

Small toys for the little ones in an endless variety, such as Firemen, Hook and Ladder, Express Wagons, Drivers, Locomotives, Trains of Cars, Dray Horses, Cups and Saucers, Tea, Coffee and Dinner Sets, Jumping Jacks, Birds, Lions, Wolves, Tigers, Cats, Elephants, Guns, Swords, and many other pretty toys for the little ones.

Also Christmas Tree Candles. Trees we sell at 15c, 25c, 40c and 75c for extra large ones. Christmas Tree Candles are very cheap this year. We will sell them for 5c per box, all sizes.

Christmas Candies.

The toy candies in all varieties, such as animals and fruits we are selling at per lb, 13c. Pure Stick Candy, [illegible] lb. Pure French Mixed Candy, 7c per lb. Old Time Butter Scotch, 15c per lb. French Bon Bons at 15c and 15c per lb. French Chocolates 15c, very best 20c per lb. Cinnamon Imperials and Jelly Beans, 10c lb. Gum Drops, 5c lb. Kisses, 14c lb.

We have a large assortment and can please all who favor us with a call.

Coffee Down.

The Best Roasted Rio in Market, 12½c lb	Good Rio, Green, 8c lb
Old Government Java, roasted, 31c lb	Best Golden Rio, green, 10c lb
Best Roasted Mocha, 31c lb	Best Mocha, green, 25c lb
	All Government Java, green, 24c lb.

Sugars.

Best Granulated [illegible] lb	Choice Yellow, extra C, 4½c lb
Standard A 5c lb	Choice Yellow, 4c lb
Cut Loaf and Powdered, [illegible] lb	

Teas.

The Tea market in all grades has been advanced 10c lb. on account of the War tax, fortunately we had a large supply before the advance came and continue to sell to our customers at old prices.

Our motto in dealing in Teas like other goods, is to buy large quantities from Importers and sell direct to customers, thereby saving the jobber's profit of 10c to 20c lb. This is the success of our Tea trade. Quick sales and small profits.

Good Young Hyson, 30c lb	Gun Powder, good, 25c lb; Best 50c lb
Extra Good, 35c lb	Best Imperial, 50c lb
Very Best Young Hyson, 50c lb	Best English Breakfast, 50c lb
Japan Tea, 35c, and best, 50c lb	Best Oolong Tea, 50c lb

Syrups and Molasses.

Best Golden Drips, [illegible] gallon	Good New Orleans, 15c gallon
Extra Nice New Orleans 35c gallon	Rich Yellow Sorghum, 35c gallon
Maple Syrup, Vermont, 75c gallon	

Oils, All Kinds.

Harness Oil, 50c gallon	Neatsfoot, 60c gallon.
Boiled Linseed Oil 50c gallon	Fish Oil, 60c gallon
Raw Linseed Oil, 50c gallon	Lard Oil, 50c gallon.
Castor Oil, 70c gallon.	

California Dried and Canned Fruits.

California Peaches, nice, 12c	California Peaches, 3lb can, 18c can
California Prunes, nice, 6c	California Apricots, 12c can
California Prunes, 5c	California Green Gages, 12c can
California Apricots, 13c	California Egg Plums 12c can
California Pears, 11c	Best Home Packed Tomatoes, 8c can
	Best Home Packed Corn, 7c can

For Christmas Cake.

Leghorn Citron, per lb, 11c	Orange and Lemon Peel, per lb, 10c
Zantee Currants, 7c lb	English Walnuts, per qt, 12c
Cleaned Currants, 1-lb boxes, 9c each	Best Filberts, per qt, 10c
Layer Raisins, per lb, 11c	Mixed Nuts, per qt, 10c
Sultana Seedless Raisins, per lb 13c	Brazil Nuts, per qt, 10c
Seeded Raisins, 1-lb boxes, 10c each	Texas Pecans, per qt, 10c
Shelled Almonds, per lb [illegible]	Best Almonds, per qt, 12c

Cigars and Tobacco.

Artistic Cigars, 65c box.	Horse Shoe Plug, 45c lb
Crocodile, 65c box	Battle Ax Plug, 30c lb
Home Made Cigars, $1.00 to $1.50 per box	J. T. Plug, 40c lb
Royal, 14 boxes, 15c	Standard Navy Plug, 35 lb
Villa France, 55c box	Star Plug, 45c lb
Our Argument, 75c box	Pay Car Fine Cut, 33c lb
Sweet Cuba Fine Cut, 45c lb	Bam Boo Smoking, 22c lb
Hunting, Smoking, 40c lb	Sledge Mixtures, 35c lb

Wines and Liquors for Medical Use Only.

Sweet Catawba, 70c gallon	Kuemmel, $1.50 gallon
Port and Cherry, 80c gallon	Scotch Ale, imported, 20c bottle
California Muscatel, 80c galllon	Wines, all grades, bottled, 30c
California Angelica, 80c gallon	Gin, per gallon, $1.75
Whiskies, $1.00, $1.25, $1.40, $1.75 and $2.50 gallon	Alcohol, $3.00 gallon

Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Chinese and Japanese Matting, Lace Curtains and Portiers.

The whole corner room is set apart for these goods and a most excellent assortment we have. Our fall and winter supplies are now laid in at extremely low prices. We are selling a most elegant Rag Carpet at 25c per yard. Number one Ingrain Carpets 28c. Best all-wool Ingrains, 60c yard. Choice Brussels, latest style patterns, 55c and 65c per yard. Choice Moquette, 80c yard; Good quality Hemp Carpet, 17c yard.

Rugs in many styles and patterns from 85c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.50 up to $5.00 each.

Floor Oil Cloth, one yard wide, 20c and 30c yard. Yard and half, two yards and two and half yards.

Window Shades, nice ones, 10 each. Other grades, 20c to 25c each. All above goods are in stock and we desire you to call and see them, even if you do not purchase. We can save you at least 10c to 25c on the dollar.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE, FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

THE BLACKTHORN SHILLALAH
A NEW YEAR'S TALE
BY ERNEST JARROLD
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It was New Year's eve. A fire of mountain turf roared in the wide mouthed fireplace. The octogenarian, Patrick Mulligan, sat upon a suggaun (rope straw) chair in the ingle nook. Four generations of Mulligans were represented under the thatch that night. It was the annual gathering of the faction. They included all ages, from the baby who had just come over the border of earth's mysterious land to the stalwart old man who was about to cross the farther frontier. The firelight danced upon 35 faces.

"The Mulligans forever!" shouted broad shouldered young Mike Mulligan. "Grandad, tell us the story of the blackthorn and how you won your wife with it!"

"Troth thin I told it to yez before, me lad. 'Tis an old tale! 'Tis an old tale!" replied the old man, while the snow beat upon the window panes, the hail rattled in the thatch and the wind

"DID HE AX YEZ?" SAYS I.

swooped down the chimney of wattles, sending a stream of sparks across the floor.

"Faith, 'tis that," said Mike, "but 'tis like some other things—all the better for its age."

"Yes, yes, grandad," chorused the Mulligans, young and old, crowding around the fireplace. "Do tell us about the blackthorn."

"Faith, I couldn't say nay to all yez gossoons on a New Year's eve," replied the old man as he caressed the shillalah which had been in his possession nearly 60 years. "Many a skull did yez touch in friendly sport," he continued, running his fingers over the stick caressingly and surveying the wood with the eye of a connoisseur.

"'Twas cut from the straightest root growing piece of blackthorn I could find 60 years ago. It must be root growing, boys, for if not, I could not think 'twas worth cutting. A mere branch, no matter how straight and fair it might look, would be apt to warp and twist in the tug o' war. Whin I had it cut and the branches lopped off, I put it up the chimney to season. Whin 'twas well dried, I took it down and wrapped it in brown paper, well soaked in hog's lard. Thin I buried it in warm earth, taking it out every day to bind it across me knee till all the twists and turns were out of it. After I had it straight, I rubbed it well with a woolen cloth covered with blacklead and grease, to give it a polish. 'Twas all ready now for a shindy, only for it being a little too light at wan ind. So I bored a hole in it with a redhot iron spindle, into which I poured some melted lead for the purpose o' giving it the knockdown weight. This lead, me childer," continued the old man in benignant fashion, "gave the stick a widow and orphan making quality, a child bereaving touch, as the poet says, altogether very desirable, to say nothing of the balance in the hand. Now, if the stick should split whin yez are making the hole, yez may put on an iron ferrule and drive a few nails into it, l'aving the nails stick out on either side, both for arnamint and use. The fortunes of the Mulligans, me childer, have depinded more nor wanst on the judicious use of a nail in a stick, and"—

"But I thought you were going to tell us about grandma," broke in a 17-year-old maiden with pansy eyes.

"So I am, mavourneen, but yez must let me tell it in me own way. Whin I was of yer age, Mike," he resumed, "I was as tidy a lad as ye'd meet in a month of Sundays—well set up about the shoulders and as handsome as a soldier. Manny a girl would turn her head to look at me thim days and I passing. And among thim that gave me a bit o' blarney now and thin was the Widdy Sullivan. She was left widout chick or child at the age of 22, and a snug, purty woman she was, wid a warm complexion and a warm heart. Whin I'd be working hard all day on the farm, I'd stroll down to her liquor store in the avenin. There was always a taste o' punch to be had, and mebbe a rasher o' bacon and a cup o' tay whin the avening would be wearing away. 'Twas not in the taproom we sat at all, at all, but in the kitchen, where the turf fire was burning bright and everything nate and comfortable, wid the firelight dancing on the tins on the wall.

"'Pat,' she'd say to me southeringlike, ''tis time yez were thinking about getting married.'

"'Well,' says I, 'mebbe I am looking out for a wife. And who should I come to for advice but to yez, that knows all about it?'

"'Go,' says she, blushing like a rose, ''tis not me has the age nor the experience to give advice to a tidy young chap like yer-self.'

"'Sure anny wan could see yez hadn't the age by looking in yer eyes, acushla, but ye ought to have the experience, and yer husband dead only a year.'

"'But he was an elderly man, rest his sowl, Pat,' says she, wiping her eyes with her apron. 'Tis a lottery all around, this marrying.'

"'Tis so indade,' says I, hitching me chair up a little closer. 'But mebbe ye'd be giving me some advice yerself, Pat?' says she as sly as a weasel. 'I'm a widdy wid no wan to look out for me, and I'm that lonesome, Pat, yez wouldn't believe! I have three as fine feather beds as ever kept a man warm on a cold winter's night, a round dozen o' silver spoons, two pigs, a donkey and a cow in the [illegible] and a dale o' staff that I can't [illegible]

"'Well,' says I, putting me ar-r-m around her waist by way of encouragement, 'go on, widdy, darlint. What advice are yez wanting, agra?'

"'I'm afeerd ye'd be angry, Pat,' says she, and she knowing all the time I'd be raging like a Turk.

"'Well, thin,' says she, purring like a cat, 'Terence McCarthy was in here last night, and he's very ginteel.'

"'Oh, he is, is he?' says I. Yez must know, gossoons, that Terence was the only man that could handle a hurly stick or shake the foot with me at a christening. Besides, he had a nate way of striking with a stick.

"When the widdy mintioned his name, I took me ar-r-m away from her waist and got on me feet. I thought the widdy was making a fool o' me by putting McCarthy over ag'in me.

"'Did he ax yez,' says I, white as the wall and biting my lips with rage.

"'No,' says she, demure as a kitten, 'but he told me he was coming tomorrow night to say something important to me. Now, Pat, darlint,' says she—oh, ye women, what sarpints yez are—'if he axes me to marry him, shall I say "yes?"'

"'Tis necessary for me to tell yez, childer, that all that the widdy was telling me about McCarthy was made up out of her own purty head. She was only telling it to me so that I'd be jealous and ask her to marry me; but, like the poor fool I was, I didn't see through her little game, and 'twas only through the Lord's kindness to me that I didn't strike her down where she stood I was that angry with jealousy; but I was terrible cold to her, as cold as the icicle that hung on the northeast corner of Diana's temple were the freezing words I spoke to her, and her poor little heart breaking for me all the time, the darlint!

"'Good avening to yez, Widdy Sullivan,' says I, mighty polite, and setting her to one side, as if she was a bag of male. 'Good avening to yez, and I wish yez joy, yez and yer McCarthy,' and with that I was off hot foot up the street in search of McCarthy.

"'What talk have yez wid the Widdy Sullivan?' says I, whin I met him coming down the street as p'aceable as a sheep going to a shearing, and I fairly frothing at the mouth wid rage. Now, if I'd asked him polite and dacint there would have been no fight, for McCarthy had no eye for the widdy. But I was that ugly that he lost his timper and said:

"'What's that to yez, Pat Mulligan? I'll talk to anny woman I like!' he says.

"'I dare yez to meet me in Murphy's barn loft tomorrow night wid sticks!' I roared. 'And bring a doctor wid yez, for I'll break yer head!'

"'And ye bring a new jaw with yez, ye dirty thafe!' roared Mac, now as mad as meself, 'for I'll break the wan yez have in three halves!'"

By this time the recollection of the most stirring period in his history enlivened the dying fires of the old man's energy. Rising to his full height and holding the shillalah on high, he shouted the old Mulligan warcry:

"Whoo! Yer sowl! Hurroo! Success to the Mulligans! To the divvil

"HURROO! SUCCESS TO THE MULLIGANS!"

wid the McCarthys! Where's the blaggard dare tread on the tail of me coat?"

Here the eye of the old man caught the look of alarm on the faces of his listeners and he sat down with a foolish smile.

"Excuse me," said he. "'Tis long since the fighting spirit was in me. The news wint round the parish like wildfire that McCarthy and I were to fight for the Widdy Sullivan, and it being New Year's eve the loft was crowded wid people to see the fun. The widdy didn't tell me she was lying to me, and McCarthy was too proud to say a word. A space about 20 feet across was cleared in the middle of the floor. The referee was chosen, and he warned us there was to be no kicking or biting or gouging—nothing but fair fighting wid the sticks. The widdy was there looking like an angel. There was a chalk mark drawn across the floor and just before the fighting began a gossoon came to me and whispered in my ear:

"'The widdy says keep on the north side of the chalk mark for yer life!'

"That heartened me up a bit, for I had been thinking she was wid McCarthy, although I did not know what the message meant. Thin we wint at it hammer and tongs. Tare and ages! The first welt I got loosened three teeth, but

"DO YEZ GIVE UP?" I ROARED.

I made him see fireflies wid a crack I gave him on top of the head. The crowd was worked up to great excitement, and shouts arose from all sides of:

"'Hurroo for the Mulligans!' 'Death to the McCarthys!' 'That's a good one, Mac!' 'Break his bones, Pat!'

"We had been fighting for nearly tin minutes when McCarthy made a mad rush at me, the floor gave way beneath his feet, and he fell through up to his armpits. He could neither get up nor down, and there he hung in midair like a woodcock on a spit. A roar of laughter went up from the crowd. But 'twas no laughing matter wid Mac. I stood over him wid me stick in me hand, and divvil's the wan dared come near to help.

"'Do yez give up?' I roared, shaking me stick at his head.

"'Faith, I do,' says he, 'since yez druv me through the floor.'

"Thin he was pulled up out of the hole, the widdy rushed into me a-r-rms, and 'twas all over but the treating at the widdy's bar. But she niver told me until after the wedding that it was herself cut the board in the floor so that McCarthy would fall through."

Hail to the New Year!

The horns are blowing loud and shrill,
The bells are ringing clear,
And melodies of gladness fill
The frosty atmosphere.
The old year's flown
To realms unknown
And on tiptoe apace
Beside the door
We see once more
The new year's baby face,
A bud of beauty! May it blow
A perfect flower, fold on fold,
And set our hopes with joy aglow
And light our paths with fairy gold.

The old year's hobbled to the gate
And said his last goodby.
The new year comes with step elate
And kind and loving eye.
North, south, east, west,
A welcome guest,
He sails on happy wings
And waves serene
The branch of green,
Of war no note he sings.
Within his pack good things galore
Has he and naught, let's hope, that's sad.
Rare gifts from time's mysterious shore
To make our trusting spirits glad.

Then for the old year here's a sigh
And for the new a smile.
E'en as the snowflakes whirl and fly
May love's white blooms beguile.
The glad bells ring
The notes that wing
From star to star, from heart to heart.
The glad new year
Is here, is here,
And all our thoughts of care depart.
Then let the bells ring out their cheer
In merry measures far and wide
To welcome in the glad new year
The stranger at the ingleside
R. K. MUNKITTRICK

A SMUGGLING YARN.

NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

With a Revenue Cutter In Midwinter—The Search For a Cargo of French Brandy—The Most Gallant Smuggler on the Gulf.

The Canadian revenue cutter Dominion slouched ominously up and down the south coast of Anticosti, poking an ice covered nose into every bay and cove along the coast as she went. It was New Year's day and bitterly cold in the gulf. Officers and men (there were not a dozen all told) cheerfully cursed the Cape Gaspe lighthouse keeper, who had sent a crazy dispatch up to Quebec with some nonsense about a smuggled cargo of French brandy.

But the inland revenue department at Ottawa knew a few hundred barrels of French brandy had lately found its way into the country, and it had its suspicions. So when the Gaspe information came up to Quebec Captain Armstrong was sent down with a three pound gun to look into the matter. I happened to be spending my Christmas vacation with the captain, so he told me to come along as there might be some excitement. But New Year's on the lower St. Lawrence, I found, was not a thing to be longed for, and we both called the inland revenue department some very bad names as we paced the Dominion's icy little deck. The captain, nevertheless, was keeping his weather eye open for a black tug with a red funnel, known as the Rosalie L., and supposed to be making up the gulf for Ste. Anne des Montes with 60 barrels of French brandy on board.

I never felt such raw, benumbing, paralyzing cold. For three days our search for smugglers had been fruitless. In fact, no kind of craft cared to pass either up or down the gulf in such weather.

It was on the afternoon of New Year's day that a fishing smack ran up alongside and reported that a black tug with a red funnel had been seen coming up the gulf. So we slipped away from Anticosti and went churning westward for the south mainland. Revenue cutters are not made for loafing, and the Dominion was making her 15 knots an hour until a fog blew up the gulf and caused us to shut down to quarter speed.

We were shivering on deck in that great white gulf fog late in the afternoon, when from the southwest we heard the sudden report of a signal gun. This was followed by three short blasts of a siren. The Dominion sped ahead under full steam, and we forgot the cold. Two men stood in the bow and strained their eyes through the white mist that hung over us like a blanket.

Ten minutes later the lookout cried, "Open boat ahead!" Under our bows 20 feet ahead a small boat tossed up and down on the waves.

"Port! Hard port!" cried the captain. Before the wheelsman could swing her round and stop the engines we had swept past the tiny craft. The one man in the boat dropped his oars and lightly waved his hand to us as we lunged past and lost him in the fog. He certainly was not trying to escape.

We lay to, and in a couple of minutes the boat pulled up alongside.

The crew of one climbed nimbly on board. He was a little dark skinned Frenchman, with twinkling black eyes and a turned up nose. He doffed his heavy coonskin cap with great grace as he stepped on deck and bowed.

"Ah, m'sieurs, it is the first of the good year. Permit me to wish you all, m'sieurs, the compliments of the season." Again the little man bowed, smiled and showed a row of good white teeth. He spoke English with astounding fluency for a habitant.

Our captain returned his salutation.

"What is your name, sir, and your ship?" he asked.

"Ah, my name! Pardon me, m'sieurs. It is Pierre Baptiste Delorme of Ste. Anne de Montes. What do you call him—pilot, fisherman, trappeur, m'sieurs, and lumberman."

Again the cheerful little man bowed. The captain started at the name and took a letter from his greatcoat pocket. He went up to the little Frenchman.

"And smuggler, Pierre Baptiste Delorme," said the captain. The idea was absurd. The little fellow laughed uproariously, took a flask from his coonskin coat pocket, and gallantly passed it around. It was filled with fine French brandy.

"Ah, no, m'sieurs," he said, taking a deep drink, "I have my wife and the little Pierre and Baptiste at home, and fishing is better than this." He pointed toward the three pound gun.

Once more through the fog the signal gun sounded, followed by the whistle.

"What ship is that?" asked the captain.

"Oh, that is the Rosalie F., m'sieur, with codfish for Three Rivers."

"Codfish!" said the captain. "And what is the gun for?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "The fog is very thick, m'sieur."

The captain went to the wheel. "Do you know these waters well, M. Delorme?"

"Know them!" A smile spread over the Frenchman's bearded lips. "Yes, m'sieur, from a boy."

"Andrews, give this gentleman the wheel," said the captain. "He shall take us to this Rosalie F. at once. I want to look over that codfish." The captain threw open his bearskin coat and showed his uniform. "On her majesty's service!" he added significantly.

The little Frenchman again shrugged his shoulders, then laughed. "With pleasure, m'sieur!" He stepped lightly into the pilothouse and spun round the wheel with airy nonchalance. The captain stood beside him watching.

"Aren't you running her a few points off on the south?" he asked, studying the chart.

The Frenchman laughed uneasily. "M'sieur, I was born on these waters," he said simply.

I was on the bow beside the lookout. Suddenly the wind came up and the fog lifted. There, 200 yards away, towered the great rocky shore of the lower St. Lawrence. Our pilot was deliberately running us upon the rocks!

The captain sprang forward and signaled "Reverse engines." Half a mile up the river lay a black tug with a red funnel, and a six oared boat was plying between her and the shore.

The captain and the Frenchman looked at each other, but neither spoke for a moment. Then the little Frenchman laughed uneasily and spun round the wheel. "Oh-h-h!" he cried, with mock distress. "I was mistaken, m'sieur, after all!"

The captain's hand was on his pistol. Yet he could not help smiling.

We had no sooner swung slowly round than the black tug picked up the open boat and scurried away. In two minutes we were after her. Snow began to fall, and the early midwinter twilight set in, but still the chase kept up.

Finally we put a ball across the black tug's bow. Her only retort was a rifle shot that splintered our pilothouse and made the Frenchman say something under his breath. Our next shot was in earnest and caught her just above the water line. We could see the crew running hurriedly about, while the tug turned and ran head on for land. A shot or two sang over our heads. Then a boat put out from her and made for the shore.

When we came alongside the Rosalie L., it was almost dark. We found only a red funnel showing above the water. An empty cask floated past us with the tide.

"Ah, the rascals, m'sieur!" cried the little Frenchman. "It is a brandy cask!"

The captain laughed. He had done his work and could afford to laugh. A boat was lowered, and half a dozen men raced merrily after the disappearing cask. Darkness had fallen by the time they got back, and the burden was hauled up on deck. It is always the duty of a revenue officer to ascertain the nature of the goods he has confiscated. The captain stove in the bunghole, and did so. It was a barrel of the finest brandy ever shipped out of Cognac. It may not have been necessary for all the crew to verify the captain's decision, but they did so.

"Wait," said the captain. "M. Pierre Baptiste Delorme—where is he? We must drink the rascal's health."

But M. Pierre was not to be seen. We rushed to the stern where the little dory had been tied only to hear the sound of his oars as he slipped away through the night.

"Halt!" challenged the captain. "Halt there, or we fire!"

A rifle shot or two rang out on the cold night air. Then a mocking voice came back across the water. "Au revoir, m'sieurs, and a happy new year to you all!" And the smoothest little smuggler on the St. Lawrence slipped away in the darkness.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Some Seasonable Proverbs.

Here are a few seasonable proverbs interesting perhaps to those who concern themselves about the weather:

If a Christmas ice hangs on the willow, clover may be cut at Easter.

December changeable and mild, the whole winter will remain a child.

The month that comes in good will go out bad.

January warm, the Lord have mercy.

If it snows on Christmas night, we expect a good hop crop next year.

The first three days of January rule the coming three months.

The 12 days commencing Dec. 25 and ending Jan. 5 are said to be the keys to the weather of the year.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day, there will be an abundant crop the following year.

The Germans say, "The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun."

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN SCOTLAND
BY NEIL MACDONALD
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From time immemorial New Year's day has been regarded in Scotland as the most notable day of the whole year. Previous to the introduction of Christianity it shared in importance among the Druids with May day, known even now among Scottish Celts as "latha buie Beltane"—i. e., the yellow day of Bel's fire. Among the Druids New Year's day was signalized by special rites and observances distinctive of their mysterious creed. The sacred mistletoe was cut by the priests with peculiar ceremonies and distributed among the people, who regarded these gifts with great veneration and attributed occult power and much virtue to them. After Christianity was established the Druidical observances fell generally into disuse, and the clergy turned the day into a Christian festival, the feast of the circumcision. Its celebration was, however, regarded as of secondary importance compared with Christmas and Good Friday, though it never ceased to be popular among the people as a secular holiday.

Some of the customs which distinguished the day in Druidical times survived centuries after the introduction of Christianity, notably that of lighting bonfires on New Year's eve. At nightfall each household would light a fire, and it was thought of the utmost importance that it should continue burning until midnight. A character of sacredness was attached to this fire, and as it burned brightly, or the reverse, so it was imagined would be the fortune of the family during the following year. This observance, coming down from the time of the Druids, is still general in Wales. I do not think it has been observed among the Scottish Celts for many centuries, though other features of the celebration of the day which still remain give mute testimony of the ancient veneration with which fire was regarded by the primitive British people.

The Scottish reformation restored New Year's day to the Scottish people as the sole holiday of the year. It has been regarded, however, as a purely secular one, though as the opening day of a new year the occasion was considered appropriate for religious services. In some of the churches the closing mo-

AT NIGHTFALL EACH HOUSEHOLD WOULD LIGHT A FIRE.

ments of the old year and the opening ones of the new are spent in devotional exercises, but the great majority of the people hail the advent of another year in a very different manner.

The evening preceding the 1st of January, known as hogmanay, is a special occasion for rejoicing on the part of boys and girls. Then they receive presents, and in the cities and towns groups of them ask for gifts from the people they see on the streets and in shops and houses. They rarely meet with a refusal, and those who would never think of making presents at any other time give with apparent cheerfulness on this occasion. Coming to the door of a house the children cry, "Hogmanay, hogmanay!" and one of their favorite rhymes is:

Rise up, gude wife, and shake your feathers,
Dinna think that we are beggars;
We are barns come to play
And to seek our hogmanay.

Various explanations have been given of the term "hogmanay." One of these claims that it is a corruption of the French phrase, "Au gui menez" (lead on to the mistletoe), a cry which in some parts of France the boys that go around seeking gifts on the last day of December are said to use. Plausible as this may be, I think the word more likely to be a corruption of the Gaelic expression, "Thug do mi" (give to me), which, pronounced with the "t" mute, as it must be, and hurriedly, would sound almost the same as the word so familiar to all the boys and girls in the lowlands of Scotland.

Among the Celtic population of Scotland a number of years ago it was customary for groups of boys on New Year's eve to go around from house to house with the "croicionn colluinn" (literally, skin of the feast), a baglike arrangement of a sheepskin. One of the number would rap at the door, and on being admitted would walk three times in front of the fire, or around it if possible, with the skin bag and demand a New Year's gift for himself and companions. The gift, which invariably was forthcoming, was placed in the bag, and the boys would then all join in singing a New Year's carol, in which all earthly and heavenly blessings would be invoked upon the household.

Placing the Blame.

Good Father Time, your patience, pray!
My question is a bold one—
Why should I turn another leaf
If you still use the old one?

Each year I take a spotless page,
Drink deep of pure ambition,
But every Christmas finds it in
The same besmirched condition.

Full thirty times I've slipped from grace,
Borne virtue's execrations,
Because you've always tried me with
The same old sweet temptations.

And now I know reform is but
A visionary matter,
While you, with such consummate skill,
On my defenses batter.

For while the roses brightly bloom
Upon the lips of beauty
I know I'll lack the strength to walk
The lonely paths of duty.

And while the twisted leaf contains
Nepenthe for my sorrow
My great reforms will be postponed
To some unborn tomorrow.

So, Father Time, it rests with you!
For my part, I've concluded
To go unperjured on my way.
No more I'll be deluded.

And if you want this world to roll
Unstained through heaven's portals
You'll have to turn a leaf yourself
And give a chance to mortals.

P. M'ARTHUR.

Stayleight—Tommy, do you think your sister is fond of me?
Tommy—I don't know. She gave me a quarter to set the clock half an hour fast.

PROOF POSITIVE.
"Is he near sighted?"
"Well, I should say so. He walked into a tailor shop yesterday where he had been owing money for three years."

TO BE SURE.

Carrye—Do you think it is unlucky to have thirteen at the table?
Cynicus—Yes, if you are only prepared for ten.

ONE AS BAD AS THE OTHER.

Browne—(who lives next door) What will you take to kill that howling dog of yours?
Towne—Your cornet.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents, at Dreier & Bro.'s drug store. Every bottle guaranteed.

A Noble Young Man.

"I trust, sir, that you have not been indiscreet enough to speak to my daughter about marriage," said the stern parent to the youth who had just asked for his daughter's hand. "I have not, sir," replied the youth, "but I was strongly tempted to do so last evening when she kissed me good-night on the steps."

"Our Nation in War."

Why Water Was Added.

In a certain village school they were having a Scripture examination, the lesson being Elijah offering up a sacrifice on Mount Carmel. As the children looked good scholars the inspectors gave them a question, saying: "Now, you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar; why did he put water around the altar?" The children looked amazed—except one little boy, who stood up and said: "Please, sir, to make the gravy."

Red Hot From the Gun

Was the shot that hit G. B. Steadman, of Newark, Mich., in the civil war. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Dreier & Bro., druggists.

REMEMBER

The late war with Spain, by getting the portfolios, "Our Nation in War." Parts 1 to 15 inclusive can be had at this office. 19-tf

TRICKING AN ANGEL.

OLD JACOB PINCHEM WAS CUNNING AS WELL AS AVARICIOUS.

And When He Received the Mandate to Go Out and Make Some One Happy He Obeyed It In His Own Peculiar Way.

"And so New Year's is here again?" muttered Jacob Pinchem to himself as he hovered over the rusty old stove in his miserable room and shivered with cold.

Jacob Pinchem was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, but he was a miser. The sufferings of the poor were naught to him—he cared not who froze or who starved amid the thousands around him. His parsimony extended to himself and he dwelt in squalor and suffered cold and hunger.

"New Year's, eh? And so another year has come?" he mumbled and muttered as the fire in the stove died away and night came down upon Greater New York. "Well, nobody need expect me

"COST ME BUT A CENT."

to make any change. I've got money, but I'm not going to throw it away on anybody. All this talk about the poor is bosh. Let the poor die if they can't take care of themselves."

And as the old man grumbled and thought, his eyes closed in sleep, and as he slept he dreamed. He dreamed that an angel stood beside him and laid a hand on his head and said:

"Jacob Pinchem, you are a hard hearted man, and your record with the angels is a black one. I have come to give you a chance to redeem yourself."

"But don't ask for money!" warned the miser.

"No, I will not. It is simply that you go out tonight, the last night of the old year, and make some soul happy. Do this, and it shall blot out the half of an accusing record. What is your answer?"

"I'll do it," replied Jacob Pinchem.

"But if you do not"—

And the angel was gone, and the old man opened his eyes, stood up and shook himself and presently went to his hoard and put a coin in his pocket.

"It is New Year's eve, and I am to make some soul happy," he growled as he made ready to go out upon the street. "It is hard—very hard—but I have promised to do it."

Five minutes later he was at the butcher shop on the corner and saying to the butcher:

"Sausage has been so blamed expensive for the last 15 years that I couldn't afford to buy any. How much for a cent?"

"A hunk as big as this," replied the butcher as he marked with his knife.

"Make it an inch more."

"All right, seeing it's you."

And Jacob Pinchem walked home with heels which could hardly be kept down on the pavement, and he opened the door of his hovel with a smile on his face, and he flung down his hat with a whoop and a laugh, and as he devoured that hunk of sausage he chuckled gleefully to himself:

"I've gone out and made a soul happy, and it didn't cost me but a cent, and if that angel is any ahead of old Jacob Pinchem then he's ready to go out of the miser business!"

A. B. LEWIS.

Never Considers.

"Your wife, I understand, is a very considerate woman."

"Considerate!" exclaimed the Benedict who had not reached home until a late hour the preceding night. "No, sir. Not at all, sir. She speaks without consideration—in fact, without time for consideration."—Chicago Post.

The Usual Kind.

Householder—Do you pretend to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?

Inspector—I will enter into no controversy, sir, but I will say that the meter measures the amount of gas you have to pay for.—Boston Globe.

Yeast—The book says the artist went to his closet and found it bare.

Crimsonbeak—Perhaps he was going to paint it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Working Night and Day.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Dreier & Bro.

Lowest Rates via Nickel Plate Road From Fort Wayne.

To Chicago, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York and Boston daily each direction. A peerless trio of fast express trains with vestibuled buffet sleepers, unexcelled dining car service. All express trains of Nickel Plate road arrive at and depart from Van Buren street union passenger station, Chicago. R. J. Hamilton, agent, Fort Wayne, Ind. 'Phone 507. 6-23t

All afflicted with a cough of long standing, resulting from la grippe or weak lungs, or hemorrhages, should try my cough and lung syrup, an old Indian remedy, made of roots and herbs. It has never been known to fail. Call at 35 Fairfield avenue. 16tf

Fort Wayne to Chicago and All Points East and West.

Lowest rates via Nickel Plate road. A peerless trio of fast express trains daily each direction. All express trains of Nickel Plate road arrive at and depart from Van Buren street union passenger station, Chicago. R. J. Hamilton, agent, Fort Wayne, Ind. 'Phone 507. 6-23t

Pennsylvania Lines
The Pennsylvania Station.
Trains Run by Central Time
AS FOLLOWS:
* Daily. † Daily, except Sunday.
FROM FT. WAYNE TO [illegible] LEAVE ARRIVE
Trains depart from Pennsylvania Station, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

East Bound	West Bound
*3 10 a.m.	*3 40 a.m.
†12 30 p.m.	
*1 00 a.m.	*5 10 a.m.
†12 40 p.m.	†7 30 a.m.
*1 40 p.m.	†12 15 p.m.
*3 25 p.m. Limited	*4 15 p.m.
†[illegible]	
†From Crestline	8 05 p.m.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
In effect Nov. 13th, 1898.

NORTH BOUND.

*For Grand Rapids and north	1 55 am
†	9 00 am
†	4 [illegible] pm
†From Richmond arrives	5 45 am

SOUTH BOUND.

*For Richmond and Cincinnati	12 40 am
† " "	7 15 am
†	12 50 pm
†From Grand Rapids arrives	7 10 pm

*Daily †Daily except Sunday.

NICKEL PLATE

9—11-13 98

All trains arrive at and depart from Van Buren Street Union Passenger Station, Chicago.

Uniformed Colored Porters attend first and second class day coaches on through trains, insuring scrupulously clean cars enroute.

All Nickel Plate Passenger Trains Daily.

EASTBOUND FROM FT. WAYNE.	DEPART
Standard Express, No. 6	[illegible]
Nickel Plate Express, No. 2	3 05
Eastern Express, No. 4	8 30
Local Freight	*7 [illegible]

WESTBOUND FROM FT. WAYNE.	DEPART
Standard Express, No. 5	[illegible]
Western Express, No. 1	[illegible]
Nickel Plate Express, No. 3	4 35
Local Freight	†7 [illegible]

†Daily except Sunday. Light type A. M. Dark type P. M.

Through Drawing Room Sleeping Cars on Nos. 2, 4 and 6 to Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, New York and Boston; on Nos. 1, 3 and 5 to Chicago.

Meals are served at "up-to-date" Dining Stations and in Nickel Plate Dining Cars at opportune meal hours.

WABASH

Time Table Effective Nov. 13th.
From Fort Wayne.

GOING EAST.

No. 2.	Fast Eastern Express, daily	6:15 a.m
No. 10	Toledo Accom. daily	8:25 a.m
No. 6	New England Fast Mail, daily	11:50 a.m
No. 24	Atlantic Express, ex. Sunday	7:00 p.m

GOING WEST.

No. 21	St. Louis Day Express, ex. Sun.	8:25 a.m
No. 7	Kansas City Cannon Ball, daily	12:35 M.
No. 5	Government Fast Mail, daily	6:30 p.m
No. 8	St. Louis Limited, daily	8:15 p.m

Telephone, Bell-Home No. 6.

THE FINDLEY, FT. WAYNE & WESTERN RY

Effective November 20th, 1898.

—EAST BOUND.—
Lv. Fort Wayne 7:35 a.m. arr. Findlay 9:50 a.m
arr. Toledo (via C. H. & D.) 10:40 a.m
arr. Columbus (via T. & O. C.) 2:30 p.m
Lv. Fort Wayne 3:10 p.m. arr. Findlay 5:55 p.m
arr. Toledo (via C. H. & D.) 6:50 p.m
arr. Columbus (via T. & O. C.) 8:50 p.m

—WEST BOUND.—
Lv. Findlay 8:20 a.m. arr. Fort Wayne 11:05 a.m
" Toledo (via C. H. & D.) arr. Ft. W. 11:05 a.m
" Findlay 1:30 p.m. arr. Fort Wayne 4:12 p.m
" Columbus (via T & O.C.) arr. Ft. W. 4:12 p.m
All trains daily except Sunday.

L. E. & W. TIME TABLE.

SOUTH.

No. 41 leaves (except Sunday)	7 10 a m
No. 43 daily	4 15 p. m
No. 171 Local Freight	6 00 a m

NORTH.

No. 40 arrives daily	11 40 a m
No. 42 (daily except Sunday)	10 25 p m
No. 170 Local Freight	4 40 p m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY—Fort Wayne Branch.

SOUTHWARD	ARRIVE
No 482 Way Freight	2 30 pm
No 456 Cin. Express and Mail	11 05 am
No. 416 Detroit and Ind'pls Express	3 50 pm

NORTHWARD.	DEPART
No 463 Way Freight	5 55 am
No Through Express & Mail	11 45 am
[illegible]	4 50 pm

BUSINESS DIRECTORY

DRESS FITTING.

CUTTING and FITTING FREE

The first three Dresses coming in each week from November 14 to December 14 at

MRS. A. C. POUND'S,
54 Pixley-Long Block.

DRUGGISTS.

GROSS & PELLENS,
DRUGGISTS,
Corner Calhoun and Wayne Streets. Phone

BANKS.

HAMILTON NATIONAL BANK.

Capital $200,000. Surplus $225,000.
The Hamilton National Bank will pay interest at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on certificate of deposit if left four months.
President—Charles McCulloch.
Cashier—John Mohr, Jr.

White National Bank.

CAPITAL $200,000.
SURPLUS $60,000.
Pays 4 per cent. interest per annum on time deposits.
Safe deposit boxes for rent at $5 per annum.

Capital $350,000. Surplus $140,000.
THE OLD NATIONAL BANK
S. W. Cor. Calhoun and Berry Sts.
Stephen B. Bond, President.
Oliver P. Morgan, Vice-President.
Jared D. Bond, Cashier.
James C. Woodworth, Asst. Cashier.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. B. GARD—To ladies' suffering from ailments peculiar to their sex, may consult me free of charge at my office, 13 W Wayne street. Telephone 245.

DR. NEISWONGER
SPECIALIST IN
Veneral Diseases and Diseases of the Kidneys. If you have catarrh, use my new Catarrh Discovery, it will give you relief at once. Office at Post Office Drug Store.
Successor to Heaton Brothers.

LAWYER,
ABSTRACTOR OF TITLES,
INSURANCE,
Collection and Loan Agent.
JAMES E. GRAHAM,
Room 66, Bank Block, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Stenographer and Notary Public in Office.

INSURANCE.

D. C. FISHER.
Insurance, Real Estate, Loans.
No. 23 East Berry street.
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Office Phone 251. Residence Phone [illegible]
Robert Spice,
PLUMBER, STEAM and GAS FITTER.
48 MAIN W. STREET.

"Our Nation in War," complete in 16 parts, can be had at this office at [illegible] each.

Now is the Time
To Turn Over
a New Leaf.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

Now is the Time
To Turn Over
a New Leaf.

ESTABLISHED 1833. [PAGES 1--5] SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898. [PAGES 1--5] PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IN OUR CLOAK STOCK!

Clearing Away The Debris.

Now that Santa Claus has cleared out, we have time to take notes.
He has left a pretty mess here; a helter skelter stock of

Cloaks and Furs!

Big enough, too big, good enough, but all broken up—disorganized. We see but one way to bring order out of chaos—sell, yes we'll sell, and you'll buy. You can't resist the temptation of our prices.

GEO. DeWALD & CO.
COR. CALHOUN & COLUMBIA ST.

MONEY TO LOAN
FROM $10 TO ANY AMOUNT.
[illegible]
The Property Remains in Your Possession and you have use of both money and goods.
NO DELAY! LOWEST RATES!
All business private and confidential.
IF FAIL TO BORROW OF US. No trouble to explain.
INDIANA MORTGAGE LOAN CO.,
Room 3 Arcade. Upstairs.
Open Saturday evenings only from 7 to 8:30.

DR. BULSON
Announces the removal [of] his office to His Residence.......
88 W. WAYNE STREET.
Practice limited to diseases of the EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT.
Hours 10 to 4. Telephone Main 480.

We Loan Money
On Farm and City Real Estate at the lowest Rates of Interest.
LOANS CLOSED WITHOUT DELAY
THE J. F. SCHELL LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO.,
31 E. Berry St. 63 Clinton St.
Phone 46. Office open evenings. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent.

DR. S. H. HAVICE,
PRACTICE LIMITED TO
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Office Hours 9:30 to 12 m. and from 2 to 4 p. m.
86 W. Wayne St. Fort Wayne, Ind.

MONEY TO LOAN
At lowest rate on furniture, pianos, horses, wagons, carriages, etc., and leave the property in your possession.
Payments arranged on the monthly installment plan or to suit you.
Business confidential. No publicity.
FORT WAYNE MORTGAGE LOAN CO.,
Room 31 Bass Blk., over First National Bank, 77 Calhoun.
Take elevator to fourth floor.

Leave your orders Now for
Gunther's Candies
FOR NEW YEAR'S.
FREESE & RANKE,
Pharmacists, 88 Calhoun St.

FATHER & SONS CURED OF ITCHING RASH
"I had an itching rash under my chin, which kept spreading until it was all over my body. I could not sleep but was compelled to lie awake and scratch all the time. My father and two brothers were afflicted with the same thing, at the same time. We all suffered terribly for a year and a half, trying in the meantime all the remedies we could find, but received no benefit. I bought three cakes of CUTICURA SOAP and three boxes of CUTICURA (ointment) and they cured the four of us completely. RICHD ANDERSON, Geneva, Utah.
[illegible]

REVELLED IN MURDER.

A French "Jack, the Ripper," is Guillotined.

A Startling Career of Crime Brought to an End.

Joseph Vacher Had Committed a Score of Murders.

The Fiend Protested Innocence and Feigned Insanity to the Last Hour of His Life.

PARIS, Dec. 31.—Joseph Vacher, the French "Jack, the Ripper," was guillotined at Bourgh-on-Bresse, capital of the department of Ain, this morning.

He protested his innocence and simulated insanity to the last. Vacher, who was twenty-nine years of age, was condemned at the October assizes at Ain. Early in life, he is known to have brutally murdered four boys, six women and girls and an old widow. Most of the victims were tending herds when Vacher came behind them and cut their throats.

VACHER'S CRIMES.

The crimes of Joseph Vacher have surpassed in number and atrocity those of the Whitechapel murderer known as "Jack, the Ripper."

His homicidal mania first broke out in 1894. He claimed after his arrest that as every action has an object and as his motive was neither theft nor vengeance, his irresponsibility was established. Psycologically physicians have regarded the case as interesting. It was shown that Vacher had been confined in an asylum for the insane and that while doing military duty a love affair caused him to attempt self-destruction by shooting.

The victims of Vacher were shepherds and shepherdesses and his rage was particularly directed against young girls.

He first cut the throats of his victims with a knife and afterwards mutilated them with a razor. He was arrested last year after the police had searched for him for a long time in vain.

In defense of Vacher it was pointed out that when a youth he was bitten by a mad dog and that the village herbalist gave him some medicine, after drinking which he became irritable and brutal, whereas he had previously been quiet and inoffensive. It also appears from these statements that from that time he had developed a passion for human blood.

Referring to his crimes Vacher is quoted as saying:

"My victims never suffered, for while I throttled them with one hand, I simply took their lives with a sharp instrument in the other.

"I am an anarchist and am opposed to society, no matter what the form of government may be."

This desperate criminal was notoriously vain and fancied himself a hero. He refused to speak about his crimes except on two conditions.

One was that the full story of his murders be published in the leading French papers and the other was that he should be tried separately for each crime in the district where it was committed.

The exact number of Vacher's victims will never be known, but it is said that twenty-three assassinations have been brought home to him in October last and the number was added to as the time wore on. In fact, it is doubtful whether the murderer himself knew the real number of his victims. He nonchalantly told the story of some fresh tragedy from time to time to the examining magistrate as the details came back to his mind and in each case the investigation has furnished full corroboration of Vacher's narrative.

The bodies in each case were found in the places he indicated—in lonely thickets or in unused wells. He seems to have killed merely for the sake of killing.

Born near Lyons, Vacher served his military term in a regiment of Zouaves and showed himself to be a good soldier, so much so that he was made a non-commissioner officer, although there were complaints against him of being brutally severe to recruits.

A recruit, a member of a well-known French family, told how Vacher once abused him so terribly on the drill grounds that he lost his temper and sprang at Vacher. Happily for the recruit, he was seized by his companions before he succeeded in striking Vacher, otherwise the young man would most likely have been sentenced to death by a court-martial.

It was shortly after Vacher left the service that he became ill, owing to disappointment in a love affair, and attempted to blow out his brains with a revolver. The bullet was never extricated from his skull, and according to one report, the wound produced recurrent fits of insanity and caused him to be confined for a time in an asylum for the insane at Dole.

Since that time and until his arrest Vacher appears to have wandered through the country districts of France, committing murders. He was undetected and unsuspected until, by mere accident, he was caught almost red-handed near Lyons at the beginning of October.

In every case Vacher seems to have been seized with a frenzy for attacking his victims, as he cut and slashed them horribly and often dismembered them.

One day Vacher told the magistrate that he considered himself to be a scourge sent by providence to afflict humanity.

Vacher killed one of his victims, he claimed, because he wore a clean shirt which the murderer coveted, and he admitted that he sometimes murdered people because he needed money and food.

One of the remarkable features of this extraordinary case was the clever manner in which Vacher succeeded in shifting suspicion from himself. About two years ago he murdered a shepyerd boy on a country road a few miles from Lyons, hacked the body almost into pieces and then continued on his way.

The murder was discovered within a few minutes after and search for the murderer was promptly instituted. A gend'arme, mounted on a bicycle, overtook Vacher and called upon him to produce his identification papers, whereupon Vacher quietly handed over to the police officer his discharge as a non-commissioned officer from a regiment of zouaves.

"Why, that is my old regiment," exclaimed the gend'arme. "I am hunting for a man who has just cut a boy's throat. Have you seen any suspicious characters?"

"Oh, yes," answered the murderer serenely. "I saw a man running across the fields to the north, about a mile back from here."

"Thank you," cried the gend'arme, "I'll be after him."

The gend'arme then hurried off after the imaginary murderer and the real culprit quietly stole away from the scene of his crime.

The most prominent victim of Vacher was the Marquis DeVillaplaio, who was killed while walking in his park in the southwestern part of France, not far from the Spanish frontier. Vacher crept up behind him, felled him with a heavy stick and then cut his throat. The murderer carried off the coat of the marquis and his pocket book containing some bank notes. He then sought refuge in Spain.

The boasting of the murderer led to the detection of a number of his crimes after his arrest. For instance he killed a boy sixteen years of age, named Bully, near Lyons, in June, 1897. The crime would never have been discovered but for the boasting of Vacher, as the lad was a notorious poacher and chicken thief, and his disappearance created no stir at all.

In January of the present year Vacher made a furious assault on a warden of the prison at Lyons where he was confined, and almost beat him to death before the prison guards could overpower him.

On October 30th, of the present year, Vacher was sentenced to death, since which time he has continued feigning insanity.

LAST CHANCE.

The Quail Season in Indiana Expires.

Nimrods Improve the Final Opportunity to Procure Birds for a New Year's Feast.

The quail law in Indiana expires today, a fact that has caused a stampede to the woods and prairies of nearly all the Nimrods hereabouts. This excursion in all directions of hunters bodes ill to the innocent quail, but means many a sumptuous New Year's feast.

The past quail season has been very good and although the law of true sportsmanship has in some cases been violated by the wholesale slaughter of birds there is still lots of game. With a fair observance of the game law good shooting can be expected next season.

MRS. BOTKIN GUILTY.

Convicted of Killing Mrs. J. P. Dunning With Poisoned Candy.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 31.—The jury in the Botkin case last night returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree, with the penalty fixed at life imprisonment.

The fate of Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, charged with the murder of Mrs. John P. Dunning, of Dover, Del., went to the jury late in the afternoon after District Attorney Hosmer had completed his argument and Judge Carroll Cook had read his charge. Mr. Hosmer concluded his address by asking the jury to return a verdict—a verdict of murder in the first degree.

Mrs. Botkin cried bitterly several times during the day, and during the reading of the judge's charge almost lost control of herself. Her sister, who sat beside her, took Mrs. Botkin in her arms to comfort her.

Mrs. Botkin's lawyers do not propose to accept as final the verdict of the jury finding her guilty of murder of Mr. Dunning without making a strong effort to obtain a new trial and possibly reversal of the judgment.

After her arrival at the Branch county jail Mrs. Botkin broke down completely and for some time gave vent to her anguish in sobbing and occasionally shrieking. It is stated that the first ballot stood ten for hanging and two for life imprisonment. The second ballot was eleven for hanging and only one for life imprisonment. But the one stood firm and after much discussion the other eleven went over to him.

The Packard Piano pleases best and lasts longest.

BIG BATTLE FOUGHT

Chinese Rebels Reported to Have Been Routed.

Engagement Took Place Three Days Ago.

Imperial Troops Have Won a Signal Victory.

The News is Received in Shanghai, but No Details of the Battle Are Furnished.

SHANGHAI, Dec. 31.—The Chun King correspondent of the North China Daily News telegraphs under date of December 30 that a battle has taken place at Sahiciaotsang. The engagement is said to have taken place on December 27 and the imperial troops are reported to have been victorious.

Sahiciaotsang (not Sahichinsang) cannot be located on the maps; but Chun King, from whence the news comes, is situated in the Szchuan province, part of which has been in a state of rebellion for a long time past and which is overrun with marauders. The latest advices from there said 3,000 rebels were marching on Chung King and that 300 imperial Chinese troops had gone to meet them. It was also said that the militia is being mobilized.

A British missionary, Mr. Fleming, was murdered at Pang Hai, in Kweschu, a southwest province of China, on November 4, but the rebellion in the province of Szchuan, adjoining it is not anti-foreign.

MANY VISITING FRIENDS.

Wedding of Christian Schacher and Miss Lillian Smith Largely Attended.

A large number of out-of-town guests were here to attend the wedding of Christian F. Schacher and Miss Lillian Smith, whose marriage occurred Thursday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Smith, of Stophlet street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Wamlegauss. The bride wore a gown of cream landsdowne, with satin and pearl trimming, and the bridesmaid was similarly dressed. The groom and groomsman wore the conventional black. Mr. Schacher is employed in the Rastetter works. The out-of-town guests attending the wedding and reception were as follows:

J. G. Miller, Otto Bach, Henry Beland, Will Miller, Etta Miller, Lake Ridge, Mich.; Ed. Miller, wife and daughter, Durand, Mich.; Carrie Bach, Saginaw, Mich.; Charles Bach, Durand, Mich.; Adam Boland, Petersburg, Mich.; Henry Smith, Mrs. John Binkley, Tecumseh, Mich.; Miss Mollie Hahn, Lenox, Mich.; Mrs. A. J. Smith and daughter, Toledo, Ohio; Mrs. Howard Pridmore, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. E. Kints, Youngstown, Ohio; Mrs. Adam Smith, Sterling, Ill.; F. W. Smith, Cincinnati, Ohio; E. T. Smith, Ridgeway, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hoshley, Toledo, Ohio.

ACCUSED OF DOUBLE CRIME.

Murderer Charged With Killing His Accomplice in Guilt.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Dec. 31.—While John Musser, convicted in the circuit court last week of the murder and robbery of Mrs. Louise Stoltz at Portland, is endeavoring to appeal his case to the supreme court the grand jury will try to shift another crime to his shoulders. One week after the dead body of Mrs. Stoltz was found the remains of Clarence Kirkland, a Muncie bridge builder, were found in a corn shock on Erastus Whipple's farm near Portland. The man's limbs and face were literally eaten away by field mice and his identity was only established by means of receipts.

Ever since the Stoltz murder it has been the supposition that Kirkland, who worked with Musser at the Indiana bridge factory at Muncie, was connected with the crime and was put out of the way to prevent his telling and a possible division of the spoils.

FORESAW HIS DEATH.

Convinced His End Was Near, Dr. Ford Took to His Bed.

WABASH, Ind., Dec. 31.—Two months ago Dr. James Ford, the oldest resident of Wabash and for many years a successful medical practitioner, took to bed under the conviction that he must die. He was free from all disease, but declined to leave his bed when urged by relatives. He gradually became weaker and yesterday died of inanition.

Two years ago Dr. Ford went to the Wabash Church Furniture factory and announced that he wanted his coffin made. He was in fine health and his remark was received as a jest. He insisted, however, that he desired to be buried in a casket which suited him. One was made of oak, according to his order, and the body now reposes therein. Dr. Ford was nearly ninety years old. He served as a brigade surgeon in the war of the rebellion. He was one of the founders of the Butler university at Indianapolis.

Hartford City Bank Reorganized.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., Dec. 31.—The stockholders of the Citizens' bank met yesterday and reorganized under the name of the Citizens' State bank. The capital stock was increased to $80,000, and the following new officers elected: H. B. Smith, president; J. R. Johnson, vice president; E. M. Stahl, cashier.

A RECORD IN TRADE.

Magnificent Showing for the Year 1898.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s Review Points to the Wonderful Increase in Exports of All Kinds.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says in today's issue:

"The year 1898 has not only been one of victory, of important increase in territory and of incalculable expansion of the influence of the United States among other nations, but has surpassed all other years in financial and industrial results. The center of financial power has crossed the ocean. After paying debts of several hundred millions abroad and conducting a war to an honorable end the country is lending so many millions in Europe that, for the first time, banks abroad look to New York to dictate the rate of exchange. Exports have been about $1,125,000,000 and the excess over imports about $617,000,000, against $357,000,000 in 1897, and in only two previous years has the balance risen to $300,000,000. In no past calendar year have net imports of gold reached $75,000,000, but this year they have been about $140,000,000. November passed all previous months in value of produce exports over imports, but December has gone much beyond November.

BREADSTUFFS AND COTTON.

"Power in the world's markets comes with a demand for breadstuffs and other necessities never before equaled. Exports of cotton have been over 7,700,000 bales, about 3,936,000,000 pounds, and in no previous year as much as 7,000,000 bales, or 3,500,000,000 pounds. Exports of breadstuffs have been in value $283,918,294 in eleven months, and have never been as large in any other year. Exports of wheat for the year, looking a day or two, have been 218,591,886 bushels, flour included, slightly exceeded only by 225,665,812 in 1892, and of corn 200,979,077 bushels, only approached by 189,127,570 in 1897. The heaviest exports of both grains and flour in any previous year were 59,000,000 bushels smaller, only 380,220,813 in 1897. Though wheat was raised to $1 91 in May, the highest quotation, the December average has been only 72 cents, 25 cents below that of last year, but the year's average, 93 cents, is the highest since 1891.

TRIUMPH IN FINANCE.

"The triumph in finance has been largely due to industrial progress. The output of pig iron has been about 11,645,000 tons, the greatest yet reached in any year by 2,000,000 tons and greater than Great Britain ever reached by 2,800,000 tons. Yet the consumption in manufacture has been still larger in spite of net exports of pig. Exports of iron manufactured in ten months were about $87,614,536 in value, against imports of $13,497,817. Prices shown for the year in the table of comparisons have been unusually steady, varying not 5 per cent. for pig from the lowest to the highest, and for finished products not 6 per cent.

"Textile industries have been retarded by high prices of wool and abnormally low prices of cotton, both deterring purchases. In three months cotton reached 5.31 cents, the lowest price for fifty years, the greatest yield ever known being followed by receipts since September 357,000 bales larger than last year. Exports have increased, but not as greatly. Goods were reduced in price 5 per cent. to the middle of November, but have risen 7 per cent. and closed at the highest point for the year. Sales have been only 233,451,181 pounds at the three chief markets.

"Failures in the United States for the week were 252 and in Canada 22, total 274. For four weeks of December the total liabilities of firms failing were $11,697,605, against $10,356,356 last year."

SAGASTA IS BETTER.

Spanish Premier Shows Marked Improvement and is Ready for Duty.

MADRID, Dec. 31.—Senors Sagasta and Castellar are now convalescent. The former will be able to leave his room today.

Fourteen steamers are now on their way to Havana to repatriate the Spanish troops remaining in Cuba.

The report of the meeting of a dozen Spanish generals, the purpose of which has not been divulged, has been confirmed by a member of the cabinet who does not deny the importance of the occurrence.

SPECIAL MEETINGS.

Volunteers of America Will Have a Series of Services from January 2d to 16th.

A series of special meetings will be held by the Volunteers of America, beginning January 2 and lasting until the 16th, to which everybody, and especially the Christians of the city, are cordially invited. The presence of every Christian will be helpful. These meetings will be addressed by well-known speakers and special music will be furnished. The headquarters are opposite the Railroad Y. M. C. A., on Calhoun street.

Will Display Old Glory.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Dec. 31.—Mayor Kiefer has issued a proclamation asking the people of St. Paul to display the national flag on Sunday. The stars and stripes are to be displayed in celebration of the final evacuation of Cuba by the Spanish soldiers.

FELL 500 FEET.

Horrible Death of Six Miners in Michigan.

Tumbled From the Cage in Which They Were Descending From Shaft at Ishpeming.

DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 31.—A special to the Journal from Ishpeming, Mich., says:

This morning at 6 o'clock, while nine Finnish trammers whose names are unknown at this time, were coming to the surface in one of the shafts of the Lake Superior Iron company, the cage met some obstruction in the shaft that inclined the floor so as to let six men slide off, and they fell 500 feet to the bottom, being instantly killed. The three who clung to the cage were slightly injured.

LOCAL LINES.

Pfeiffer & Schlatter's store will be closed Monday.

Miss Marlowe and six of her party are at the Wayne.

Miss Lida Cline has returned from a visit at Mansfield, Ohio.

Turnkey Bob Young will spend New Year's with his aged father in Lafayette township.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunter went to Ossian Thursday to spend a week with relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. P. Danny and daughter have returned from a week's visit with relatives in Noble county.

Mr. and Mrs. Alford Harter, of Fort Wayne, are at Goshen, guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Hollister.

'Squire Harry France has a force of workmen engaged in repairing and decorating the interior of his office.

Mrs. Martha Bishop and daughter, Miss Nellie Bishop, will spend New Year's at Elkhart, the guests of relatives.

Miss Nora Melendy and Miss Susie Betts, of Reading, Mich., are guests of Mrs. G. I. Haswell, of 50 Oliver street.

M. B. Tygor, salesman for Charles Falk & Co., who was taken suddenly ill with lagrippe, is slowly recovering.

Dr. C. Maris was summoned to Waterloo on professional business this morning and he will return this evening.

Mrs. Roman Zoellers, of this city, is in Lafayette visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Metzger.

Charles A. Bull, jr., will entertain his young friends at a "watch party" this evening, at his home, on Miner street.

Miss Carnahan, of Cleveland, who was the guest of Miss Robertson, of 241 Webster street, returned home this evening.

Miss Mary Thomas, bookkeeper for the Kimball store, left today to spend New Year's at her home in Muncie, Ind.

Harry Fletcher, of the R. S. Patterson clothing store, will spend New Year's at his home in Coldwater, Mich.

The Misses Nettie and Rosaline Smith, of Roanoke, are visiting the family of George H. Wilcox, of 52 Oliver street.

H. M. Hart and family, of 105 Wallace street, went to Decatur, today, to attend the golden wedding of Mr. Hart's parents.

Miss Annie Habecker entertained at 6 o'clock dinner Thursday evening in compliment to visiting guests of Miss Belle Geake.

A. M. Stewart, of the firm of Stewart & Co., St. Louis, was in the city today. He will leave this evening for Cincinnati.

The Misses Grace Staffey and Nellie Rice will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Wilhelm, of Garrett, Ind., on New Year's day.

Mrs. R. W. Smythe will give a New Year's party this evening, about twenty guests watching the old year out and the new one in.

Mrs. F. V. Culbertson left for Port Clinton, Ohio, this morning to spend a week with her parents and other relatives, and to take part in a concert in that city on Tuesday next.

George Stephan, who has been with the Seavey Hardware house for a long time, has resigned to represent Chapman-Smith Co., of Chicago. He will have his headquarters at Cincinnati, for which place he will leave with his family next week.

Fort Wayne Lodge of Perfection will keep open house next Monday according to it's annual New Year's custom. The lodge rooms will be open all day and Master Masons in good standing are invited to meet with the Scottish rite and partake of fraternal hospitality.

Little Alvin, the son of Justice Ballerman, came near choking to death today. While playing with a copper cent piece he put the coin in his mouth and unintentionally swallowed it. It was with some difficulty that the piece found its way down and before the feat was performed the family was considerably alarmed.

TO PRESERVE PEACE.

More Troops to be Sent to Island of Cuba.

Haste Will be Made to Get Them Embarked.

The One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana to Go.

War Department Determined to Enforce Good Order and Pacific Conduct in the Island.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Orders have been issued for the dispatch of additional troops to Cuba to assist in the maintenance of good government there.

The orders are addressed to Maj. Gen. J. H. Wilson, commanding the First army corps, with headquarters at Macon, Ga. The secretary of war directs that the headquarters of the corps, originally fixed at Cienfuegos, Cuba, be changed to Matanzas, and that General Wilson, with his headquarters, and the Eighth Massachusetts, One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana, and the Third Kentucky Volunteer infantry be put in readiness for transportation to Cuba, fully armed and equipped for field service and supplied with thirty day's rations and forage in addition to that required for the journey.

In a subsequent order General Wilson was directed to proceed with his headquarters and equipment from Macon to Savannah in time to embark on the transport Panama. The Eighth Massachusetts and Third Kentucky will embark from Savannah and transports to be provided and the One Hundred and Sixtieth Indiana, will proceed to Charleston, one battalion at a time and embark on the Saratoga, which ship will convey the regiment to Cuba in three trips.

HIS WIFE NO MORE

Mr. and Mrs. John Leykauf are Divorced.

The Wife Was Complainant and Was Given Alimony and Custody of the Children.

Attorney E. V. Harris this morning filed in the superior court a divorce complaint which was not a surprise to acquaintances of the principals to the suit. Julia S. Leykauf was plaintiff and her husband, John N. Leykauf, defendant. They were married in 1889 and are the parents of three children, Roe F., Jennie F. and Sam N. The complaint alleged that defendant was cruel and inhuman in his treatment of plaintiff and had accused her of infidelity. The husband made no defense and Mrs. Leykauf was granted the divorce after Judge Dawson had heard the evidence, which was audible only to the judge and Attorney Harris. The wife was given $300 alimony and the custody of the three children. Mr. Leykauf was ordered to pay the wife $15 each month, beginning January 1, 1899, until further order of the court for the maintenance of the children.

SUIT TO SET ASIDE WILL.

O. W. Nestel and D. Nestel, through their attorneys, Worden & Zollars, Colerick Bros. and Bittenger & Clapham, have commenced proceedings against Henrietta, Eliza Nestel and others to set aside will.

SIXTY DAYS IN JAIL.

Rhyne Fogle, the fellow who stole a pair of shoes from Morris Meyer and was caught by Vinc Robbins, pleaded guilty to petit larceny this morning and was sentenced by Judge O'Rourke to serve sixty days in jail.

OTHER DIVORCES.

Judge O'Rourke granted William Kopp a divorce from Ida Kopp.

The divorce case of Caroline Niemeyer vs. Christian Niemeyer is on trial in the circuit court this afternoon.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

William A. Carmer and Ella May Metz.

Lewis E. Michael and Ella M. Kell.

NOTES.

In the superior court Cyrus F. Paine was given a judgment by Judge Dawson for $1,499 against Beverforden.

Insanity proceedings have been commenced against Mary E. McLachan and she will be brought into circuit court next Monday.

The last will and testament of Charles Johnson has been filed for probate. He leaves his property to his wife during life and it then reverts to the son and daughter.

Christine Miller, through her attorney, P. B. Colerick, has commenced suit for $500 damages against Charles Halber, alleging that when it rains the water from off the roof of a house owned by defendant falls on plaintiff's property and does much damage.

DR. MILLER BETTER.

Fever is Gone and He Appears to Be Slowly Recovering.

Dr. L. P. Drayer today reports that Dr. J. E. Miller is very much improved and he feels confident of his recovery and return to health. All fever is gone and the other symptoms of pneumonia are rapidly disappearing. The doctor was delirious for two days, but this morning wanted to sit up, but his weakness would not permit him to do so. Dr. Miller's hosts of friends are indeed glad to hear of his improvement.

REV. EVERS DEAD.

He Was a Well Known Retired Lutheran Minister.

Sketch of His Life—Charles Seibt, a Machinist, Passes Away—Other Deaths and Funerals.

At 3 o'clock this morning occurred the death of Rev. Henry C. F. Evers, a well-known retired Lutheran minister residing at 504 Hanna street. He died of heart disease.

The deceased was born in Antzenburg, Holstein, Germany, and at the time of his death his age was seventy years, one month and three days. Rev. Evers first began his ministerial career at Windhill, Randolph county, Illinois, from which place he went to Sturgis, Mich. Then he filled a pulpit at Convoy, Ohio, and lastly he had a charge in Adams county, this state, which he relinquished some years ago on account of his age. In 1852 he was married to Amelia Brockinge and to them there were born twelve children, ten of whom are still living. They are as follows: John, of Eureka, Utah; Rev. Frederick Evers, of Golconda, Ill.; Elizabeth, Mary, Louise, Christine, Theodora, Martin, Conrad and Henry, all living at home.

The funeral will take place next Wednesday afternoon at 1:30 from the house and 2 o'clock from Zion's Lutheran church.

SEIBT.

After an illness with typhoid fever, dating from December 4, Charles W. H. Seibt expired last evening at 7:30 o'clock. The deceased was about thirty years old. Mr. Seibt was one of the best known mechanics in the city. When he was about fifteen years old he entered the Bass shops as an apprentice and with the exception of about six months spent in a shop in Chicago eight or ten years ago, he has been employed constantly at those works. For two or three years the company has kept him out of the city much of the time, setting up machinery, he being an expert in that line. Last February, the deceased was married to Miss Sophia Conrade, who survives. The father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Seibt, sr., two brothers, William Seibt, of Chicago, and Louis Seibt, of this city, and two sisters, Misses Minnie and Rose Seibt, the former a teacher in the Hanna Street school, also survive the deceased. Mr. Seibt was a member of Howard council, No. 240, Royal Arcanum, and of Friendship lodge, No. 70, International Association of Machinists, which orders will participate in the funeral exercises.

The funeral will take place from the house at 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon and a half-hour later from Salem Reformed church.

WARD.

Mrs. Thomas Clark last evening received the sad intelligence of the death in Detroit of her sister, Isabel M. Ward, of consumption. She was aged twenty-three years, and was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Ward. Mr. and Mrs. Clark left for Detroit this morning to attend the funeral.

RAFINE.

Mrs. Susan Rafine, wife of John Rafine, of No. 20 Ohio street, died at the Hope hospital Friday afternoon of tumor. The deceased was fifty-two years of age, and besides her husband leaves two grown daughters. The remains were removed to the undertaking establishment of Schone & Veith, where they were prepared for burial. The funeral will take place from the undertaking parlors of Schone & Veith at 3 p. m., Sunday.

ROSS.

The funeral of Mrs. John E. Ross will be held Sunday at 2 p. m. from the late residence, 403 South Calhoun street, the Rev. J. S. Ainslie officiating. In deference to the wishes of the husband and relatives the funeral will be conducted privately.

KRAFT.

The funeral of William C. Kraft will be held at 2 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the family residence, No. 317 Lafayette street, the Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor of the Zion Lutheran church, officiating. Interment in Concordia cemetery.

SECRETARY HAY'S VETO.

He Makes Formal Disapproval of the Hawaiian Cable Concession.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—The secretary of state today formally disapproved the concession made in July by the Hawaiian government to the Pacific Cable company for an exclusive right of laying a cable to Hawaii.

It is understood that this action was taken in no spirit of hostility to the Pacific Cable company, but the concession was disapproved, first, on aconnt of the formal protest made by the Hawaiian commission, and secondly because it seemed best to leave the congress a free hand in the disposition of the whole subject.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Stout and baby, Frances, arrived in the city today from Detroit and will spend the first day in the new year with Grandpa George Stout, of Lakeside.

THE GAS SHUT OFF.

Pumping Station at Red Key is Destroyed.

The Loss is Estimated to be $100,000.

Deprived Thirty Ohio Towns of Gas Supply.

People of Red Key Are Without Other Fuel Supply and a Blizzard is Raging There.

RED KEY, Ind., Dec. 31.—An explosion of gas followed by a fire at the Ohio and Indiana Pipe Line company's compressing station near here caused a loss estimated at $100,000. Engineer W. E. Robinson was badly burned. Thirty or more towns are deprived of natural gas by the destruction of the station.

MUCH SUFFERING THREATENED.

LIMA, Ohio, Dec. 31.—The big power house of the Lima Natural Gas company, located at Red Key, Ind., was destroyed by fire this morning, and the city is threatened with a complete shut off of gas. A regular blizzard is prevailing, and the temperature is falling.

The coal supply is being rapidly exhausted and the gas company says it will be a week before the station can be rebuilt.

Great suffering will follow if the severe cold continues.

'TIS A MODEL.

Improvements at Hope Hospital Are About Completed.

New Operating Room Will be Ready for Use in a Few Days—Entire Interior Re-decorated.

The improvements at Hope hospital that have been progressing the last few months, are about completed, and the new operating room, which is the finest in the state, will be ready for use in a few days. The whole interior has been redecorated and a new convalescent room added among other features. The Elks have also furnished a room handsomely and the apartment is ready to receive an Elk or his friends.

Some evening next week the rooms will be opened for the inspection of the physicians of the city and any others who are interested in the success of the hospital.

THE LAST HONORS.

Funeral of the Late Senator Morrill in the Senate.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31.—Funeral services over the late Senator Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, were held in the United States senate chamber at noon today. They were conducted with impressive dignity in the presence of a distinguished assemblage, including the president and vice president of the United States, members of the cabinet, justices of the supreme court, senators and representatives in congress, the speaker of the house and representatives of the army, navy and of the diplomatic corps, as well as a concourse of private citizens, who took this means of testifying the affectionate regard in which Mr. Morrill was universally held.

RECEIVER ASKED FOR.

Preliminary Steps Taken in the Case of the B. & O. S. W.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 31.—The preliminary steps for the receivership of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern railroad, preparatory for its absorption into the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, under the new plan of reorganization, were taken in the state superior court today before Judge E. B. Smith.

STILL UNCHANGED.

Mr. Lumbard's Condition Was Reported to be the Same This Afternoon.

A report from the bedside of S. C. Lumbard this afternoon is to the effect that his condition remains unchanged from what it has been for three days past. He does not gain nor is he sinking, but he is very seriously sick.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—Wheat, Dec., 68½¢; Jan., 68½¢; May, 71⅛@¾¢; July, 69⅞@¾¢.

Corn—Dec., 37½¢; Jan., 36½¢; May, 38½¢; July, 39⅛¢.

Oats—Dec. and Jan., 26⅛¢; May, 28½¢@⅝; July, 26⅞¢.

Pork—Dec., $8.95; Jan., $10.70; May, $10.55@10.57.

Lard—Dec., $5.60; Jan., $5.65; May, $5.90.

Ribs—Dec., $4.80; Jan., $4.90; May, $5.22½.

Kalamazoo Paper Changes Hands.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Dec. 31.—The Kalamazoo Gazette, established in 1833, has been purchased by T. B. Shealf, recently of the Danville, Ill., Press.

PAGE YARNELLE

Gets the Ten.

Page Yarnelle got $10 at Reuben S. Patterson's for ticket 99,918.

WILL C. CLEARY.
Merchant tailor, 11 W. Washington Street, Lau Block. Repairing, etc.

The Packard Piano is the really great piano.

The Holders....

Of the following numbers are entitled to the presents given away by

...PICKARD BROS...

No. 6,989, 3 piece Bed Room Suit.
No. 4,353, 100 piece Dinner Set.
No. 6,648, Parlor Chair.
No. 2,443, Parlor Lamp.
No. 5,260, 12 piece Chamber Set.
No. 4,376, Carving Set.

PICKARD BROS.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Furniture, Stoves and Chinaware.

12 and 14 East Columbia Street.

The Evening Sentinel.

BY E. A. K. HACKETT.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

TONIGHT.

Masonic Temple—Attractions for the week:
Saturday evening, Julia Marlowe in "Countess Valeska."
Watch Meeting—Free Methodist church.
Traveling Men's Protective Association — Regular business meeting.
Lodges—Order of the Red Cross; Rathbone Sisters; Degree of Honor No. 21.

Here's to '99 and may it be as good as '98.

The outlook for a happy New Year in Havana is what a patron of sports would term a long shot.

There is little glory in making a New Year resolution that shall only serve a week or two later to show how weak you are. A good intention is a poor thing if not persisted in.

It bodes ill for the czar's department conference that the pope should have decided not to send a representative, and that this decision should have been reached because, according to the story, Italy declined to send a delegate if the Vatican were recognized.

At all events, the government of the United States, having forced the extinction of Spanish authority in Cuba, is responsible for the maintenance of order, the protection of property and the security of life in that island. The erection of a stable independent government will take somewhat more time than was expended in the destruction of the colonial government of Spain. Cubans should cultivate patience—and their fields.

It is gratifying and not a little surprising that while Paris has been, according to the news reports, the head center of all the experimentation with and exploitation of the new automobile vehicle, and while America has seemed backward in this latest craze, Chicago has quietly secured a contract for furnishing Europe with 50,000 electro automobiles during the next ten years, the money involved being something like $5,000,000.

The dispatch of General Lawton to the Philippines looks like business. Lawton is a fighting general, but he is also a good administrator, and he is well fitted for any emergency, provided he can take with him force enough to make his authority effective. Admiral Dewey meanwhile suggests that some civilians had better be sent out there to look over the situation. Considering the extraordinary complications that exist, it is scarcely fair to leave the whole responsibility to the military commanders.

John B. Stoll, of the South Bend Times, has the following comment on the metropolitan police law: "Petitions are in circulation at Fort Wayne praying that that city be placed under the operations of the metropolitan police system. These petitions are being numerously signed by citizens who have satisfied themselves that a police force solely under local influences is unsatisfactory for reasons well understood. Fort Wayne is operating under what is called a 'special charter.' The mayor has the appointing of the board that controls the police force. Everybody knows what that means—local political influence of the most unsavory character. No matter how good a man the mayor may be the influence of ward politicians will be made felt to the detriment of an efficient service. The experience of all cities points in the same direction. There is but one way to escape these influences, and that is through the metropolitan system."

Investigation shows that during the past two or three months there has been a somewhat striking phenomenon in the matter of births in the United States, the percentage of male babies being largely in excess of the females. In the city of New York statistics show that 107 boys have been born for each 100 girls during the past two months. Dr. Schenk, the eminent scientist of Vienna, who has been credited with discovering the secret of sex, accounts for the phenomenon in an interesting way. He says: "I am quite disposed to consider the increase of male births to the marked enthusiasm evoked by the war." But according to Dr. Schenk's theory, as he states, "the enthusiasm must have been strongest on the woman's side, as the effect in such cases is felt crosswise." There is eminent authority as well as statistics to support the theory that nature makes ready compensation for the losses of men during war. The natal statistics in several European countries during the past two or more centuries show that during and immediately subsequent to armed conflict the percentage of male births was greatly in excess of the percentage of female births. Dr. Schenk reaches the conclusion that "it is clear the American women favored the late war more strongly than the American men did."

The records of the United States court for the Utah district show that in 1897 Brigham H. Roberts, now a congressman-elect from the state of Utah, was indicted for two unlawful marital ventures. That is, in plain terms, he was charged with unlawful cohabitation with two women whom he claimed as his wives. He was tried, found guilty and served a short time in prison for the offense. In a recent interview Roberts defended his polygamy and declared he could not and would not repudiate his plural marriages; that he was reared in the faith and that he would be a villain now to desert the women who plighted faith with him. In short Congressman-elect Roberts intends to stick to his wives and to his congressional seat, too, if he can. A two-thirds vote of the members of the house of representatives is all that is necessary to disqualify him and it ought not to be hard to get.

Tomorrow will be the beginning of a new year. Start it right. Turn over a new leaf and begin a new account with yourself. There is something more than mere idle sentiment in the custom of "New Year's resolutions." In our daily lives as in our business affairs we all should, as the year closes, take an accounting to see if we are richer or poorer in character. If character has not prospered as it should have prospered, then resolve that it shall and begin the new year with that resolution in full force and effect. Elsewhere in this issue of The Sentinel will be found the blank form of a temperance pledge. You who need it, cut it out, sign it and—stick to it. You need tell no one of it, and your reward will come when you see the birth of a new happiness in your home, the satisfaction of your friends and feel the thrill that follows the approval of your own conscience. You might accomplish quite as much without signing a pledge, if you would. But the signed pledge will be harder to forget. It is the token of your covenant with your conscience. At any rate, start the new year right. Turn over a new leaf. There is no real or permanent satisfaction in life except in right living, and none is so near perfection that he may not improve.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-eight has been a remarkable year. It has given birth to great events which themselves will multiply in the new year which will come with the morrow. To the people of this land it has been a year big with benefits and blessings.

The land has prospered beyond precedent, almost beyond hope. To the blessing of abundant crops has been added the blessing of good prices. Manufactures have boomed and commerce has progressed by leaps and bounds. Our foreign trade was the greatest in history. The future promises further progress, not recession in the world markets. The outlook is as bright as could be wished.

During the year there has been born an era of national good feeling that has apparently banished forever the dread phantom of sectionalism and healed the long smarting wounds of a fratricidal war. The country is united in patriotism and purpose under one flag that American valor has made so glorious.

But by far the greatest and most momentous event of the year now at an end was the war with Spain. Victory, brilliant and decisive, marked the progress of American arms from the beginning of hostilities till the last hostile sword was sheathed and the last standard of the enemy was trailed to the dust.

Spanish tyranny was stricken low where it had misruled and oppressed for centuries. The great republic of the west vouchsafed in a war for humanity the blessings of modern enlightened Christian government and the untasted fruits of freedom and progress.

Springing up from the fiery track of war have been new problems for this nation—problems that lead into new achievements. The two great oceans, the gulf and the lakes, no longer bound the destinies of this republic. The flag that first floated over thirteen struggling colonies on the eastern seaboard, waves over new possessions in another hemisphere.

Expansion is not a probable policy. It is a fact. It must be dealt with as a fact. Great and grave questions confront the nation. The republic has taken its place as one of the powers of the earth. The position must be strengthened, not abandoned.

The new year will bring with it such responsibilities as the statesmen of America have never before been summoned to deal with. Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine will be fraught with events as momentous as the year just closed.

Pledge for 1899.

I, the undersigned, do pledge my word and honor, God helping me, to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, for a period of one year, from the 1st day of January, 1899, to the 1st day of January, 1900.

A YEAR'S RECORD.

More Than 1,100 Arrests Made During 1898.

One Hundred and Twenty Less Prisoners Arraigned Than in 1897—Children Recovered.

Lieutenant Lapp has about completed his annual report of the doings of the police department, which he each year submits to the superintendent of police. He finds that during 1898 1,132 arrests were made, about 400 of them by the Pennsylvania detectives. This is a decrease of 120 arrests over last year, when 1,252 persons were locked up. Almost all of the 400 men arrested by the Pennsylvania detectives were charged with train climbing, while the regular police arrested more persons for drunkenness than for an other stated crime or misdemeanor. The following arrests were made each month: January, 70; February, 115; March, 98; April, 75; May, 76; June, 113; July, 121; August, 127; September, 98; October, 121; November, 74; December, 68. It will be noticed that the greatest number of arrests were made in August and October, the months in which occurred the races and the street fair, although it is probable that these entertainments were not responsible for the increase. The least number of arrests were made during the present month, when everybody was saving money with which to buy Christmas presents.

During the year 1,203 tramps were lodged in the station. The biggest number for one month sought shelter in February, over 300 having been lodged. During the months of July, August and September there was not one application for lodging.

There were eighty-six children recovered during the twelve months, an average of seven to the month.

MONTHLY REPORT.

Lieutenant Lapp makes the following report of arrests during the month of December, 1898:

Intoxication	31
Vagrancy	11
Climbing on moving trains	[illegible]
Peddling without license	2
Grand larceny	2
Assault and battery	1
Keeping a gambling house	1
Gambling	[illegible]
Burglary	2
Arson	1
Keeping a house of ill-fame	1
Prostitution	1
Associating with prostitutes	[illegible]
Carrying concealed weapons	[illegible]
Petit larceny	1
Tapping sewer without license	1
Selling liquor without license	[illegible]
Unlawfully doing plumbing without license	1
Total	[illegible]

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

START IN RIGHT.

Begin New Year in Worship of the Lord.

Sabbath Sermons and Services in the Churches of Fort Wayne Tomorrow—Pastors' Announcements.

Railroad Y. M. C. A.—Rev. L. L. Henson will preach at 3 p. m. Bible study at 4 o'clock.

Baptist Tabernacle. At 11 a. m. New Year's sermon and communion; 7:30 p. m. evangelistic services and baptism. Fine music by quartet choir.

The services at Trinity Episcopal church tomorrow will be morning service, holy communion and sermon, 10:45 a. m. Evening service and sermon, 5 p. m.

Calvary U. B. church, Sunday services. Sunday school 9:30 a. m. Y. P. C. U. 6:30 p. m. Preaching 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Special music at each service. J. W. Lake, pastor.

Bethany church, Nebraska, Geo. E. Davies, pastor.—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; New Year's service, 10:45 a. m.; the Y. P. S. C. E., at 6:30 p. m., will be led by Mr. Hackett. Evening services, 7:30 p. m.

The First Church of Christ Scientists hold regular services in the Odd Fellows building, second floor, No 20 West Berry street, at 10:30 a. m.; subject, "God." Sunday school immediately following the service.

Heidelberg Reformed church, Rev. Maurice Sampson, pastor—Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.; congregational meeting at 10:30, and election of officers. Evening services at 7:30. Subject: "The New Year."

South Congregational church—Rev. E. B. Frame, pastor—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; sacrament of the Lord's supper at 10:45 a. m., Jr. C. E., 3 p. m.; C. E., 6:30 p. m. Subject at 7:30, "Make the New Year Better."

West Creighton avenue Church of Christ—Services at usual hours. Subject of discourse: Morning, "The Elements of the Christian Life;" evening, "The Constitution of the Divine Kingdom." Z. A. Harris, minister.

Third Presbyterian church, corner Calhoun and Holman streets, Rev. J. A. P McGaw, pastor.—Subject of morning sermon, "Conditions of the Spiritual Harvest." Evening, "The World in A. D. 1, and in A. D. 1899."

Grace Reformed Church, A. K. Zartman, pastor.—New Year's sermon tomorrow morning at 10:30. Song and consecration service at 7:30. Brief address by the pastor. Topic, "The Angel Presence." Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

"Volunteers of America," Ballington Booth, commander-in-chief; Captain B. Scott, local officer in charge; armory, 328 Calhoun street. Sunday evening at 7:30 Gospel and testimony meeting. Captain Scott will speak, subject, "The Greatest Deceiver in Fort Wayne."

Simpson M. E. church, Sabbath school, 9:30; men's history class at the same hour, subject, "Joan of Arc;" sermon 10:30, Junior League, 3:30; Senior League, 6:30; sermon at 7:30. With the evening services the revival meeting will begin. T. J. Johnson, pastor.

Bethel Church of the Evangelical association, corner DeWald and Clinton streets—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; English preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by the presiding elder, Rev. D. S. Oaks. Communion services will follow the 10:30 a. m. sermon. Young People's Alliance at 6:45 p. m. J. F. Bockman, pastor.

St. Paul M. E. church, Rev. M. C. Cooper, pastor. Services tomorrow as follows: Class meeting at 9:30 o'clock; preaching at 10:30 by the pastor; Children's meeting at 2:15; Sunday school at 3 o'clock. Epworth league meeting at 6:30, and a general revival service at 7:30. The pastor's subject will be: "The Valley of Dry Bones."

Services at Wayne Street Methodist Episcopal church tomorrow, conducted by the pastor: Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., missionary day; 10:30 a. m., sermon, subject appropriate to New Years day; also reception of members; 12 m., classes; 3 p. m., Junior League; 6:30 p. m., Epworth League; 7:30 sermon, evangelistic service following.

Trinity M. E. church, corner Fourth and Cass streets.—The pastor, Sherman Powell, will begin a series of revival meetings, which will continue indefinitely. At 10:30 the subject will be "The Wisdom of Soul-winning;" at 7:30, "Pardon and Power." There will be special music at all the services. Sunday school at 9:30; Epworth league at 6:30.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. D. W. Moffat, pastor.—Public worship and preaching at 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning theme, "God's Covenant;" evening theme, "Our Part in the Covenant." Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 6:30 p. m. The Monday meeting of this week of prayer will be at 10 a. m. All the other meetings of the week at 7:30 p. m.

The Berry street M. E. church, corner Harrison street. C. U. Cissell, pastor—Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10:30 a. m.; general Class, 11:45 a. m.; Junior league, 3:30; Epworth league devotional service, 6:30 p. m., led by the pastor. Subject for the morning sermon, "Human Reckoning and Divine Interruption." The evening subject will be, "Truth in the Inward Parts." Special music at each service. The seats are all free.

At the West Jefferson street Church of Christ special New Year's services will be held tomorrow. It will be the beginning of the sixth year of the present pastorate and the morning sermon will be in keeping with the occasion. The evening subject will be: "Some Facts Which Establish the Divinity of Christ." Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E. prayer meeting at 6:15 p. m. Services every evening, except Saturday, next week. P. J. Rice, minister.

Westminster Presbyterian church, Rev. J. L. Leeper, D. D., pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Senior Endeavor, 6:30 p. m.; Sabbath school, 12 m.

Christ Evangelical (English) Lutheran church, corner W. Jefferson and Webster streets—L. J. Motschman, pastor. Sunday school, 9:30 a. m.; preaching, 10:45 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Morning subject, "Jesus First;" evening, "Under the Knife." C. E., at 6:45 p. m.; prayer services and teachers' meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D. D., bishop; Very Rev. John Guendling, V. G., pastor; Rev. J. H. Bathe, chancellor; Rev. M. J. Byrne, associate pastor; Rev. Jno. Durham, assistant—Masses at 6, 8, 9:30 (children's services) and 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m.; vespers at 3 p. m.

St. Patrick's, corner DeWald and Harrison. Rev. Joseph F. Delaney, pastor; Rev. Patrick Crowley, assistant pastor. Sunday services, mass at 7:45 and 10 a. m.; children's mass at 9 a. m.; vespers, 3 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Mary's (German), corner of Lafayette and Jefferson streets. The Rev. John H. Oechtering, pastor; assistant, Rev. Gustave Hettenroth. Sunday services, 8 and 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

St. Paul's (German), corner West Washington and Griffith. Rev. F. J. H. Kroll, pastor. Services 10 a. m. and 2 p. m.

St. Joseph's Chapel (in connection with St. Joseph's hospital). Rev. Thomas Eisenring, C. S. S., chaplain. Sunday services, 8 a. m. and 4 p. m. Weekly services, 8 a. m.

St. Peter's (German), corner East DeWald and Warsaw. Rev. Ferdinand Koenig, pastor. Sunday services, 7:45 and 9:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2 p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

Emanuel Lutheran, West Jefferson street.—Rev. C. Gross and Rev. Philip Wambsganss, Jr., pastors. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. Paul's, on Barr street.—Rev. Jacob Miller, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

Trinity, corner of Huffman and Oakland.—Rev. J. A. Bohn, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.

St. John's Evangelical, corner West Washington and Van Buren. —Rev. Henry P. Dannecker, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m., 2 p. m., (in German), 7:30 p. m. (in English).

German Lutheran Zion's Congregational church, Creighton avenue and Hanna streets.—Rev. Henry Juengel, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sundays.

Grace church (German Evangelical), Gay and Pontiac streets, Rev. Miller, pastor. Sunday services, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

MAKES HIS BOW.

Frank Lumbard Engages in Business With His Father.

Continued Ill Health of F. C. Lumbard Makes the Change Advisable—Has Many Friends.

Beginning next Monday Frank B. Lumbard will be identified with his father's business as a partner and the style of the new firm will be Sidney C. Lumbard & Son. The change was contemplated by Mr. Lumbard, Sr., long ago, and to this end he has had Frank in the office the past five years in training for his business career. The ill health of Mr. Lumbard makes it desirable to form the partnership without further delay.

Frank Lumbard is a bright young man, and received his education in Fort Wayne and at Howe school, Lima, Ind., before that institution became a military academy. He will no doubt receive lots of encouragement from the business community in which his father has been a prominent figure for so many years. The firm has a business of fourteen fire insurance companies besides other lines of insurance.

POLICE COURT.

Only Three Prisoners Arraigned on the Last Day of 1898.

There were only three prisoners in police court this morning to wind up the police record for the year 1898. Rink Mergel was fined $1 and costs for intoxication. He paid the fine.

James Lenard and Robert Urie were two vagrants picked up by Officer Borgman. They had the usual stories to tell, but Mayor Scherer wanted to treat them kindly and sent them over to the hotel de Melching, where they can enjoy a New Year's dinner. They will stay in jail fifteen days.

POSTOFFICE HOURS.

Postmaster Issues His Holiday Announcement for New Year's Monday.

The money order, registry, stamp and general delivery departments will be open till 10 a. m.

The regular morning delivery and collection will be made by carriers.

Collections will be made at 6 and 10 p. m. from the hotels and Calhoun street boxes between the depots.

The outgoing mail service will be as usual.

W. D. Page,
Postmaster.

Cheaply priced, yet a peer at any price is the Packard Piano.

"Our Nation in War."

WANT A CHANGE.

Fee System Condemned by the Trades and Labor Council.

Resolutions Favoring Stated Salaries for Justices of the Peace—New Delegates Seated.

The Trades and Labor Council held a meeting in Machinists' hall last evening. Two new organizations sent in credentials and the delegates were seated. They were the Plasterers' union and the Laundry Workers' union.

Two important new committees were named as follows: Arbitration, F. J. Marx, chairman; Chris Rose, Henry Pook, F. S. Schlink and Thomas Baxter. Legislative committee, C. J. Lose, chairman; Ben Mathy; Theodore Meyer, Perry Stahl and C. E. Thomas.

The report of the executive board, which had been empowered to audit the books of the council for 1898, was accepted. The secretary was instructed to ask for bids on the compilation and printing of the "Blue Book" for 1899.

The matter of establishing a labor league was referred to the organization committee.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED.

The council adopted the following resolutions in favor of placing the justices of the peace on a salary:

"Whereas, It has been publicly proposed that an effort be made to have the forthcoming session of the Indiana legislature so amend the laws of the state as to abolish the present fee system as it prevails in the offices of justices of the peace of this state, and to substitute for said fees a stated salary; and,

"Whereas, The enactment into law of this proposed measure will result in a great needed reform in the administration of justice in these minor courts of law, promote economy, give guarantee of impartial trial, correct numerous prevalent and notorious abuses, put an end to 'drumming up business,' and remove the temptation to many questionable practices: therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the Trades and Labor council of the city of Fort Wayne, that this proposed reform will be a good thing for the public and that it ought to have, and hereby receives the unqualified endorsement of this body; and

"Resolved, That in the opinion of this council there should be allotted to Fort Wayne and Wayne township two justices of the peace and no more, each to receive a suitable salary that shall be sufficient to induce competent and clean men to accept such office; and

"Resolved, That this council herewith petitions the representatives and senators from Allen county in the Indiana legislature, to work for and support such measures as will promote the enactment into law of the reforms set forth in the foregoing preamble and resolution."

The council also declared in favor of the proposed barbers' bill, as follows:

"Whereas, The barbers of the state of Indiana have drafted a bill to license barbers to practice in the state and to make it compulsory for apprentices to work three years at the trade before they can receive such license, and which they are about to bring before the coming session of the state legislature, and,

"Whereas, Such measure will have a tendency to abolish the so-called 'barber schools' that advertise to teach a person the barber trade in from six to eight weeks (which is an impossibility); therefore, be it

"Resolved, By the Trades and Labor council of Fort Wayne, Ind., that we endorse such a measure, and that the secretary of this body be instructed to send copies of this resolution to the senators and representatives of Allen county, requesting them to support the same."

THE CITY'S SHARE.

City Taxes Collected in 1898 Amount to $217,681.70.

County Auditor Moyer has filed with Comptroller Borghoff a statement of city taxes collected by County Treasurer Hunter on the fall installment, the exact amount being $102,620.90. Add to this $115,060.80, the taxes collected in the spring and the total amount of city taxes collected reaches $217,681.70, against $222,846.43 collected in 1897. This is a good showing considering that the tax levy was several cents lower in 1898 than in 1897. The appropriations were made on an estimated collection of $220,000. There will be a neat surplus when the bills for 1898 are paid and several thousand dollars not appropriated will be available for necessary improvements.

"HOGMANAY NIGHT."

Caledonians and Friends Enjoy an Old-Fashioned Scotch Celebration.

The old Scotch holiday, Hogmanay, was celebrated by the Caledonians and their friends last evening at Caledonian hall, the festivities consisting of music, literary exercises and a dance program. "Hogmanay night" has peculiar significance to the Scots. It is the last night of the year and on that night Scots are wont to gather and feast with singing and dancing besides. This year, with New Year's eve on Saturday night the Caledonians decided to celebrate one night earlier that they might not in any way desecrate the Sabbath.

A large crowd attended the festival. An elaborate musical program was given by the Trinity English Lutheran choir, led by Hugh McLetchie. Mr. McLetchie also sang two beautiful solos. Miss Nellie Lawson gave a reading in which she skillfully rendered the parts with a naturalness of the native Scotch language and accent. Her effort was highly creditable and she received deserved applause. After the musical program, a luncheon was served and then the guests joined in the dance, which program consisted of Scotch reels and other movements. The last number was a Highland fling, which George McKenzie and Alex Forbes gave in true Scotch style.

UNDERGROUND WIRES.

Council Committee Will Discuss the Ordinance Next Tuesday Evening.

Chairman Bauer has issued a call for a meeting of the council committee on rules, regulations and ordinances to be held next Tuesday evening. Councilman Polrson's resolution providing for the placing of wires underground on Columbia and Clinton streets will be considered and representatives of the telephone, telegraph and electric light companies have been invited to meet with the committee and present their views on the proposed ordinance.

Cleveland's Baking Powder does the work just right every time.

That's why all the leading Teachers of Cookery use and recommend it.

What infinite care and pride a woman takes in her wedding trousseau. How fine and fit every dainty gown and filmy bit of lingerie must be. But how about herself, her own fine and delicate physical organism? Has this most important of all considerations been neglected? Has she any weakness or ailment which is going to unfit and incapacitate her for happy marriage?

No woman is fit to marry who has any unhealthy condition of the special structure most intimately concerned in wifehood and motherhood. No modest reluctance should prevent her seeking immediate relief from such troubles. There is no need of the mortifying examinations so detestable to sensitive-minded women. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is daily curing thousands of women of these troubles in the privacy of their homes.

The "Favorite Prescription" is the only proprietary remedy of its kind prepared by an educated, authorized physician. There is hardly a case so obstinate that it will not completely and permanently cure.

Mrs. Emma C. Clark, of Redkey, Jay Co., Indiana, in a letter to Dr. Pierce, says: "I can recommend Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription to anyone who suffers with any female disease. When I was in my teens I was always sick. I took your medicines before I was married, and now I am a well person. I am now twenty-three. I have also taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pleasant Pellets,' and can recommend them all."

It is a druggist's business to sell you, not to tell you, what you want.

MOST COLOSSAL SALE OF.....

CLOTHING

IN THE HISTORY OF THE TRADE.

A BONA FIDE FORCED SALE

Of 850 Men's Winter OVERCOATS and ULSTERS to be sold at about

—50 Cents On The Dollar.

We are overstocked in our Overcoat and Ulster department, and make this tremendous sacrifice to turn them into CASH as quickly as possible.

THIS IS POSITIVELY THE GREATEST OVERCOAT OPPORTUNITY

Ever presented to the people of Fort Wayne and Allen County. Our reputation of doing as we advertise is too well known to the purchasing public to require further comment from us.

$3.95. $5.85. $7.95. $11.85. $14.95.

On Table No. 1

Are 215 Men's Heavy Winter Overcoats and Ulsters that sold at $5, $6 and $7. Take your choice of the lot at $3.95

On Table No. 2

Are 235 Overcoats and Ulsters that sold at $7.50 $8.00, $8.50 and $9.00. Take your choice at $5.85

On Table No. 3

Are 205 of the best $10.00, $12.00, $14.00 and some $15.00 Overcoats and Ulsters. Take your pick of any coat in the lot at $7.95

On Table No. 4

Are 185 high grade tailor made Overcoats and Ulsters that sold at $15.00, $16.50 and $18.00. Will sell you choice of any coat in the lot at $11.85

On Table No. 5

Are 120 of the best high grade tailor made Overcoats and Ulsters on earth, consisting of Kerseys, Meltons, Friezes and Chinchillas. Every coat sold heretofore at $20.00, $22.00 and $25.00. To close them quickly, we will sell you choice of the lot at $14.95

All Sales Strictly for Cash.

We will positively not fill any mail orders for Overcoats at these prices. No Overcoats will be sent out on approval during this sale.

COME EARLY AND GET THE BEST SELECTION.

Lehman's

34 & 36 CALHOUN ST.

SOMETHING NEW

5¢

Large package of the world's best cleanser for a nickel. Still greater economy in 4 pound package. All grocers. Made only by

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.

A TEN-CENT CIGAR for a NICKEL. Smoke one and be Convinced.

QUALITY always the BEST and UNIFORM the Year 'Round.

NO EXPERIMENT. Twelve Millions sold annually.

TRADE SUPPLIED BY

UPMANN & WILCOX, CHICAGO.

FOR SALE IN FORT WAYNE BY

C. B. Woodworth & Co. Fort Wayne Club. D. E. Boleis
Fresse & Henke. George Swain Jr. J. F. Getz.
D. G. Klinkerbing. Albert C. Alter.

"77"

Is Dr. Humphrey's Specific for Coughs, Colds, Influenza and

GRIP

Advantages of using "Seventy-seven."

The early use of "77" prevents the Grip.

If you have the Grip and take "77" you won't have Pneumonia. You won't have to stay in bed. You won't have to stay indoors.

If you take "77", and exercise proper care, keep your feet dry, don't stand in the street, keep moving, wear warm clothing and don't get over-tired, you will be able to attend to your duties, keep about your business and not have to lay up.

Always keep a bottle of "77" in your pocket and take frequently.

At druggists or sent prepaid; 25c, 50c & $1.00. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sts., New York. Be sure to get

H-U-M-P-H-R-E-Y-S

THE WARD ALBUMS FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS SOMETHING NEW

M. L. JONES, 52 & 54 CALHOUN ST. FORT WAYNE, IND.

Holiday Comfort

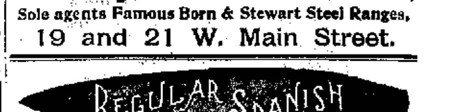
Can be enjoyed when old Boreas is paying his annual visit from Klondike, if you are prepared for him with one of our handsome, cheery Stewart Parlor Stoves. They are not only an ornament, but good company. They are economical in the use of either coal or gas and will keep your rooms cosy and warm when winter winds are most penetrating.

Skates at Cost.

Seavey Hardware Co.,

Sole agents Famous Born & Stewart Steel Ranges,

19 and 21 W. Main Street.



This is the exact size and shape of the Regular Spanish Cigar. The only 10c Cigar that sells for 5c. Made by

Phone 536. KASTEN & KOHLMEYER, 246 Calhoun Street.

Globe

Grand Clearance Sale!

AN ACTUAL

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT...

ON ALL OUR

Men's, Boys' and Children's.....

Suits and Overcoats,

Except Black Clays.

$12—

Given away again this week. The first key that opens the box next Monday gets the money.

GLOBE M. Glauser Key

A REMARKABLE MAN.

"Is a remarkable man?"

"I should say so; I've been with him constantly for the last few weeks and he never attempted to discuss the future of the Philippines."

1840. THE PIONEER. 1898.

A Wonderful Year's Business.

We believe these results have been won through the principles and methods upon which this business is conducted, which principles and methods are being more and more recognized by the great buying public of Fort Wayne. Absolute fairness, utmost confidence, entire satisfaction, absolutely honest advertising, a conspicuous point because uncommon, thoroughly complete stock, polite, intelligent and careful service. A spirit of accomodation, greatest promptness in correcting mistakes, these and many other points all tied together by that perhaps most important factor of all, namely

The Very Low Prices.

MILLER'S FURNITURE STORE,

50 and 52 E. Main Street.

THE SMITH PREMIER

For All Around Work

It is the very Superior Welding Machine.

It Excels in all Desirable Features. It is Simple, Strong and Mechanically Correct—the Most Economical Machine Made.

SEND FOR ART CATALOGUE.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

TYPEWRITERS

116 MONUMENT PLACE, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

HANDS OF GOLD.

Messrs. Cooper and Needham Honored by Shopmen.

Each Carrier in His New House a Fitting Memento of a Pleasant Association.

In the opinion of the Wabash shopmen nothing is too good for the retiring foreman, W. S. Cooper and E. F. Needham, and this sentiment was beautifully illustrated last evening and this morning, when each of those gentlemen was presented with a handsome and costly ring. Both affairs were billed for last night, but owing to the late arrival of the jewel intended for Mr. Cooper, its presentation was not accomplished until this morning, when it took place at the shop during working hours and was, therefore, of a quiet and informal nature. This ring was a beautiful one, with a large sapphire set.

The other presentation occurred at the boarding house of the recipient, at 106 Fairfield avenue, where Mr. Needham was surrounded by the entire force of the boiler shop before he had an inkling of what was going on. John Seabold spoke in behalf of the men. Mr. Needham was also the recipient of a box of cigars. Mr. Needham's ring is emblematic of the 32nd degree Masons, with diamond settings, and is one of the prettiest and most costly of its kind ever brought to the city.

Messrs. Cooper and Needham will leave on the 8 o'clock train this evening for Springfield, where they will immediately take up their respective duties under Master Mechanic C. H. Doebler.

Mr. Passino Promoted.

A. J. Passino, who has been in the office of Superintendent of Motive Power Potter for several years, has accepted a responsible position in the auditing department of the Pennsylvania company and will go to Pittsburg in a few days to assume the duties of the position. This change is in the line of promotion, Mr. Passino's capabilities having attracted the attention of the high officials. He is a popular young man and his friends will be pleased to hear of his advancement.

Blacksmith Hurt.

Michael Collins, a blacksmith at the Huss works, came near having a leg broken this morning. As it is, he is badly bruised about the hips and legs and will be unable to work for some time. With others, Mr. Collins was engaged in forging a large engine connecting rod under one of the big steam hammers, when the piece was thrown around, the handles of the tongs striking him with the result mentioned. The unfortunate man was carried to Dr. Kesler's office, where after an examination of his injuries, he was taken to his home.

Big Deal in Scrap Iron.

One of the largest deals that was ever made for the sale of railway scrap iron has just been consummated by C. J. Kane, of Pittsburg, and Harry Benjamin, of Cincinnati, for the Benjamin Iron and Steel company, of Buffalo, the Block-Pollock company, of Cincinnati and Chicago, and the Jackson-Woodin Manufacturing company, of Berwick, Pa. The deal includes 15,000 freight cars from the Central railroad of New Jersey and 20,000 tons of scrap metal, including 400,000 pounds of brass.

Important Suit Filed.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 31.—An important suit has been started in the circuit court of this city, which, if the plaintiff is successful, will make every local railroad ticket agent the agent of every railroad in the United States. Edward P. Brockway some time ago purchased from the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad company, through the city passenger agent of the Missouri Valley, a ticket entitling him to transportation over the Chicago and Northwestern and various railways to a point in the south on the Savannah, Florida and Western railroad. Brockway sues for the loss of a trunk and, inasmuch as the ticket was purchased in this city, the action was commenced here. Judge Johnson today issued an order on Mr. Brockway to show cause why service against Mr. Survoley should not be dismissed.

The First Iron Girder Railway Bridge.

It is not generally known, says the Indianapolis Journal, but the the first iron girder bridge for railways in the west was designed by Joshua Staples when chief engineer of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis road. This was in 1862. The bridges were constructed at Cincinnati and within the past twelve months have been taken out, the engineering department not daring to trust them any longer, so great has been the increase in freight traffic and so much heavier trains are now hauled.

Missouri Pacific Disposes of Some Property.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 31.—A special to the Star from Atchison, Kas., says:

It is stated that the central branch lines west of Waterville will, in a few weeks, pass out of the control of the Missouri Pacific. The central branch running from Waterville to Lenora is owned principally by Boston capitalists except some extensions made by the Missouri Pacific. The Pacific has for some time, it is said, been making negotiations for the purchase of the entire road, but it is now given out that no terms could be agreed upon. The Missouri Pacific recently purchased the branch from Atchison to Waterville. It is said that the lines west of Waterville will be operated by the Boston capitalists as a separate organization or sold to some other road.

A Record Breaker.

The year 1898 was a record breaker in the number of engines repaired and turned out of the Fort Wayne shops of the Pennsylvania company and in the matter of earnings of mechanics. December leads. During the month closing today nearly all of the machinists have placed over 300 working hours to their credit, making the daily average about twelve hours. The benefits of this industry will be far reaching, the entire community coming in for a share in a more or less direct manner. The engines turned out during the week closing today were Nos. 338, 291 and 325, and those taken in for repairs Nos. 323, 341 and 107. Notice has been received also at the shops that several engines from the eastern division can be expected next week.

WHOLESOME NEW YEAR'S DAY.

As usual, New Year's day will be observed by a general suspension of operations in the railway and manufacturing establishments of the city next Monday. Only sufficient forces to do light work in the round houses will be on duty in the railway shops and at the other establishments all the machinery will be shut down.

Preparing to Place Orders for Cars.

NEW YORK, Dec. 31.—The Northern Pacific railroad company has placed orders for ten postal cars and 500 flat cars. The company is also asking for bids for twenty first class coaches. The Pullman City, Pittsburg and Gulf will receive bids for fifty furniture cars. It is understood that the company will order more freight equipment. The Rio Grande Western will, it is reported, order during the coming year 1,000 stock cars. It is reported that the Columbus, Sandusky and Hocking Valley has let contract for 200 freight cars. The Brainerd and Northern Minnesota is reported to be in the market for fifty to seventy-five cars for carrying stone and lumber. The Wabash is reported to be preparing an order for several hundred freight cars.

Fastest Train in the World.

Tomorrow the fastest train in the world, distance considered, will be placed into service by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern road. It will reduce the time between Buffalo and Chicago from fifteen hours and twenty-five minutes to thirteen hours and fifteen minutes, a reduction of two hours and ten minutes. By this route the total reduction in time between New York and San Francisco over the present schedule is a little over thirteen hours.

Preparing for Reorganization.

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 31.—At a meeting here yesterday afternoon of the directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern railroad, the plan of reorganization of this system, in connection with the reorganization of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which failed in the dispatches of the Associated Press last night from Baltimore was unanimously adopted but owing to the fact that General Counsel Harmon had further papers to prepare before any legal proceedings could be taken, nothing was given out regarding the proposed receivership. It is thought that this matter will be concluded at the meeting today. Secretary Bruce did not resign as had been reported. Receiver Oscar M. Murray, of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, was in Cincinnati at the meeting and will remain with the officers and directors until all the plans for the reorganization are completed. The plan of reorganization includes provision for $5,000,000 for improvements, cutting down grades, equipment, etc., on the Southwestern system, which extends from St. Louis, through Louisville and Cincinnati, to Parkersburg, W. Va.

Personal and General.

C. Auman, of the Pittsburg planing mills, is sick.

Andy Kochheiser, a Pennsylvania car inspector, is sick.

The annual inventory at the factory of Rhinesmith & Simonson is in progress.

Two of the large 125 arc light dynamos, making a complete car load, left the electric works this morning for Camden, N. J.

Machinists James Olivo, jr., and Lou Wolford, of the Wabash shops, will be the guest of friends in Fort tomorrow and Monday.

Louis Groman, of the Pittsburg planing mills, went out to the old homestead this morning to spend the new year with the folks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Henderson have gone to Colburn, Ind., to spend the New Year holiday. Mr. Henderson is employed in the Wabash shops.

Incoming cars from the south, on the Grand Rapids road, bear evidence of the heavy snow storm that prevailed in the vicinity of Richmond last night.

P. G. Conrade, of the Pittsburg planing mills, is off duty on account of the death of his brother-in-law, Charlie Sohl, notice of which is published in another column.

Dr. A. J. Kesler, who is attending Engineer Thomas Drake, reports his patient to be resting a little easier today. He is, however, a very sick man.

On Monday the general officers of the Wabash will occupy their new rooms in the Lincoln Trust building at St. Louis, corner of Seventh and Chestnut streets.

The Wabash and the Peoria and Eastern have arranged to put in an interlocking plant at Mansfield, where the roads cross. The plant will have fifteen levers.

Andy Koons, of the Pittsburg paint shop, is quite poorly, being affected with a malady that threatens to develop into pneumonia unless relief is speedily forthcoming.

Western agents of the Pennsylvania lines were yesterday notified that the embargo on wheat and corn at Baltimore had been raised and shipments may now be sent forward.

The men who compose the committee of railroad employes selected to look after matters at Indianapolis next week will meet at the Order of Railway Conductors' hall tonight, at 7 o'clock.

All doubts regarding the Illinois Central extending its line to Omaha are now removed, the company having purchased ground in that city on which to establish yards and erect freight depots.

General Manager Stevens, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, has issued an order that any employe detected entering a saloon will be discharged; also, a gratuitous of any employe's wages by a saloonkeeper will result in his dismissal.

Citizens of Frankfort are urging Receiver Hunt, of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City, to carry out the promises of R. B. F. Pierce, the info receiver, and erect a new passenger station at that place, the business of the place justifying such an outlay.

Blacksmith James Trythall has returned from Bethlehem, Pa., where he was his brother's guest on Christmas. Mr. Trythall, while in that city, visited the great Bethlehem foundry and witnessed the men at work upon mammoth guns for the government.

In buying a Packard Piano you help your neighbor as well as yourself.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

Pennsylvania Lines West of Pittsburg.

December 30th, 31st, 1898, January 1st and 2d, 1899; return limit January 3d, inclusive. Get details from nearest Pennsylvania line ticket agent. 27,29,31

No time or money is spared in building the Packard Piano.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY.

Had Fifteen Sisters and a Perfect Right to Them.

The lad was only about four feet high, but he had a complete cap and a pair of rawhide boots which looked as if they had been made to order for a giant. The man who was touring through that neighborhood, on government business in a buggy, stopped his horse at the lad long enough to make some inquiries as to the roads. He intended the conversation with the astonishing inquiry:

"What is your name, my little man?"

The boy looked up at him with stern gravity and answered:

"Dr. Hawkins."

"Why—how long have you been a doctor?"

After some moments of mental calculation the boy replied:

"About 11 years."

"Are you the head of the family?"

"No. I reckon you'd call General Hawkins the head of the family. He is the oldest sister in the gang. Though Baron, Hawkins—he's the brother between general and me—helps a lot. He's mighty good to mave, Baron is."

"You have my more distinguished people in your family?" said the astonished stranger.

"Well, I dunno as they're so mighty distinguished. Ma thinks Admiral Hawkins and Professor Hawkins in the home now."

"They—they are spending a little time at home, are they?"

"Yep. They've got to. They ain't big enough to go to work yet. Admiral's only a year old, and Professor is just cutting his teeth."

"What's your father's name?"

"Pa? His name's Ma. You see, he loved his sweet gain to 24. He hopes to get through life without the odium of had been deprived of Hiself. But at the same time he wasn't goin to give up an money to the colleges. So he took Ma up for the school, and gave us our names when we was baptized, which I reckon is about as binding and lawful as anything you could do up. Pa's whole idea in marriage prominated pain in the whole country, pace is."—Washington Star.

NOTES OF WOMEN'S WORK.

Mrs. Ina E. Lutz, a native of Minnesota, started and is successfully managing a large electrical plant at Long Beach, Cal.

Mrs. Harry M. Trent, a resident of New York city, aided her husband recently in discovering a valuable gold mine in British Columbia.

Mrs. Francesca Hesher, daughter of a wealthy Berlin architect, though but 17 years of age, has been married a year, traveled all over the world, and is now studying law in the University of New York.

The Countess of Minto, wife of the new governor general of Canada, gives promise of being extremely popular in her Canadian home. She is beautiful, has charming manners, is an accomplished artist and is fond of outdoor sports.

Matrimonial Item.

"Maud says she would be willing to marry if the proper man came along."

"Ah! I guess he would not have to be any too proper at that."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Distant Future.

"Little Dick cried when he wore his new shoes."

"Don't they fit?"

"Yes, but they don't squeak."—Chicago Record.

A STORY OF ALBANI.

HOW THE GREAT DIVA REMEMBERED THE POOR CHAMBLY FOLKS.

When She Appeared in Montreal, She Sent for the Humble Friends of Her Childhood and Sang Them an Old Chanson.

(Copyright, 1898, by American Press Association.)

There is no singer on the operatic stage who has more endeared herself in the hearts of her audiences than has Mme. Albani. We know many divas, but Albani is the best beloved of them all. She has the mysterious faculty of winning the love of every man, woman and child who hears her.

Every one who has listened to that wonderful voice, even in such simple little ballads as "Comin Thro' the Rye," "Robin Adair," "The Lass o' Gowrie" and "Home, Sweet Home," has in some way felt that the golden voiced Albani is not only a woman with a throat, but also a woman with a heart.

Many stories are told of the good heartedness of the Canadian diva—how she sang for the New York newsboys at their Christmas dinner till the tears ran down their freckled little faces and how she is always ready to lend her wonderful voice for any charitable purpose—but the following experiences in the life of Mme. Albani is not, I think, generally known.

Forty years ago this great woman, who has sung for Queen Victoria and the czar of all the Russias, was a little brown haired Canadian child, in the tiny canton of Chambly, on the St. Lawrence river. She was then known as Emma Lajeunesse. Her father was the village fiddler—for every French-Canadian village must have its fiddler—and also a struggling music teacher of small income and large family. At the age of 7 this little Chambly girl was already the wonder of her native village. Before she could talk distinctly in the archaic Bourbon dialect, which spoken in Quebec, she could recite any air or chanson she had once heard.

She went about carolling "Sur Le Pont d'Avignon" and other French-Canadian folk songs. M. Lajeunesse pere being in the habit of saying:

"Bring along the hundred pieces of music you can find, and my little girl will read them at sight."

In the village schoolyard the little Albani used to hold juvenile open air recitals, leading her playmates in lot-

MME. ALBANI.

lads and improvised statuettes. When not 8 years old, she was taken to the Sacre Coeur convent in Montreal, and when not 10 was studying in Paris and a year later in Milan.

But Albani never forgot Chambly, the river bend and ever remembered Chambly for her childhood. She adores the famous diva and petted singer of three imperial courts made an engagement to appear at the Windsor hall in Montreal the stipulated that a number of the most prominent seats in the house should be saved for her.

Mme. Albani then sent an invitation to Harold people, I believe, to her friends the lad known in her Canadian girlhood, asking them to come to the great concert, that she might sing to them all again "for the old sake's sake."

The message of the famous singer caused a great stir in the quiet little canton, and much discussion took place over the cotton spinning wheels and over "whisky blanc" in the village inn. Has her clothes worn a rarity in Chambly, and even vaguely felt that it would not be right to appear in the big city and before such a great personage in their plain homespun.

It was finally decided that Antoine and Jeremie Bouffe, the fortunate owners of black coats that had come down to them through generations and might any stalwart inveterate of a Bourbon salon, should represent the canton and go up to the city and hear their Albani sing.

Mme. Albani had never sung as she sang that night in the Windsor hall, surrounded by an audience of her own countrymen, who applauded again and again as the programme went on.

Then Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home." A hush fell on the house, and the singer, barely 24 years old, into which Albani above all others can fling such soul and tenderness, touched the heart of every one of her hearers.

As the last beautiful notes died away distinct sobs were heard throughout the huge hall. Two strange figures, in faded black coats of a quaint, old world cut, sat in their rude wooden benches in front. All eyes were turned toward the curious couple.

The whisper went around that they were from Chambly, the applause grew rate and clamor and applauded and flung flowers and cheered again as a Montreal audience had never done before. It had been a long pilgrimage, but Mme. Albani came out again and with tears in her eyes sang her old Chambly song of "Sur Le Pont d'Avignon." Never, I believe, did Albani sing with more feeling.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

GOT A LESSON IN SPANISH.

Chicago Student Who Has Mastered the Mystery of the "J."

One of the students of the University of Chicago went to a restaurant on Jackson street a few days ago with two friends who had fought with the First regiment at Santiago. Naturally they talked of the war, and although the student showed considerable knowledge of the campaign, his pronunciation of Spanish proper names was laid. Hence, when he gave the Spanish "J" its English sound.

His companions, who were better posted on the Castilian tongue, stood it as long as they could, and finally one of them said: "See here, if you want to talk war with us you must pronounce those Spanish words as they should be. Say 'San Juan' and 'Guadalupe,' and remember that 'Hunta' is proper. Don't give the words the 'J' sound. There is no 'J.' It's pronounced 'H' always."

"Why, I'm right," returned the scorned student, with a sneer of sarcasm. "I suppose your name is 'Hohn,' not 'John,' as it used to be before you went to Cuba, and perhaps you wear ties to tell people that this restaurant is on 'Hackson' street."

The derisive laugh that followed so

WANTED.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. 1317 Fairfield avenue.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. 1317 Fairfield avenue.

WANTED—Boy to deliver goods and do chores. Apply at Fred Zinn's, 1317 Fairfield avenue.

WANTED—Boy to deliver goods and do chores. Apply at Fred Zinn's, 1317 Fairfield avenue.

WANTED—Immediately, two good girls for general housework. Good wages. Mrs. Arnold, Spy Run avenue.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework in small family. Inquire at 1317 Fairfield avenue.

WANTED—Intelligent young lady to assist in light housework and occasionally take care of children. Address, Lock Box 1, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANTED—Two good girls for general housework. Good wages. Mrs. Jacob Tresselt, 1317 Fairfield avenue.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Mrs. Ed. Bloom, 1317 Fairfield avenue.

WANTED—Male help in our general business. Permanent position. Salary or commission, without money. Illustrated confidential information free. Address, Manager, Chicago Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Downstairs 3 Harrison street. Inquire L. B. Fields & Son, 62 West Main street.

FOR RENT—Partially furnished rooms, at 29 West Main street. Call any evening. Will rent cheap.

FOR RENT—Flats in all parts of the city. Also a few houses. Call at office, Room 3, Arcade, upstairs.

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping, reasonable price. Address, 12, Sentinel.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, suitable for light housekeeping. Address, 12, Sentinel office.

FOR RENT—Lodge rooms, each Wednesday evening, No. 127 and 129 Calhoun street, old Sentinel building. Inquire, D. Lichtenstein, West Main street.

FOR RENT—Seven-room brick house, two blocks from school building on Wells street. Inquire home on Wells or at Lindemann & Hamon's, Hardware.

FOR RENT—By the Week, Month or Year. Furnished rooms, with bath. Rates reasonable. Call at 1317 Fairfield avenue.

FOR RENT—Two nicely furnished rooms, with bath. Rates reasonable. Call at 1317 Fairfield avenue.

FOR RENT—Two rooms in rear of 1317 Fairfield avenue.

FOR RENT—Two rooms in rear of 1317 Fairfield avenue.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Two-ton Fairbanks scale, almost new. Inquire at 1317 Fairfield avenue.

FOR SALE—New Steam turbine, Wm. Tod's latest street; $2.00, if sold at once. W. F. Bond.

FOR SALE—Two houses on Lafayette street, a great bargain; water and gas in both. Call on Geo. Schmitz.

FOR SALE—Fine Jersey cow, fresh and gentle; leaves 3 Arcade, upstairs.

FOR SALE—Kochel piano, 4 disc Regina, $25. 27 East Jefferson St., may be seen after 6 o'clock. W. F. Bond.

FOR SALE—Kochel piano, $100, as good as new; Regina, $50. 27 East Jefferson St., may be seen after 6 o'clock. W. F. Bond.

FOR SALE—I will sell for a short time only my entire stock hammer hardware at cost; reason for selling, I intend to engage in other business. Address, care Sentinel.

FOR SALE—New Fronts, doors, with bath fixtures and furnace, hot water heating, central location, $2,000. W. F. Bond, Gen. Ins. Agent, Insurance Building.

FOR SALE—One choice brindle cow, shortly will calf for $20 if taken at once. W. F. Bond.

FOR SALE—Dog and a half setter, lately taken from a residence, very expensive, fine, small collar, very gentle. W. F. Bond.

FOR SALE—Five lots in a desirable location, two and two fence. Price, $1,200. Bond at Wagner.

FOR SALE—Good farm, well improved, one mile east of Maples; $35 per acre, would take small property with it. Bond, Wagner.

FOR SALE—Spring room house, South Calhoun street, well and cistern in yard, lot 50 feet front by business building; will sell either. W. F. Bond.

FOR SALE—Two lots on Brackenridge, Clinton by Congress, Indian Island can be sold in 5 lots. To look and bid on adjacent. W. F. Bond.

FOR SALE—2 lots, south frontage, in Lincoln Calhoun addition, Bond at Wagner.

FOR SALE—Fifteen building city—Two houses, corner lot, sold cheap; cost $1,600, sell for $1,000. Inf. Ed. Bond at Wagner, 23 Court St.

FOR SALE—New Fronts, doors and bath fixtures, complete, ready to put in place, $20. W. F. Bond, 23 Court St.

FOR SALE—Fort Wayne of 1812 Improved map, closer lot, $1.00, mailing tube, 15c. Bond at Wagner, 23 Court St.

FOR SALE—Fort Wayne of 1812 Improved map, closer lot, $1.00, mailing tube, 15c. Bond at Wagner, 23 Court St.

FOR SALE—Cheap for St. Mary's school neighborhood, Hanna St., 50x150 ft. Bond, Wagner, 23 Court St.

FOR SALE—Corner lot St. Mary's school neighborhood, Hanna St., 50x150 ft. Bond, Wagner, 23 Court St.

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REAL ESTATE BARGAINS—Cheap cottage, one and one half story, 4 rooms, cistern, well and one half lots, fence, fruit trees, in all works of nature, $1,000. Bond at Wagner, 23 Court St. Money to loan on good mortgages. Bond at Wagner, Room 23, Bank Block.

STRAYED.

STRAYED OR STOLEN—A black and white spotted pointer dog, with a small piece of tail; answers to the name of Jerry. Finder will be rewarded by returning the dog to 1317 Fairfield avenue.

LOST.

LOST—A gold watch chain, slide and locket, between Wallace and Fairfield avenue, or corner of Lafayette and Washington streets. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to 1317 Fairfield avenue.

Money to Loan.

AMERICAN INVESTMENT CO., advances $100 to $5,000 on salaries, people in good standing can borrow at lowest rates. Loans payable in 10 months, 20 months, 1 year. Office in State Building, over Hildebrandt Drug Store. Open Evenings from 7:00 to 8 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL

DOCTOR MARY WHERRY,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office and Residence, 1317 Fairfield Street. Specialty—Diseases of Women. Telephone 13. Office hours 9 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. and 7 to 8 p. m.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the matter of the estate of Mary E. Stevens, deceased. Peterson Dwyer is the administrator of said estate, given that by virtue of an order of the Allen Circuit Court, I will offer at public sale, at the residence of Mary E. Stevens, deceased, in Allen county, Indiana, on the 23 day of January, 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, the following described real estate, to wit: Lot No. 3 in Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the east side of Lafayette, between Jefferson and Washington streets, in the city of Fort Wayne.

Terms: One-half cash in hand on the day of sale, the balance in one year, with interest, bearing 6 per cent per annum, with a mortgage on the premises to secure the payment of the same. Sale subject to the approval of the court. Sale will be made on the premises.

S. M. Hunt, Attorney for Estate.

J. P. ZIMMERLY & CO.,

Practical Plumbers,

Gas and Steam Fitters,

NO 14 CALHOUN STREET.

IMPERIAL

BAKING POWDER

FOR YOUR HEARTH'S SAKE

HIGH GRADE REASONABLE PRICE

MEYER BROS. & CO. FORT WAYNE, IND.

FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

Saturday, December 31.

Charles Frohman Presents

JULIA MARLOWE

In Her Novel Success

THE CONTESS VALESKA.

A Romantic Drama of the Napoleon Era.

Prices—Lower floor, $1.50; Balcony, $1.00.

Sale of seats Wednesday, December 28.

Positively no Free List.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MONDAY, Jan. 2, 1899.

New Year's Matinee and Night.

HOYT'S "A Milk White Flag."

Many Mirthful and original song, dance and specialty features.

Evening Prices—25, 35 and 50.

Masonic Temple Extra.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 4.

The Popular Comedian

BOSTONIANS.

Presenting Herbert's Opera,

"THE SERENADE."

Prices—Lower Floor, $1.50 and $1.00; Balcony, $1.00.

Sale of seats Monday, Jan. 2.

10% DISCOUNT

ON CAMPBAG and BILLIARD

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

M. L. JONES

F. M. SMITH & CO.,

Will save you money on .....

Barney & Berry Ice Skates, Pocket Cutlery, Table Cutlery, Razors and Strops, Shears and Scissors.

F. M. SMITH & CO.,

22 Calhoun St.

BOWMAN & SON,

No. 34 MAIDEN LANE,

In the place to get your

Machine Repairing Done,

Saws Hammered, Gummed, Filed and Set, and ALL edge tools sharpened.

We are agents for the best Gas or Gasoline Engine on the market, which are strictly business engines. No trappy devices about them.

Prices as low as the lowest. 202m

A Nice Holiday Gift

Is a set of our

Fine Harness

Or one of our splendid

Robes, Whips, Blankets,

All at Special Low Holiday Prices.

Geo. H. Kuntz,

11 Harrison Street.

When in Need of

Coal, Wood or Kindling

You will find it to your interest to call or telephone

G. H. KRUDOP,

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Both Telephones 135.

Prompt delivery one of our special. 18m

BLACKSMITH COAL.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

17 West Wayne Street.

ICE SKATES!

ICE SKATES!

FROM THE CHEAPEST TO THE FINEST

AT

PFEIFFER & SCHLATTER,

38 and 40 E. Columbia St.

When on the way to the Lake Side Park, Don't forget the SKATES at

Pfeiffer & Schlatter

38 and 40 E. Columbia.

Just Wait

And be on the Watch for the Notice of Our

Great January Sale!

Due Notice of the Opening Will Soon be Given.

This Coming Sale

Will eclipse any sale ever held in this city
In its immensity,
In the class of its offerings,
In its extremely low prices,
In its general character.

Watch For This Sale.

Save Your Pennies.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS

ARE NOW IN ORDER.

Beautiful novelties around the store suitable.
1-4 off on all Chinaware.
1-4 off on all Cut Glass.
1-4 off on all Bric-a-brac.
1-4 off on all Fancy Novelties.

We show for evening wear, a fine line of Ladies Glace Kid gloves in elbow and full arm lenght, showing all the new dainty shades and white.

NECKWEAR FOR MEN.

A new line for street and evening wear in all the new shaps, some beauties not seen elsewhere. Price 25c to $1.50 each.

FOR EVENING WEAR.

Pretty things by the yard in nets, plain figured and dots.

Liberty silks, mous-d-sole some in pretty stripes, all in light and dark grounds.

Figured grenadines, the new evening dress to be made over colors.

Full fronts of mous-d-sole and liberty silks etc.

We are entering so many visiting cards for January delivery. We would urge the necessity of giving orders at once. No disappointment can then occur. 100 fine cards, name and plate for $1.00.

Rurode Dry Goods Co.

EBERSOLE PIANOS

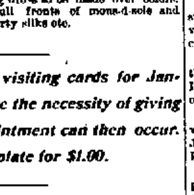
Have no equal in tone.

FRANK BI LONG,
110 Calhoun Street.

MONEY!

Can be saved to no better advantage than by dealing it with the ALLEN COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION, 21 East Berry Street. Any number of shares can be taken at any time. Six per cent. interest is paid on all shares of stock. No fees to investors. Money to Loan for any Purpose.

ASK THEM....



We spare no time or trouble in operating, nor expense in providing the best materials and facilities to make our dental work give the most lasting value and durable satisfaction. This is firmly established in the friendship of all who have ever been our patients. Ask them and they will freely recommend that you come here.

That is the best evidence of satisfaction that goodness of work and fairness of charges can give.

U. S. DENTAL PARLORS,
46 CALHOUN ST.
DRS. J. A. & J. W. WILLIAMS Mgrs.

Manicure Sets,
Comb and Brush Sets.
Tortoise Shell Combs.
Toilet Novelties in Sterling Silver.
All popular Brands of
Fine Perfumes

MISS E. C. RODENBECK,
NEW YORK HAIR BAZAAR,
124 Calhoun Street.

)—ALL OUR—(

Winter Underwear

)—GOES AT—(

Actual Cost.

WM. MEYER & BRO.,
80 and 89½ Calhoun St.

LOANS TO

Salaried People

(Ladies' or Gentlemen) on their own names.

ROOM 3, ARCADE. UPSTAIRS.

OUR BUSINESS KODAK CAMERAS

Dress Suits!

We have just received another shipment of Fine Worsted, Crepe, Vicunas and unfinished Worsteds for

FULL DRESS SUITINGS.

No gentleman should be without one when you can have them made here in the very best manner and lined throughout with the best of silk, at

$35, $40 and $45.

I. MAUTNER & CO.,

Until March 1st our store closes at 6 p. m.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

OUR TELEPHONES.

Business Office - - - - - - - No. 179.
Editorial Rooms - - - - - - - No. 060

The Weather.

CHICAGO, Dec. 31.—For Indiana: Fair and continued cold tonight and Sunday, with colder in south and central portions tonight; brisk southerly winds.

NEWS NOTES.

Prof. W. E. Clapham will return to Bloomington Sunday.

Miss Olga Anderson will give a pedro party at her home this evening.

J. H. Coolman, of Covina, Cal., is visiting friends and relatives in this city.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. George Burclard, of Fairfield avenue, a daughter.

Adolph Folger, of Huntington, is visiting Fort Wayne relatives for a few days.

A case of diphtheria is reported in the family of Peter Gnau, No. 13 Force street.

Miss Anna Robertson gave an informal reception today in honor of Miss Huberly.

Mr. and Mrs. Gust Muhlenbruch are having as their guest Miss Laura Pio, of Indianapolis.

Miss Mollie Motherwell was this week the guest of Miss Mollie Ulerich in Columbia City.

Mrs. John Aiken, Mrs. Wallace Beard and Mrs. P. Dickinson returned today from a visit at Scott, Ohio.

Frank Cragg will return to Connersville, Ind., after spending a week with his parents on Taber street.

Mrs. C. L. Drummond and children returned at noon from a week's visit with relatives in Huntington.

Miss Nellie Palmer, of 63 Pontiac street, has returned from a pleasant visit with her grandfather in the country.

Dr. Merz and wife will entertain the passive members of Emmanuel's Lutheran church next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Louis Greibel, of this city, was yesterday the guest of Mrs. Jennie Goodwin and daughters, of Kendallville.

Mrs. J. C. Ledyard, a niece of President Ledyard, of the Michigan Central, is in the city to take medical treatment.

Mrs. Rollin Sabler, of Cleveland, who was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Andrews, of Barr street, has returned home.

Miss Edith Varnelle entertained a few friends at cards yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Edna Munson, of Chicago.

Mrs. L. S. Lytle and daughter, of Delphos, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs J. T. Ferguson, of No. 5 North Calhoun street.

Master Van B. Rogers, son of D. A. Rogers, has gone to Huntington to spend New Year's with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Rogers.

Mesdames William Stranbeck, George Schaefer and George Pontius and Miss Zadie Wallace, of Columbia City, are visiting Fort Wayne friends.

Marshall and Frances Winegardner have returned to Columbia City, after a pleasant visit in Fort Wayne with their sister, Maud, and Miss Lola Foster.

Miss Myrtle Stahl, one of the night operators at the central exchange of the Home Telephone company, is confined to her home by an attack of lung fever.

C. K. Parks, travelling salesman for the Eclipse Novelty company, who has been spending a brief vacation here, left yesterday for Michigan to resume his duties.

Mrs. I. P. Shook, of Napoleon, Ohio, who had been visiting relatives in this city for a few days, left early this morning on the Nickel Plate for Buckingham, Ill., to visit her sister.

Ronald Smith, of Sioux City, Iowa, son of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Smith, former residents of this city, arrived in the city yesterday, and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Williams for a few days.

G. F. Miller, clerk at the Dreier Bros. drug store, who has been confined at St. Joseph hospital with typhoid fever for the past two months, was able to be out of bed for the first time yesterday.

Miss Knight entertained a small company at cards yesterday afternoon in compliment to visiting young ladies in the city. Miss Avery, of Chicago; Miss Buehler and Miss Burnham, of Evanston, were among the guests.

Mrs. Willis Hattersley, assisted by Mesdames John Heller, C. E. Read, George Loesch and George Bolott last evening entertained the members of the Southside Pedro club and their husbands. Five prizes were given. About forty guests were present.

Miss Adah Higgins last evening gave an informal reception to the younger set of society girls and boys. The party was given in honor of Fred Ward, of Richmond, Ind. Miss Laura Fee assisted with Miss Higgins. Mrs. Alex White assisted in the dining room and was assisted by Miss Alice Foster and Miss Katherine Walton. The decorations were pink and white.

MONEY TO LOAN
On real estate or personal security. C F PFEIFFER, Rooms 6-7 Bass Blk. 2tf

There appears in this issue a notice of the change in the time card of the Wabash railway.

Lola Foster, of 19 Lavina street, is visiting in Columbia City.

Mrs. O. W. Whitelock, of Huntington, visited Fort Wayne yesterday.

John Bodenhafer, of Kendallville, was in Fort Wayne yesterday on business.

Mrs. L. C. Hunter and children have gone to Huntertown to spend New Year's.

Leslie Marcey, of the Marcey Manufacturing company, Bluffton, is in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Lela Purdy, of Albion, spent the holidays with Fort Wayne friends.

Miss Ocee Kane, of South Whitley, Ind., is visiting Mrs. J. H. Foster, of 19 Lavina street.

Mr. and Mrs. Gale Perry entertained very pleasantly last evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wells.

Mrs J. A. Boyd has returned from Huntington, where for several days she has been the guest of friends.

Mrs. C. J. Moore and son, William, returned yesterday from a visit with Mrs. B. R. Barricks in Huntington.

Charles Breckenridge, jr., has accepted a position in the office of the new insurance firm of Sidney C. Lombard & Son.

Misses Anna and Helen Miller, of Decatur, Ind., are the guests of Misses Kittie and Blanche Gaffney, of 12 West Williams street.

Edward H. Forry, of Indianapolis, left for home Friday evening, after having adjusted the loss of the F. M. Smaltz fire, on Christmas day.

Mrs. John Beck and sons, Claude and Clement, of Wabash, arrived in Fort Wayne yesterday and will make an extended visit with friends.

Beginning tomorrow night there will be a series of revival services at Calvary U. B. church, under the direction of the pastor, Rev. J. W. Lake.

Little Evelyn Meyer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Meyer, celebrated her eighth birthday yesterday by giving a party to a number of little friends.

Miss Frankie Dalton, of Colerick street, will entertain the members of the E. B. B. club and their gentlemen friends this evening with a progressive pedro party.

Among the guest at the Wayne: A. M. Stewart, F. F. Whitley, St. Louis; Eugene Valet, Muncie; H. E. Hunt and wife, Port Huron, Mich.; C. L. Sprague, Cincinnati.

Fred Sibler and Henry Howerfind left today for Adrian, Mich., to spend New Year's. Mrs. Sibler is already there and will join her husband on a trip to New York city.

Among the guests at the New Aveline: A. B. Metcalf, Indianapolis; G. L. McKibbey, Van Wert; Mrs. S. B. Davis, Kalamazoo; Ed Jones, Anderson; E. E. Mosiman, Bluffton.

The men of Grace Reformed church will give their annual New Year's supper next Monday evening, in the lecture rooms of the church, from 5 to 9 p. m. They will also have a musical program.

Trustee Schmeiser and his deputies have furnished transportation for ten paupers within the past two days. Some of these have been sent to neighboring county seats and some were sent farther.

The annual congregational meeting of Heidelberg Reformed church will take place tomorrow morning, at 10 o'clock. The pastor urgently requests all members to be present, as business of unusual importance will be transacted.

The First Spiritualist society's meetings are held in the hall above Bloom's undertaking rooms, on Calhoun street. W. D. Dunakin will lecture tomorrow at 7:45 p. m. A New Year's entertainment will follow the lecture. Lyceum class at 2:30 p. m.

The annual revival services of Bethel church of the Evangelical association, corner Clinton and DeWald streets, will begin this evening and continue every night next week. There will be English preaching each night. Rev. Oaks, presiding elder, will assist in the services.

The revival meeting at the St. Paul M. E. church is taking on large proportions. Last evening the attendance was large and a service of deep spiritual interest was held, resulting in the conversion of one man about fifty years old, and others were under deep conviction.

Frank Stone and other travelling men for the firm of Layman & Cary, of Indianapolis, have received a handsome purse as a Christmas present from the Garland Stove company, of Detroit. Every year the stove company presents Layman & Cary's men with a neat present of some kind.

Boyd Clark, who for the last three years has made Fort Wayne his headquarters, has been transferred by his firm, the Simmons Hardware company, of St. Louis, to Texas and he will shortly leave for that state with his family. Mr. Clark and family have resided for some time past on West DeWald street. He has been succeeded here by G. A. LaRue, an experienced salesman, who will make this city his central point to work from. Mr. LaRue arrived this morning and is registered at the New Aveline.

J. A. Armstrong will leave tomorrow for New York.

Miss Lulu Dilbone, of Bluffton, is visiting Fort Wayne friends.

Miss Mabel Lawson has arrived home from a visit at Van Wert.

Miss Edith Batz, of South Bend, is in Fort Wayne visiting relatives.

John Lichtenberger, of Bluffton, was in Fort Wayne on business yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Smith, of Bluffton, were visitors in this city yesterday.

Miss Jennie Hatfield spent the holidays with relatives and friends in Ossian.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Clark are guests of relatives and friends in Ossian this week.

Attorney Hugh Keegan will go to Indianapolis Sunday to join the forces of Judge Taylor.

Miss Edith Walkerman, of Kendallville, spent the holidays with relatives in Fort Wayne.

Gus Webber and family, of Bluffton, are in Fort Wayne to visit over New Year's with friends.

Miss Ella McCrea, of Wabash, was this week the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. M. Wilson, of this city.

Rev. Father Durham, of the Cathedral parish, is spending the week with his parents in New York city.

Mrs. George Spangler left yesterday morning for South Bend, where she will visit her mother for a few days.

John and A. W. Snyder, prominent Whitley county farmers, were in Fort Wayne yesterday on business.

Miss Van Warring, superintendent of a Chicago hospital, is the guest of Miss Early, of West Wayne street.

Miss Rose Fox will entertain her friends from 2 to 5 o'clock at her home on West Wayne street, next Monday.

Mrs. Albert Drecbsler, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. F. W. Irwin, has returned to her home in the east.

Mrs. S. H. Meyers and Miss Susie Trout, of Columbia City, are visiting with Fort Wayne friends for a few days.

Miss Dussey and Master Clarence Quincy have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Click, of Huntington.

Deputy Revenue Collector Thomas Winegardner has returned from a business trip to Decatur, Red Key and Portland.

Miss Alma Proegler entertained the Forget-Me-Not club in a delightful manner at her home on Griffith street last evening.

Miss Louise Rasor entertained friends in a delightful manner last Thursday evening, at her home, 70 West Wayne street.

Charles Merryman and Fred Barr, of Bluffton, will spend New Year's with Arthur Johnson, bill clerk at the National express office.

Among the guests at the Randall: S. Stein, Huntington; Miss Laura Myers, Dupont, Ohio; L. A. Packard, Napoleon, Ohio; R. M. Tobias, Lansing, Mich.

Mrs. C. A. Baxter, of Delphos, Ohio, is in the city for a several weeks' visit with relatives. She will take a course of treatment in a hospital while here.

Parke Frazier, recently of the McCormick offices, has been appointed local agent of the John Hancock Fire Insurance company and he will open an office in the Arcade.

Louis Kestel has been employed as attendant in the bath rooms of Dr. John Schilling in the Lau block. Mr. Kestel has had considerable experience in bath houses at Chicago and Toledo.

A musical of a high order will be given by the Sons of Columbus, assisted by the Daughters of Isabella, on January 16th. Reineke's orchestra will furnish music. There will be an elaborate program of instrumental and vocal music.

Frank Webster, who has been extra assistant in the money order department of the postoffice, finishes his duties there this evening. Next Monday he will enter upon the duties of insurance solicitor for the Metropolitan Insurance company.

William Kessler, of Auburn, has been in the city several days to complete arrangements with Chapin & Denny to have foreign patents procured on a cigar lighter invented by him. He will get patents in Great Britain, France, Germany and other countries.

The next meeting of the Entre Nous club will be held the second Wednesday in January. The members were entertained at the last meeting by Mrs. Owen Corcoran, of South Harrison street, and at that time the visiting guests were Mrs. McIntyre and Miss McTighe, of Auburn, and Mrs. W. D. Gordon, of Peoria.

A neat model of the proposed new cottages at the Indiana School for Feeble Minded Youth has been worked out by Architect J. M. E. Riedel. It is constructed of wood on a scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot. The model will probably be presented to the legislature at the coming session, when an appropriation is asked for the purpose of making the improvement.

Leonidas H. Davis and wife, of Grand Rapids, are in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Cory, of Wabash, visited in Fort Wayne this week.

Robert Spice has returned from a hunting trip in Huntington county.

Miss Gladys Zoollers is the guest of the Misses Metzger in Lafayette.

Mrs. Carl Spiegel, of 19 Jones street, is quite sick with the pleurisy.

Miss Kittie Wilmington, of Prospect, is visiting with Fort Wayne friends.

Mrs. Dallas F. Green is entertaining her nephew, Master Perry Bogardus.

Ernst Gerke, of Friend's clothing establishment, has recovered from an attack of grip.

George Brechelsen, of Mansfield, Ohio, is the guest of his sister, Dr. Emma Brechelsen.

Mrs. Alice Summerbell, of this city, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Milton Bell, of Kokomo.

GENTLEMEN

$25.00, $28.00, $30.00 suits for the next thirty days 20 per cent. off. Good styles and workmanship.

THIEME BROS.,
3146 12 W. Berry St.

Attention, Machinists!

Friendship lodge, No. 70, International Association of Machinists, will hold a meeting at the hall this evening, at 7:30 o'clock, for the purpose of arranging for the funeral of their late brother, Charles W. H. Seibt. Every member should be present.

By order of the President,
JOHN CASEY.

Important Changes on the Wabash.

Taking effect tomorrow, January 1st, Wabash passenger trains will pass Fort Wayne as follows, viz:

WESTBOUND.

No. 21, except Sunday	8 00 a. m.
No. 7, daily	12 35 noon.
No. 5, daily "Mail"	5 42 p. m.
No. 3, daily	8 15 p. m.

EASTBOUND.

No. 2, daily	6 10 a. m.
No. 10, daily	8 20 a. m.
No. 6, daily	11 53 a. m.
No. 24, except Sunday	7 00 p. m.

THE INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Announces the Opening of a New Term.

At this, the close of another year, the management of this institution desires to extend greetings for the new year to our many friends and patrons, and to express our appreciation for the very generous patronage with which we have been favored during the past year. Our aim for the future, as in the past, will be to maintain our present high standard of discipline and scholarship.

The success of a school, public or private, like that of any business enterprise, depends upon the manner in which it is conducted. A good school is the product of a combination of favoring conditions—the result of a harmonious union of qualities, the importance of all of which is generally recognized. These qualities may be enumerated in the order of their consequence, as follows: Efficient management, capable and conscientious teachers and a strong, consistent and interesting course of study; and to these should be added, to render a private school popular and prosperous, just and cordial treatment of pupils and patrons and an attractive equipment.

We have endeavored to build up our school along these lines, and the fact that the year just closed, has been the most successful in the history of the institution, is the conclusive evidence that our efforts have been rewarded.

The International Business College has been located in the Schmitz block for the past nine years, and has been under one management during that time. This is a stable business concern—and if you make a contract with us you can rest assured that we will be here to carry out our part of the contract.

This school does not have a new proprietor and a new faculty every six months, as is the case with some clap-trap schools, whose only object is to eke out an existence by humbugging the people. They are here today and away tomorrow and their poor, deluded victims have no redress.

If parents would use a little more judgment about selecting a school and investigate these matters for themselves and not swallow, whole, all the fairy tales that some of these cheap solicitors beguile them with, they would not only save money, but would be showing more interest in the welfare of their children. A first-class school does not need solicitors out to drum up business.

Our mid-winter term for day and evening classes begins Tuesday, Jan. 3. If you are interested in our line of work, come and see us or write for a handsome, illustrated catalogue to T. L. Staples, Pres.

The Fort Wayne Turnverein will give a grand opening ball, at their new hall, cor. Main and Harrison Sts., Dec. 31st, New Year's Eve. 2814

20 PER CENT. OFF.

For thirty days all heavy weight overcoats, suits and trousers, 20 per cent. off.

THIEME BROS.,
3146 12 W. Berry St.

Attend the Saturday Night Hop and Social Watch Party, at White Bank hall, tonight. Admission, 10 and 15 cents.

PAGE YARNELLE

Gets the Ten.

Page Yarnelle got $10 at Renlem S. Patterson's for ticket 99,318.

Notice.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Fort Wayne club will be held on Monday evening, January 2d, at 8 o'clock, p. m., in the library of the club house.

C. D. LAW, President.
CLARK FAIRBANKS, Sec.

Enter Fort Wayne Business college, January 2, 1899.
Fine teachers, all men.
We employ no girls as teachers.
Tri-State building. 30t2

Get our prices on winter suits and overcoats. G. Schmidt, 70 East Main. 3-26t

The Fort Wayne Turnverein will give a grand opening ball, at their new hall, cor. Main and Harrison Sts., Dec. 31st, New Year's Eve. 2814

The Packard Piano is made by home labor.

For Sale.

The counters, grill work, desks and furniture of the Hamilton National Bank in the room they are about to vacate. Much of this is quite new and in good condition.

JOHN MOHR,
16dawtf Cashier.

Card of Thanks.

We desire in this way to express our gratitude to the kind friends and neighbors and to the Ladies' Auxiliary to the B. of L. E. for their assistance and sympathy in our late bereavement.

WM. TOURKEE AND FAMILY.

The Packard Piano is the result of 50 years' experience of a man who had no equal in piano scale drawing, and it was his last and greatest effort.

Commence the New Year by taking out some shares in the Allen County Loan and Savings Association. No fees to investors. 37tf

If you want white bread during the holidays, get a sack of White Loaf Flour. 13tf

Card of Thanks.

We desire in this manner to thank our friends and neighbors, and especially Rev. Dannecker, for kindness and sympathy extended us in our recent bereavement, by the sickness and death of our daughter, Edna.

MR. AND MRS. CHAS. SCHAUTER.

The annual election of directors for the Hamilton National bank of Fort Wayne, will take place at the office of said bank on Tuesday, January 10, 1898, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m.

30tf JOHN MOHR, JR., Cashier.

The Packard Piano is unequaled for sympathetic and pure tone combined with the greatest power.

"Our Nation in War."

Ladies' tailor-made suits to order at G. Schmidt's, merchant tailor, 70 East Main. 3 26t

Packard Pianos are made of the best material by skilled mechanics.

O'Clock 12 O'Clock Dances.

Every Monday night at White Hall, opposite Masonic Temple. Admission, 10 and 15c. 12sat-tf

An old established Chicago tea, coffee and spice jobbing house wishes a first-class salesman with established trade in this line, tributary to Fort Wayne, Ind. State experience, age, name, last employers, salary wanted. Address P. O. Box 1147, Chicago. n26-sat

FOR

Life Insurance,
Fire Insurance,
Rental Insurance,
Accident Insurance,
Plate Glass Insurance,
Cyclone Insurance,
Elevator Insurance,
Boiler Insurance,
Public Liability Insurance,
Employers' Liability Insurance,
General Liability Insurance,
Workman's Collective Insurance,
Team Insurance,
Fidelity Insurance, or
Surety Indemnifying Bonds

—GO TO—

C. B. FITCH,
65 Clinton St.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING—NOTICE OF ELECTION.

FORT WAYNE, Indiana, Dec 3, 1898.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the First National Bank of Fort Wayne will be held at its banking house Tuesday, January 10th, 1899, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., for the election of seven directors, to serve the ensuing year.
8tf LEM R. HARTMAN, Cashier.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

TO ALL.

And we thank the people of Fort Wayne and Northern Indiana, for one of the most successful years in our business career.

OUR STORE WILL BE

CLOSED

ALL DAY MONDAY, JANUARY 2nd.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
BEADELL & COMPANY.

For Holiday Gifts.

Etchings Framed and Unframed, From $2.00 to $100.
Platinotypes.
Rare Prints from Boeller of Chicago and Keppel of New York.
Beautiful Books on Literature, Music and Art.
Bound Books from 10c to $10, at

LEHMAN BOOK & NEWS COMPANY
51 Calhoun St.

A FEW LEADERS.
Best Buckwheat, 13c sack.
Corn Meal, 5c sack.
Navy Beans, 4c quart.
Scotch Peas, 4c quart.
Best Flour, 85c large sack.
Best Potatoes, 40c bushel.
E. Lewis Street Cash Store.
E. GANEKE, Prop.

IT IS SO!

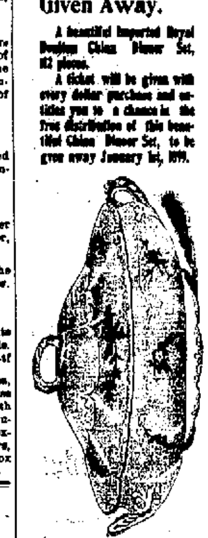
Farm land is bound to raise in price before long. Now is the time to buy. I have a number of good improved farms to sell or trade. City property possession any time. Money to loan at 6 and 7 per cent. interest. If you want to buy a home, don't forget to look at my list of houses and beautiful lots in all parts of the city. Respectfully,

LOUIS F. CURDES,
Home Phone 62. 7 & 8 Pixley-Long Block.

Given Away.

A beautiful Imported Royal Bonbon China Dinner Set, 112 pieces.

A ticket will be given with every dollar purchase and entitles you to a chance in the free distribution of this beautiful China Dinner Set, to be given away January 1st, 1899.



Genuine Haviland Decorated China Dinner Set, 112 pieces, worth $50, only $34.98.

1847 Roger Bros. Silver Plated Knives, $3.25 per doz.
Wm. Roger's Silver Knives, $1.00 per doz.

WARD CHINA ....STORE,
Sign Big Iron Dog.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Until January the first, Teeth Extracted Without Pain Free of Charge, between the hours of 8 and 10 each day.

Set of Teeth, $5.00.
Best Set, S. S. White, $8.
22 K Gold Crown, $5.00.
Bridge Work, $4.00.
Gold Fillings, $1 and up.

NO PLATES REQUIRED

20 Per Cent Discount

From the above price until January 1st.

We Guarantee this work to be as good as at any price. We also give Protective Guarantee for Ten Years.

Boston Dental Parlors,
74 CALHOUN ST.
Phone 802 days. Open evenings and Sundays.

MONEY!
MONEY!
MONEY!

Do you want to borrow money? The Building will loan you money on the famous dollar monthly plan, pay fast or slow—$1,000 for $10.00 per month.

BEST PLAN IN THE WORLD.

INVESTORS

Should call at office for the best plan to save money. $300,000.00 of stock matured in five months. Call at office for full particulars

COR. BERRY & COURT.

Tri-State Building and Loan Association,

Necessity or Luxury.

People have different opinions in regard to a bath room. Some think it a necessity and others a luxury. Whatever may be your opinion on the subject, it's a great convenience. The early morning bath strengthens and refreshes you. The nightly plunge will make you sleep and give you rest. You will be pleased with what the bath will do for you.

Let us furnish you estimates on what it will cost to have this necessity in your house.

H. J. Franke
THE PLUMBER.

Fort Wayne Trust Co.

CAPITAL $200,000.00.

Cor. Main and Court St.

Pays interest on deposits of $1.00 and upwards.

Loans made at a reasonable rate of interest.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL and MATERNITY!
141 Cass Street, corner Sixth.
Telephone 1235.
DR. LUELLA M. DERBYSHIRE.

TUESDAY ONLY

50 Children's Cape Overcoats $2.50 to $5 = $2.00
50c, $1.50, $2.00, and $2.50 Umbrellas = $1.00

FRIEND'S CLOTHING STORE.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833. [PAGES 5--8] SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898. [PAGES 5--8] PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE NEW YEAR'S CHART

Calendars For 1899 Are Unique, Useful and Pretty.

A GREAT VARIETY THIS SEASON.

Some Are Works of Art, and Others Are Lithographic Freaks—You May Pay From 1 Cent Up to $15—The Proper Thing.

Calendar time is almost here again. We will soon be writing 1898—and scratching it out to write 1899 instead. The year old calendar which hangs above the desk or on the library wall will soon have outlived its usefulness. It is about time to buy a new one. The careful housekeeper, not to mention the

THE SOLDIER CALENDAR.

methodical business man, is already looking ahead into a new year and needs a chart of the future for a guide.

The making of artistic calendars is one of those perennial tasks of the nation which, like the manufacture of Fourth of July fireworks and the raising of Thanksgiving turkeys, have grown to great proportions. Time was when most good Americans depended on the farmer's almanac for their chronological and astronomical information. It also supplied weather forecasts and humor, the one startlingly inaccurate and the other remarkably well seasoned.

But now the first of every year brings with it a perfect flood of calendars of all shapes, sizes and colors. Many of the big publishing houses make a specialty of calendar printing. Within the last few years the various firms have begun to enter into a spirited rivalry in the production of unique and artistic calendars. Never before has this been so noticeable as it is this season.

As a result the purchaser of a calendar for 1899 may have his choice of a bewildering variety. He may pay almost any price he chooses, from 1 penny up to $15. It all depends on his taste and his pocketbook. He may get something which will merely tell him the days of the months, or he may have a work of art or a weird fancy of the chromo lithographer thrown in.

The designs which served for calendars last year will not do this season. The American citizen wants his calendars new and fresh.

Almost every individual fancies one particular style of calendar. Some like a block calendar, with a leaf for every day of the year. Other people who can never remember to tear off these sheets wouldn't have one in the house. I agree with these last. A block calendar is a nuisance. You are almost certain to neglect it, and when you do the two weeks' old date stares out at you reproachfully. I object to being lectured by an inanimate thing. You can't talk

THIS KIND NEEDS DAILY ATTENTION.

back. It takes no excuses. Hang a calendar which needs daily attention, like a pet dog or a canary bird!

Some people sugar coat their daily pill by getting a calendar which has a quotation from one of their favorite authors on each leaf. This isn't so bad if you like your poetry or philosophy in minute homeopathic doses. It's all a matter of taste.

One of the newest of these block calendars is made in the shape of a volunteer soldier cut out of stiff cardboard. He is in full marching order, with cartridge belt, knapsack, haversack and canteen. He holds his gun at a "port arms." His mustache is long and blond and realistic. It is made of flax. There is an eyelet in the top of his campaign hat, and you can run a string through that and suspend him from the gas fixture. The block calendar he carries amidships.

Another up to date calendar is of the monthly kind. On its cover are represented the United States soldier and sailor, and the 12 pages are embellished with the drawings of battle scenes in Cuba, executed by an artist who was there or thereabouts. These soldier calendars will doubtless be very popular.

One of the season's novelties is a calendar which is also a photograph frame. A fan calendar is another oddity. There are 12 sticks, and each one is devoted to a month. It "shuts up and opens just like any fan."

On something of the same order is the parrot calendar. Polly is a bright colored bird of stout bristol board with hinged wings. These wings can be spread out like a fan and when opened reveal the months.

The ship calendar is somewhat unique also. It represents the upper gear of a full rigged ship. The months appear on the sails, which are about to be reefed by sailors who lean over the yardarms as if hard at work preparing for a coming storm.

There is the cat and clock calendar. It is the shape of a grandfather's clock. A couple of frisky kittens are playing with the pendulum, which really moves, and at the top another kitten is trying to stop the hands.

Some imported French calendars are in the shape of grotesque looking personages. They are printed in those peculiarly rich colors which American lithographers failed to reproduce for so long. One of these is a lecturer with real hair. The calendar appears under the table over which he leans.

Then there are the college calendars. Each of the big eastern universities has one. That designed for Princeton patrons is in the form of a football suspended from the jaws of a fierce visaged tiger. Yale's is printed in Yale blue, and Harvard, of course, has a crimson one.

There are calendars in the shape of wreaths and clusters of various flowers. Some of these are cunningly devised and daintily colored, but it would puzzle many people to find out the day of the month by them, which, when you come to think of it, is what calendars are supposed to be for.

There is the usual showing of staple calendars, such as the Dickens, Longfellow, Tennyson and the like. Then there is the regular church calendar, showing the days of religious observance and illuminated with appropriate texts and Biblical quotations.

There is a whist calendar too. This is a monthly calendar with quoted excerpts from the writings of whist au-

THE PARROT CALENDAR.

thorities. Thus the whist fiend, when he dates his letters, may be reminded of the criminal folly of leading from a tenace, minor or major, or led to reflect upon the well earned glory which comes to him who uses the finesse with discretion.

If you are looking for something artistic in the way of calendars, your stationer can probably fill the bill. One of the most expensive calendars of the season is called the Gibson, after the artist whose drawings are used to illustrate it. The various pictures are printed from copper plates on vellum and framed in broad mats on which are printed the monthly calendars.

There are Rembrandt calendars and some with each leaf ornamented with a water color reproduction. I was shown one calendar which contained six artist proof etchings. The price was $15.

"And the etchings can be taken right out and framed," said the persuasive saleswoman.

It was true. They could be framed. But why not buy your etchings "straight?" Why disguise the fact that you want to buy half a dozen etchings for framing? Why purchase them in the form of a calendar?

Most of these calendars are very pretty trifles and might add to the brightness of a room in which there was a lack of knickknacks, but we are told that the really correct thing for a study table or a library desk is a plain, unornamented monthly calendar with the various sheets held in a simple easel frame of leather, either seal or morocco or a good imitation of either. A silver frame is permissible, and it is well enough when the rest of your desk furniture is silver mounted, but leather is the thing, without any flowers or birds or trumpery ornamentation about it. But this, again, is a matter of taste. Some people like pictures with their calendars and some don't. If all didn't, the calendar makers would be idle.

You will have to make up your mind as to which kind you want very soon, for old 1898 is about saying his farewells, and young 1899 is almost here.

SEWELL FORD.

The Social Whirl.

Trotter—What has become of Strickfle? When I left, he was making desperate efforts to get into the first society.

Homer—By the time he got in the people who then composed the best society had bursted up, so he is now as badly off as he was before.—New York Weekly.

Disgusted.

"What makes you think you were defeated by fraud?"

"I paid for 168 votes in the Second precinct, and the books show that I got a total of only 155 there. Our election system is simply rotten."—Cleveland Leader.

Saved by His Calling.

Hardupp—Hello, Space, old man! Will you indorse a note for me?

Phil Space—Excuse me, but my journalistic training would never let me have anything to do with paper written on both sides.—New York Journal.

The Dear Things.

Mrs. Lynx—Loss of sleep, you know, means loss of beauty.

Mrs. Mynx—You've never been much of a sleeper, I believe?—Yonkers Statesman.

FLY OUR FLAG NOW.

THREE SPANISH WARSHIPS WHICH DEWEY SANK NOW AFLOAT.

How the Admiral Surprised the Navy Department by Raising Them—The Constructor Who Did the Work. They Are Useful Gunboats.

Admiral Dewey is a man of much promptness. He wastes few words in telling about what he is going to do. His communications with Washington have generally been brief, curt announcements of things achieved.

Early in November word was received from him that he had contracted with a Hongkong firm for the raising and repairing of three of the Spanish hulks which he had sunk in Manila harbor. The Washington authorities were surprised. It had all along been considered that these wrecks were far beyond redemption, and that the best which could be done was to sell them at auction for old iron.

It seems that Admiral Dewey made new plans. It probably occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to add to our navy in Philippine waters these gunboats which had once borne the flag of Spain. He did not let the matter go as a mere idea.

His first communication had been sent by mail, and the Washington naval sharps were still discussing whether or not the project was practicable when a cable message came from Admiral Dewey announcing that the three hulks had been raised. The other day we learned that one of them had been sent to Hongkong under her own steam. In the course of a week or two she will be sailing back to Manila, her battered, shot ridden sides plugged, her guns remounted and the stars and stripes floating from her new spars. This is the way Dewey does things.

But of course the admiral does not deserve all the credit. He has a lot of good Americans serving under him. Among them is a young man who is now heard of for the first time. A year

NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR WASHINGTON LEE CAPPS.

ago he was an obscure naval constructor, pegging away at routine work in Washington. Early in the summer he was sent to Manila to look at the wrecks which Dewey's guns had made. It is largely owing to his perseverance and skill that the gunboats have been successfully raised.

This young man is Washington Lee Capps. He is not now in Manila, having recently been sent back to San Francisco. It was at first intended that he should superintend the reconstruction of the recovered gunboats, but his presence was needed more at the Union Iron works, where the battleship Ohio, a sister ship to the Wisconsin, is in process of construction. Lieutenant Hobson has been ordered to take his place at Hongkong.

The three ships which are soon to be added to our eastern squadron are the Don Juan de Austria, the Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon. They are boats that will be valuable to us when properly manned and defended.

The Isla de Cuba and the Isla de Luzon are English built and are rated as third class cruisers. They are steel ships of good construction, of 1,040 tons displacement, 200 feet in length.

The other vessel is the Don Juan de Austria, a tight little ship of 1,152 tons displacement, 210 feet in length, 32 feet wide and drawing 12.5 feet of water. She is Spanish built and carried an armament of four 4.7 inch Hontoria guns, four 6 pounders and one machine gun.

Apart from the pride of attaching these vessels to the navy of the United States, a sentiment which caused the government to make such heroic efforts to save the ill fated Maria Teresa, these three ships are really excellent little war vessels. Owing to their small and handy size they will be just the ships for the coastguard work of our new islands in the orient.

The entire cost of raising and repairing them is to be only $500,000; at any rate that is the sum to be paid to the Hongkong contractors. The fitting up of the boats as cruisers will probably add something more to the cost, but even at that they will be the cheapest ships in the navy. Uncle Sam would like to acquire a dozen or two at the same rate.

CAPTAIN T. B. FRANCIS.

Green City Folks.

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, I had some city boarders durin th' summer, but I didn't interduce 'em around much 'cause I saw they wasn't fust class folks what goes out of the city every summer.

Neighbor—Oh! They showed they'd never been in the country before, did they?

Mrs. Hayseed—Yes, indeed. Why, the very fust meal they asked for cream.—New York Weekly.

Better Than Law.

Housekeeper (excitedly)—I am in a terrible way about a servant girl I can't get rid of. I have discharged her, but she won't go. She is a perfect giantess, and has a most horrible temper. What would you advise me to do?

Great Lawyer (calmly)—Keep the kerosene can full and the wood wet.—New York Weekly.

NEW KING OF DUDES.

A Silk Lined Beau Brummel Who Wears a Red Neck Hat.

There is a new king of the dudes. His name is Jones—Frank Elsinore Jones, if you please. He is of and from Chicago. His whole attire is an expression of sartorial perfection, but he holds the throne of dudedom not merely because he dresses in perfect taste. Hundreds of men do that and wear no crown. Jones not only conforms to style, but originates the style.

No ordinary language can do justice to Jones. Nothing but the untrammeled

FRANK ELSINORE JONES.

ed metaphors of the St. Louis journalist can describe him. Jones is "it." He is the warmest thing that ever peeped over the parapet. Solomon came first, it is true, but now Jones has appeared, and it's up to Solomon again.

He travels out of Boston for a dry goods firm, does Jones, but he keeps most of his wardrobe in Chicago. This is well. Some of his costumes would melt the gilt dome of the Boston statehouse. Nothing but the cool blasts from Lake Michigan prevent them from having a climatic effect on Chicago.

You will know Jones should you meet him by his neck hats. It is in the form of an inch wide band of red on his white collar. All of Jones' collars have this band except those which are similarly striped with blue or green or pink. And his shirts—they, too, are striped. They look like remnants of amateur awnings.

Or you might know him by his overcoats. One of them is a raglan ulster. The sleeves run up under the collar, and in the middle of the back there is a wide watteau plait slightly gathered at the waist line by a buttoned cloth strap. Under this he wears a frock coat with bell skirts, which stand out like the ancient crinolines. His hat is a Beau Brummel silk with a bell that would call the farmhands in Connecticut to a dinner on the Pacific slope.

But much of his finery is concealed. Jones is a silk lined man. All his coats and vests are lined with heavy, corded silk, and his underwear is silk, "ten thread tricot" it is known to the trade. It is in tints of pale blue and pink. No other shades are permissible, says Jones. His stockings match his underwear and are held up by solid silver garters. His suspender buckles are of solid gold.

When he is on the road, he carries 27 vests in shades beside which an October sunset takes on neutral tints. He feels embarrassed with less than 32 pairs of trousers to select from.

Another Chicago drummer, J. Waldero Kirk, once held the title of "King of the Dudes," but he has abdicated. Jones and Kirk met recently in a St. Louis hotel lobby, and, according to the journalistic word painter who depicted the scene, "Kirk looked like 30 cents." The king is dead; long live the king!

MISS SAMPSON TO WED.

The Admiral's Youngest Daughter to Be Married Jan. 4.

Miss Olive Farrington Sampson, whose marriage to H. H. Scott of San Francisco is to occur on Jan. 4, is the youngest daughter of Admiral Sampson. She is 20. Miss Sampson is good to look at, and is exceptionally accomplished and brilliant of mind. She is her father's favorite.

Miss Olive is one of four daughters. Two of her older sisters, Margaret and

MISS OLIVE F. SAMPSON.

Katherine, have married naval officers, the former being the wife of Lieutenant Ray Smith of the Indiana and the latter the wife of Ensign Richard H. Jackson of the torpedo boat service. Miss Nannie Sampson, who is 22, is unmarried.

The coming wedding will occur in Glen Ridge, N. J., where the Sampsons live, and the ceremony will take place in the Congregational church. Admiral Sampson expects to be present. Mr. Scott, the groom elect, is a young business man and the son of a wealthy merchant of San Francisco who died several years ago. Mr. Scott is somewhat of a society man, and Miss Olive is destined to be one of the social leaders of the metropolis of the Pacific slope.

An Old Theme.

Father (calling from the head of the stairs at 1:30 a. m.)—Fannie!

Fannie—Yes, papa. What is it?

Father—I wish you would ask that young man where he would like to have his trunk put when he comes.—Chicago News.

HARCOURT STORIES.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES TOLD OF THE RETIRING LIBERAL LEADER.

How He Happened to Receive Six Invitations to a Dinner Party, and Why He Attended Three to Which He Was Not Asked.

Sir William Harcourt, whose retirement as the Liberal leader of the house of commons has made a huge stir among English politicians, will be remembered by Americans who have seen congress in session as the most conspicuous figure on the floor of the house. We have some big men in congress, but probably not one of such burly bulk, such massiveness of head and such pompousness of manner as Sir William. He talks as big as he looks, too, and his whole air is one of immensity.

Aside from his eventful public career he is an interesting personality. Although he is in his seventy-second year, it is not because of old age that he gives up the leadership. He is apparently as vigorous as he was 20 years ago when as Gladstone's lieutenant he was ready to fight home rule or support it for many weary weeks on end.

More good stories are told about Sir William Harcourt than about any other member of commons. One of the best is the oldest. It relates to the time, years ago, when Sir William was even less liked than he is now, and today he is not what might be called a popular man.

The tale runs that six men had united to give a stag dinner, and it was agreed that each was to ask as his guest the most disagreeable person he knew. No confidences were to be exchanged, leaving untrammeled the curiosity that centered upon the meeting when each man would be able to see wherein his particular selection was excelled. Covers were laid for 12, but only seven sat down.

Each man had asked Vernon Harcourt.

But Sir William has become less disagreeable in his later years, particularly since he took for his second wife an American woman. She has gained sweet influence over the household and Sir William Harcourt has become quite bearable over a wide circle of society. It is even said by those who flatter him that he reserved all the bent of his manner for the occasional dinners he gave to political supporters while yet he resided in Downing street as chancellor of the exchequer.

It has been said that on these occasions, sitting at the head, or rather in

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT.

the middle, of his own table, the ex-chancellor of the exchequer has dwelt in silence through six courses, while his trembling guests have conversed with each other in funereal whispers.

In pleasing contrast are the attitude, appearance and manner of Sir William when, under the same roof, still weighted with the cares of the treasury and the colleagueship of Lord Rosebery, he has acted as host, whether at dinner or through an evening party, with Lady Harcourt beaming as hostess.

A hard hitter in the political arena, Sir William Harcourt probably has on his visiting list a larger number of people from the other political camp than has any man in an analogous position.

How large that visiting list is is indicated by another story. In the middle of a busy season Sir William, in fulfillment of a long standing engagement marked in his pocketbook, went out to dinner on a Monday night. He fancied he observed on making his entrance to the drawing room that his host and hostess looked at him with some surprise and even embarrassment. The mood was, however, momentary.

On the following Wednesday he kept another dinner engagement, of which he had made careful note in his book. Again he noticed, with even less hope of misunderstanding, an almost frightened look passing between his host and hostess when his name was announced. Again the embarrassment proved transitory, and Sir William had another thoroughly enjoyable evening.

On Friday he went out to a third tryst. In the hall he came across the butler—an old acquaintance—who started back when he recognized the newcomer.

"What's the matter?" asked Sir William. "Didn't you expect to see me to dinner?"

"Yes, sir," said the butler, "but it wasn't tonight; it was next Tuesday."

Closer investigation of his engagement book explained the mystery. It was arranged in pages, each one noting a week's engagements. Sir William, in his haste, had unknowingly turned over two pages, and was this week keeping engagements which really fell due the week after.

HOWARD SPENCE SINCLAIR.

His Natural Inference.

Mrs. Pollytix—Oh, here is the picture of such a lovely party coat in this magazine!

Pollytix—What is a party coat? Something that can be turned?—Indianapolis Journal.

That Lantern Incident.

"Hello, Gene!" called out Alexander, with the air of familiarity which was commonly affected by conquerors of the world in those days. "What are you doing with that lantern?"

"I am looking for an honest man," replied Diogenes, correctly conjecturing that he was addressing a stranger in the city.

"Oh, I thought perhaps you were paying off an election bet," exclaimed the monarch, for these continued disappointments were becoming irksome.—Detroit Journal.

HAVANA'S GOVERNOR.

Major General Ludlow, and the Kind of Man He Is.

Major General William Ludlow, who has been appointed military and civil governor of Havana, is a man of many good qualities and of much force of character. He was graduated from West Point in 1864, and has been in the army ever since. During the civil war he won some distinction, but it was only last summer, when he led the advance on Santiago and commanded a division, that he became at all prominent as an officer.

General Ludlow was for many years connected with the engineer corps. It

MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW.

was as an engineer that he went to Philadelphia on leave of absence to supervise the construction of the waterworks about a dozen years ago. He did not get along well with the Philadelphia politicians, and was removed. Here is a story which may throw some light on the cause of his removal:

A politician who had a big contract on the waterworks job called on Ludlow one day and left a $50 bill on the desk as he went out.

"Here, sir! What's this for?" demanded Ludlow as he spied the bank note.

"Oh, a little matter of a few dollars to buy some cigars for the boys at the works!" answered the contractor in some confusion.

"I have some good cigars myself," said Ludlow. "Come back and try one."

The contractor came back, seeing no good reason for refusing, and took a seat while Ludlow opened a drawer in his desk and produced his cigars. The box was offered to the contractor, who took one, and Ludlow took one himself. Quietly taking up the bill, while talking pleasantly all the while, Ludlow rolled it into an elongated shape, and holding it at the gaslight offered the contractor a light for his cigar. He then lighted his own cigar, and calmly watched the burning bill until it was consumed. No more bribes were offered Ludlow in Philadelphia. Similar surprises await the tricky citizens of Havana.

PATTI'S BARON.

The Handsome Young Swede Who Is to Marry the Great Diva.

This is the young man whom Mme. Adelina Patti—the divine Patti—is to take as her third husband. Baron Adolf Rudolf Cederstrom has nothing but youth, manly beauty and a noble name to bring to the altar. But what of that? Has not Patti a castle of her own and the unexpected receipts of any number of farewell tours?

The baron is only 28 and Patti is 51. The match, nevertheless, is by no means grotesque, for Mme. Patti doesn't look a day older than she did when she came to America in the early eighties, and she was then only 35. She met Baron Cederstrom in his London gymnasium, where he was engaged in teaching the young English noblemen how to work up their muscles, fence, shoot, wrestle and acquire all sorts of athletic and calisthenic accomplishments.

The baron's father is Baron Claes Edvard Cederstrom, an old lieutenant in the Royal Swedish Life dragoons. His mother before her marriage was the Baroness Martha Leijonhufvud. The family is one of the best in Scandinavia.

Young Olaf is a handsome, distinguished looking man, simple and cour-

BARON OLAF RUDOLF CEDERSTROM.

teous in manner and highly educated. The family being poor, he was expected to earn his own living. True, he might have joined the army, but the idle, good for nothing life of an officer in peace times had no attraction for him. He went to London, opened his athletic institution, and soon had a fashionable and profitable clientage. Mme. Patti was much impressed by the young Swede's manliness and invited him to Craig-y-Nos, her castle in Wales. It was from there the formal announcement of the engagement was made.

The wedding will take place at Craig-y-Nos Feb. 25. Baron and Baroness Cederstrom will then go at once to London. The former is to become a naturalized British subject.

Advantages of Wealth.

Mr. Nicefello—I am told that Miss Billion never wears the same dress twice.

Miss De Pink (rival belle)—Yes, that is true, and I understand she has a different set of teeth for every day in the week.—New York Weekly.

CUBAN CEMETERIES.

SOME ARE BEAUTIFUL, SOME MEAN, BUT ALL MENACE THE LIVING.

Custom of Temporary Burial and What It Means—The Holy Field a Breeding Ground For Yellow Fever and Other Deadly Diseases.

If Spain had insisted on carrying away not only the ashes of Columbus but the bones of all dead Spaniards in Cuba, we would have no complaint. As it is Spain has taken only the historic and harmless dust of the illustrious Genoese navigator and left behind a host of pestilence breeding cemeteries in which yellow fever will hide for many years after the Spanish measures have ceased it from the rest of the island.

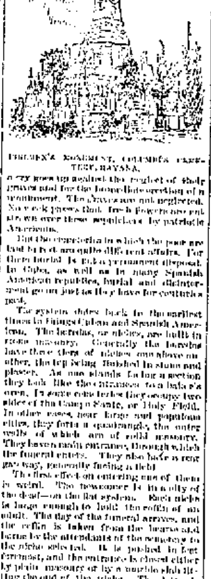
Each Cuban city has at least one cemetery and several very poor ones. Havana has the most beautiful cemetery in the new world. This is the Colombus cemetery or the "Cementerio de Colon." It is crowded with exquisitely carved statues of marble. The portal or gate of the cemetery is of majestic proportions. It has three entrances. The cemetery itself, in the first impression made on the visitor, pleases by its lack of somber tile and granite monuments.

Among the monuments are Gothic temples in miniature of exquisite taste. Italy has been drawn upon for the designs. The response has been fitting. In the midst of so much that is reminded enduring to remind the suggestion of the eternal verdure of nature in the resplendent of a sepulchre is not lost. Many of the family monuments have their setting in arbors of green foliage.

The marble city of the dead is dominated by a monument which is the wonder and the admiration of every beholder. This is the monument to the bomberos, or firemen, who lost whom lost their lives in a fire which scourged Havana in May, 1890. The bomberos belong to a volunteer organization which includes in its membership the young men of the best families in the city. Their heroic deaths spread to all classes, and in commemorating the sacrifice of their lives the minority of Spaniard and Cuban was forgotten.

The monument is nominally the tribute of the city of Havana; actually it is the free will offering of the people. It was completed in 1897. The monument is high, yet its graceful lines are not destroyed. The background which the clear blue sky forms for it destroys the ruggest outline. It stands forth a lofty carved shaft in a deep vault of azure.

The victims of the Maine are buried in the Cemetery of Columbus. At intervals



FIREMEN'S MONUMENT, COLUMBUS CEMETERY, HAVANA.

a cry goes up against the neglect of their graves and for the immediate erection of a monument. The graves are not neglected. Now each press that fresh flowers are not strewn over these sepulchres by patriotic Americans.

But the cemeteries in which the poor are laid to rest are quite different affairs. For there burial is not a permanent disposal. In Cuba, as well as in many Spanish American republics, burial and disinterment go on just as they have for centuries past.

The system dates back to the earliest times in things Cuban and Spanish American. The burying places, or niches, are built in stone masonry. Generally the burying have three tiers of niches one above the other, the top being finished in stone and plaster. As one stands facing a section they look like the entrances to a baker's oven. In some cemeteries they occupy two sides of the Campo Santo, or Holy Field. In other cases, near large and populous cities, they form a quadrangle, the outer walls of which are of solid masonry. They have a main entrance, through which the funeral enters. They also have a rear gateway, generally facing a field.

The first effect on entering one of them is weird. The newcomer is in a city of the dead—on the flat system. Each niche is large enough to hold the coffin of an adult. The day of the funeral arrives, and the coffin is taken from the hearse and borne by the attendants of the cemetery to the niche selected. It is pushed in feet foremost, and the entrance is closed either by plain masonry or by a marble slab fitting the end of the niche. The latter is generally inscribed to Fulano de Tal, with "Descanse en paz," or "Requiescat en pace," some preferring Spanish, others Latin.

This system is peculiar to the church of Rome in Cuba and in Spanish America. The majority of burials is temporary. The rental paid for each has to be for one year and in advance. "Descanse en paz" (Rest in peace) is the utterance of friends and relatives.

Resting in peace depends upon the affection and willingness of the dead person's friends to pay another year's rent, also in advance.

These cemeteries generally are managed by some church or some concessionaire. Trustees of all kinds are old time Spanish inventions. They are cupidous, and there is no Spanish manana, or tomorrow, about rentals. They are adjusted on strict Anglo-Saxon principles. The rent not being renewed, Fulano or Fulana de Tal is evicted. The early day evictions are Spanish and not Irish. The coffin is unceremoniously taken out through the over needful back door and dumped without the Campo Santo.

The practice of wholesale and constant disinterment is a menace to the living, of course. In the tropics many die of consumption, while many of the lower classes—strangers—die of yellow fever. Others die of smallpox. The removal of the remains of such may mean the liberation of millions of germs to start in a new and death dealing role. This is one of the customs which will speedily be abolished under the American rule, and it cannot be done away with too quickly.

MARY NOBLES.

His Revenge.

"She refused him when he was a civilian, you know, but when he came back from the war in a uniform she was crazy to get him."

"Well?"

"Well, he did the best he could for her. He married another girl, but he sent his uniform to her with his compliments. He said he knew what she prized."—Chicago Post.

Joys of Being Engaged.

Ethel—Oh, Beatrice, did Charlie propose to you this morning?

Beatrice (blushing)—Ye-yes, he proposed, and we're to be married in a year. [illegible] will give her away.

Ethel—Then I [illegible] Charlie a pair of gloves, [illegible] let me that [illegible] asked you, and I gave you credit for having more sense.—Stray Stories.

MODEST MRS. ROOSEVELT.

Doesn't Want to Be a Social Leader, but Will If She Must.

Here is Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, wife of the rough rider colonel and the governor elect of New York. Probably the picture is unfamiliar to you, for this is the first one which has ever been published. Mrs. Roosevelt dislikes publicity, and she has steadily refused requests for photographs of herself.

So long as Mrs. Roosevelt remained in private life her wishes were regarded, but now she is to be the mistress of the executive

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

mansion of the Empire State she must share some of that publicity which has made her husband's name and features known all over the country.

Mrs. Roosevelt is a young woman not much over 30. She is of medium height, with fair complexion, dark eyes and hair and possesses remarkable charm of manner. The governor prospective has no more fervent champion than his accomplished wife, who is a firm believer in her husband's talents and unlimited ability. Mrs. Roosevelt is unquestionably the greatest spur to her husband in his political career, and is perhaps more ambitious for him than he is for himself.

In no sense a woman of fashion, Mrs. Roosevelt dresses simply and always in perfect taste. She wears few jewels, and those remarkably handsome ones. There are six little Roosevelts—the oldest a daughter by Mr. Roosevelt's first wife, who was formerly Miss Alice Lee of Boston. Mrs. Roosevelt's existence is devoted to husband and children. Whatever she believes is required of a governor's wife she will do and do well.

Socially Mrs. Roosevelt cannot fail to be a very charming figure, and as the governor's wife and the head of fashionable society in Albany she is sure to be greatly admired. The social season is to be a lively one, for there are already scheduled numerous receptions and dinners at the executive mansion, at all of which Mrs. Roosevelt will preside. That she does not intend to shirk any of her social duties is shown by the fact that she has made arrangements to take an active part in social events at the New York state capital.

A MOTHERLY QUEEN.

How Victoria Earns the Loyalty and Devotion of Tommy Atkins.

The loyalty of Tommy Atkins for "the widdy at Windsor," of which Kipling has told us so much, is probably due to the fact that Queen Victoria has a warm regard for her soldiers. Her recent visit to the general army hospital at Netley was the third one within the year. The queen has been anxious about the condition of the many men who have been sent back from the Sudan. Some of them came home cut up by the spears and swords of the Mahdists, and many are suffering from the desert fever.

On the occasion of her latest visit her majesty was accompanied by Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. Her majesty was conveyed by an elevator to the floor on which are the medical wards and in her wheeled chair was accompanied in her tour of inspection by the sisters, with Surgeon Major Nash leading the way. Drawn up in

QUEEN VICTORIA VISITING SICK SOLDIERS AT NETLEY.

line were all the patients entitled to the Atbara and Omdurman medals, which were distributed by Lord Kitchener after the queen had passed along.

Special medical wards, where serious cases are treated, were then visited, and the queen addressed words of sympathy and comfort to the patients as her chair was wheeled from bed to bed. The surgical ward also received a visit from her majesty, and so, too, did the convalescents. In one of the medical wards the queen presented two patients, Staff Sergeant G. A. Benson and Private A. Davidson, both of the army medical corps, with medals for distinguished service in the field.

Tommy is nursed not only by other Tommies, but in certain cases by women. The army nursing sisters have proved themselves to be so beneficial to the physical well being of English soldiers when sick or disabled, and, moreover, have effected such an improvement in their manners and morals, which has extended beyond the four walls of the hospital ward, that the wonder is that there are only about 70 of them to nurse those who fall out of the ranks of an army of 150,000 men.

More Than One.

"Has your husband a title?" asked the heiress' friend.

"Yes," she answered; "he's a duke. But," she added, with a sigh, "that isn't what papa calls him."—Washington Star.

Mr. Pacer—Johnny, wouldn't you like to know how much you weigh?

Johnny Pacer—Course I would.

Mr. Pacer—Well, I gave you a cent one day last week. Step on that platform and drop the cent in the slot. That's right. You weigh 68 pounds. Now what do you say?

Johnny—Thank you, papa.

BATTLING WITH ICE.

GIANT FERRYBOATS WILL TRY TO KEEP STRAIT OF MACKINAC OPEN.

This Season the Michigan Railroads Are to Make a Great Struggle Against Jack Frost, Who Usually Locks Up the Lake Door.

For many winters an interesting battle has been carried on between the huge ice crushing ferryboats which cross the strait of Mackinac and the ice floes which sometimes refuse to be crushed. It is quite important to the railroad men to keep an open passage across the strait, for at Mackinaw city two lines of rails come down to the water and the only way of making a connection with the railroad, which has a terminus at St. Ignace on the northern peninsula, is by ferry.

In summer whole trains are run on to the giant ferryboats and taken across the strait. In winter the programme is irregular. Sometimes the great ferryboats are able to smash a channel and keep it open for weeks at a time. Then the mercury will drop down to 20 degrees below zero and stay there for several days. Some fine morning the ferryboat goes out to find ahead of her miles and miles of thick black ice, against which she runs and butts with hardly any effect.

Then again the floes which have been forced apart during the day time will come together at night and freeze hard and fast. Great windrows of jagged ice will be thrown up, varying in thickness from 6 to 15 feet. This is what makes railroad connections between Michigan's two peninsulas so uncertain during the winter months.

But this season the railroad men think that they will be able to win the battle. Two titanic ferryboats of improved construction, strengthened and steel prowed, have been made and put to work. As the ice breaking problem is an interesting one in other parts of the world besides the strait of Mackinac the struggle is being watched in many quarters. The Russians are particularly interested, as the czar is having similar ice crushers built in America for use at the mouth of the Volga. If the Michigan railroad people can keep a clear channel through the strait this season the czar will try to keep open several of the Baltic ports.

It is to be a battle royal, for only preliminary fencing has thus far been engaged

ICE CRUSHING FERRYBOAT AT WORK.

ed in. The real cold weather will come later in January. There are sure to be many noble encounters of steel and ice wall, repeated attempts of giant ice crushers attached to great lake boats against floes and windrows, and the tedious trials to force passage through fields of frigid blue.

The prow of one of these ice crushers is made something on the lines of an immense steel fin. The ferryboat goes ahead under full steam and tackles the ice guards. It heaves up on top of the obstruction and then the iron fist comes down on the ice with a blow harder than the fabled Vulcan ever gave. The ice, no matter what the thickness, caves—that is the word. After that tremendous catapultic onslaught the 15 feet of frigidity cracks humbly before the prow of the persistent monster.

The problems of ice navigation do not stop with the strait of Mackinac, however. For three years the Toledo and Ann Arbor Railroad company has been trying to solve the question of winter navigation across Green bay, really a part of Lake Michigan. Two years ago the Ann Arbor ferries ran until the last of December into Marinette and Menominee. To accomplish this on a number of occasions fields of ice 20 miles in breadth were combated and overcome. The heavy ferries crushed into the ice, went over it, broke it in thickness, and overcame it in the same manner as the giants of the strait do in January and February.

But the battle began to favor Jack Frost, and the railroad company decided to run as long as possible to Marinette and Menominee, but not to risk too much in the middle of winter. The boats have run from Frankfort to Menominee with no difficulty to the middle of December and when the season is backward into the fore part of January. The Ann Arbor company is to make a new trial this year.

With this in mind the managers of the line have asked the ninth lighthouse district establishment to keep various lights along the route of the boats in operation throughout the winter. They have been granted this request, and lights on Chambers island, Green island and at Sherwood point will be twinkling their warning and showing a friendly glow through snowstorms and blizzards. Sherwood point's light will shine on the Ann Arbor ferries just after they leave Sturgeon bay canal and enter Green bay. Midway between Marinette and Sturgeon bay the boats will see the light on Green island. Chambers island is to the northeast of the Menominee harbor.

That the Ann Arbor company may take a notable achievement of this winter's effort to navigate Green bay is quite probable through the construction of a new boat recently launched. The Globe Iron Works company of Cleveland have put out a ferry steamer that a layman would deem able to plow into the toughest collection of windrows. It is 270 feet long and 52 feet beam. It is of steel, and its bow has been especially strengthened for working in the ice. It has twin screws and will be capable of high speed. The cost is said to have been $185,000.

With this new machine the Green bay ice problem may be overcome, and if it is the winter of 1898-9 will be notable enough to mariners and to the commercial interests of the northwest without any other victory.

FRANCIS TALBERT.

An Empty Smile.

As he entered the room she greeted him with an empty smile. However, her aim was bad, and it crashed against the wall, littering the floor with broken bits of brown glass.—Philadelphia Record.

The Modern Highwayman.

"Throw up your hands!" he cried.

Those addressed did so without a murmur. Then slowly and proudly the fellow took their money.

Yes, four aces are hard to beat.—New York Journal.

The Evening Sentinel.
SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON I. FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 1.

Text of the Lesson, John 1. 1-14.—Memory Verses, 9-12—Golden Text, John 1. 14.

Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God." The topic of the lesson is "Christ, the Twin Light." Just the verses assigned for the lesson are the introduction to the gospel and tell us why John wrote it. In chapter xx. 31, he says concerning his gospel, "These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name." Wishing to Marcion Jesus is the Elder of the Jews, in Mark the servant of Jehovah, and in Luke the Son of Man, to this gospel He is the Son of God equal with the Father. The focus phrase leads us to Gen. 1. 1, "In the beginning God." The name "The Word of God" takes us to Gen. xv. 1, where God appears to Abram as "The Word of the Lord."

2. "The same was in the beginning with God." A helpful comment upon this is found in Prov. viii. 30, and the context, where we read of the Word of God under the name of wisdom as being with God when He created all things, rejoicing always before Him, and in vope of Ps. 19 written, "Whose goings forth are from of old, even from everlasting." Isaiah, in his inspired prophecy, gives us the light that shines upon this verse: "Hearkening unto Him, saith the Lord, I will make the darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." Isaiah, speaking of Christ, says: "Behold, my Servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth; I have put my spirit upon Him; He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles

JOYS OF CHRISTMAS.

What the Holy Babe's Escape Means to Humanity.

An Eloquent Holiday Sermon by Dr. Talmage from the Lessons of Herod's Effort to Destroy the Christ Child.

Washington, Dec. 25.—(Copyright, 1898.)

In a most unusual way a scene connected with the nativity is emphasized by Dr. Talmage in this Christmas discourse; text, Matthew 2, 13: "Herod will seek the young child to destroy him." The cradle of the infant Jesus had no rockers, for it was not to be soothed by oscillating motion, as are the cradles of other princes. It had no canopy, for it was not to be hovered over by anything so exquisite. It had no embroidered pillow, for the young head was not to have such luxurious comfort. Though a meteor—ordinarily the most erratic and seemingly ungovernable of all skyey appearances—had been sent to designate the place where that cradle stood and a choir had been sent from the heavenly temple to serenade its illustrious occupant with an epic, yet that cradle was the target for all earthly and diabolical hostilities. Indeed I give you as my opinion that it was the narrowest and most wonderful escape of the ages that the child was not slain before he had taken his first step or spoken his first word. Herod could not afford to have him born. The Caesars could not afford to have him born. The gigantic oppressions and abominations of the world could not afford to have him born.

The Herod who led the attack was treachery, vengeance and sensuality impersonated. As a sort of pastime he slew Hyrcanus, the grandfather of his wife. Then he slew Mariamne, his wife. Then he butchered her two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus. Then he slew Antipater, his oldest son. Then he ordered burned alive 40 people who had pulled down the eagle of his authority. He ordered the nobles who had attended upon his dying bed to be slain, so that there might be universal mourning after his decease. From that same deathbed he ordered the slaughter of all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age, feeling sure that if he massacred the entire infantile population that would include the destruction of the child whose birthplace astronomy had pointed out with its finger of light. What were the slaughtered babes to him, and as many frenzied and bereft mothers? If he had been well enough to leave his bed, he would have enjoyed seeing the mothers wildly struggling to keep their babes, and holding them so tightly that they could not be separated until the sword took both lives at one stroke, and others, mother and child, hurled from roofs of houses into the street till that village of horseshoe shape on the hillside became one great butcher shop. To have such a man, with associates just as cruel, and an army at his command, attempting the life of the infant Jesus, does there seem any chance for His escape? Then that flight southward for so many miles, across deserts and amid bandits and wild beasts (my friend, the late missionary and scientist, Dr. Lansing, who took the same journey, said it was enough to kill both the Madonna and the Child), and poor residence in Cairo, Egypt. You know how difficult it is to take an ordinary child successfully through the disorders that are sure to assail it even in comfortable homes and with all delicate ministries, and then think of the exposure of that famous babe in villages and lands where all sanitary laws were put at defiance, His first hours on earth spent in a room without any doors, and oftentimes swept by chilled night winds; then afterward riding many days under hot tropical sun, and part of many nights, lest the avenger overtake the fugitive before he could be hidden in another land!

The sanhedrin also were affronted at the report of this mysterious arrival of a child that might upset all conventionalities and threaten the throne of the nation. "Shut the door and bolt it and double bar it against him," cried all political and ecclesiastical power. Christ on a retreat when only a few days of age, with all the privations and hardships and sufferings of retreat! When the glad news came that Herod was dead, and the Madonna was packing up and taking her Child home, bad news also came, that Archelaus, the son, had taken the throne—another crowned infamy. What chance for the babe's life? Will not some short grave hold the wondrous infant?

"Put him to death!" was the order all up and down Palestine, and all up and down the desert between Bethlehem and Cairo. The cry was: "Here comes an iconoclast of all established order! Here comes an aspirant for the crown of Augustus! If found on the streets of Bethlehem, dash him to death on the pavement! If found on a hill, hurl him down the rocks! Away with him!" But the Babe got home in safety and passed up from infancy to youth and from youth to manhood and from carpenter shop to Messiahship and from Messiahship to enthronement, until the mightiest name on earth is Jesus, and there is no mightier name in Heaven.

What I want to call your attention to is your narrow escape and mine and the world's narrow escape. Suppose that attempt on the young child's life had been successful! Suppose that delegation of wise men, who were to report to Herod immediately after they discovered the hard bed in the Bethlehem caravansary, had obeyed orders and reported! Suppose the beast carrying the Madonna and the Child in the flight had stumbled and flung to death its riders! Suppose Archelaus had got his hands on the babe that his father had failed to find! Suppose that among the children dashed from the Bethlehem house tops or scattered by sword of the enraged constabulary Jesus had perished!

Then, to begin on the outmost rim of my subject, Christmas festivities would never have been observed, Christmas carols never sung, Christmas gifts never bestowed, Christmas games never played, Christmas bells never rung. What an awful subtraction from the world's brightness would have been the making of December 25 like other days of the year! Glorious day! After brightening England and Holland and Germany for centuries it stepped across the sea and pronounced its benediction on our shores. Why, we never get over our childhood Christmases! Father and mother joined in them. They forgot their rheumatisms and shortness of breath, and for awhile threw off the sorrows of a lifetime while they struggled [illegible] first in the morning shout the "Merry Christmas!" Then there were all the innocent allurements as to who brought the presents, and the wonderment as to how sleighs drawn by reindeer could come down the perpendicular, and afterward the disappointment as some older brother or sister, with all the pride of discovery, tried to persuade us that the chimney had not been the channel of generous descent. Oh, what times they were, the Christmases of our boyhood and girlhood! [illegible] We still feel in our pulses some of the exuberance which we then unwittingly stored up for future times, when the eye might lose some of its luster and the foot some of its spring and the heart some of its rebound. How holly and rosemary and ivy and mistletoe looked interwoven! The Puritans may not have liked the day, and John Calvin may have pronounced it superstitious and feared it would bring into religious observance the saturnalia of the heathen, the decorations of ivy inappropriate because ivy had been dedicated to Bacchus and mistletoe had been associated with Druidical rites, but we testify that Christmas never did us any harm, and the only objection we ever expressed was that it was so long a time from Christmas to Christmas. Ecclesiastical controversy as to whether it ought to be celebrated on the 6th of January, or 29th of March, or 29th of September, or 25th of December, did not bother us then any more than it bothers us now. It always came at the right time, although a little late, and now we realize that Christmas comes opportunely, just after the shortest day of the year, December 21, and at the time when days are lengthening and the sun is recommencing its upward course, telling us that spring and summer are coming. Oh, what a forest of Christmas trees—trees bearing 12 manner of fruits—now standing throughout the households of Christendom! Oh, what hosannas are ascending on this day, the Christmas of a Saviour's birth, this year blending with the Sabbath of a Saviour's resurrection!

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I had and all the world had in that babe's escape, let me say that had that Herodic plot been successful the one instance of absolutely perfect character would never have been unfolded. The world had enjoyed the lives of many splendid men before Christ came. It had admired its Plato among philosophers, its Mithridates among heroes, its Herodotus among historians, its Phidias among sculptors, its Homer among poets, its Aesop among fabulists, its Aeschylus among dramatists, its Demosthenes among orators, its Aesculapius among physicians, yet among the contemporaries of those men there were two opinions, as now there are two opinions concerning every remarkable man. There were plenty in those days who said of them: "He cannot speak," or "He cannot sing," or "He cannot philosophize," or "His military achievement was a mere accident," or "His chisel, his pen, his medical prescription, never deserved the applause given." But concerning this full-grown Christ, whose life was launched three decades before that first Christmas, the moan of camels and the bleat of sheep and the low of cattle mingled with the Babe's first cry, while clouds that night were resonant with music, and star, pointing down, whispered to star: "Look, there He is!"

That Christ, after the detectives of Herod and Pilate and sanhedrim had watched Him by day and watched Him by night, year after year, was reported innocent. It was found out that when He talked to the vagrant woman in the temple it was to tell her to "Go and sin no more," and that if He spoke with the penitent thief it was to promise him Paradise within 24 hours, and that as He moved about He dropped ease of pain upon the invalid's pillow, or light upon the eye that lacked optic nerve, or put bread into the hands of the hungry, or took from the oriental hearse the dead young man and vitalized him and said to the widowed mother: "Here he is, alive and well!" and she cried: "My boy, my boy!" and he responded: "Mother, mother!" And the sea, tossing too roughly, some of His friends, by a word earlier than a nurse's word to a petulant child, He made it keep still. The very judge who for other reasons allowed Him to be put to death, declared: "I find no fault in Him!" Was there ever a life so thoroughly ransacked and hypercriticised that turned out to be so perfect a life? Now, can you imagine what would have been the calamity to earth and Heaven, what a bereavement to all history, what swindling not only of the human race, but of the cherubim and seraphim and archangel, if because of infernal incursion upon the bed of that Bethlehem Babe this life of Divine and glorious manhood had never been lived? The Christic parables would never have been uttered, the sermon on the mount, all adrip with benedictions, never preached, the golden rule, in picture frame of everlasting love, would never have been hung up for the universe to gaze upon and admire.

Can you imagine what a sacrifice of the world's literature would be the removal of all Christ ever did and said? It would tear down the most important shelves of yonder congressional library, and of the vatican library, and of British museum, and Berlin and Bonn and Vienna and Madrid and St. Petersburg libraries, and St. Paul's life would have been an impossibility, and his epistles would never have been written, and St. John, from the basaltic caverns of Patmos, would never have heard the seven trumpets or seen the heavenly wall with 12 layers of illumined crystallization. Oh, wise men of the east, I am so glad you did not report to the imperial scoundrel at Jerusalem where the babe was, for the hounds would have soon torn to pieces the Lamb, and I am so glad that not only did you bring the frankincense and the myrrh to the room in that caravansary, but that you brought the gold which paid his traveling expenses and those of Joseph and Mary in that long and dangerous flight to Cairo, in Egypt, and paid their lodging and board there and paid their way back again! Well enough to bring to the barn of the Saviour's nativity the flowers, for they aromatized the dreadful atmosphere of the stables, but the gold was just then the most important offering. So now the Lord accepts your prayers, for they are the perfume of Heaven, but He asks also for the gold which will pay the expenses of taking Christ to all nations.

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I and the world had in the diversion of the persecutors from the place of nativity, let me say that had that Herodic raid upon the swaddling clothes been successful the world would never have known the value of a righteous peace. Much has been made of the fact that the world was at peace when Christ came. Yes. But what kind of a peace was it? It was a peace worse than war. It was the peace of a graveyard. The Roman eagles had plucked out the world's eyesight and plunged their beaks through the heart of dead nations. It was a peace like that spoken of by a dying Indian chieftain when a Christian home missionary said to him: "You have been a warrior and I suppose have been in many feuds, but you must be at peace with all your enemies in order to die aright." The dying chieftain replied: "That's easy enough. I am at peace with all my enemies, for I have killed all of them."

That was the style of peace on earth when Christ came, but the spirit of arbitration, which is to garland the tomb of this century and coronet the brow of the coming century, is consequent upon the midnight anthem above Bethlehem, two bars to that music, the first of Divine ascription, and the second of earthly pacification. "Glory to God" and "peace to men." In His manhood Christ pronounced the same doctrine: "Blessed are the merciful." Before the Bethlehem star flashed its significance the theory was: "Blessed is wholesale cutthroatery. Blessed are those who can kill the most antagonists. Blessed are those who can most skillfully wield the battleax. Blessed are those who can stab the deepest with spear or roll a chariot wheel over the most wounded or put his charger's hoof on the most dead." The entirely new theory of our Christ was blessing for cursing; prayer for those who despitefully use you; foundries to turn spears into pruning hooks, redhot furnaces to melt swords into molds shaped like plowshares. If gigantic acerbities and world-wide barbarisms had, without any Gospel opposition, gone on until now and been augmented by 1,898 years of ferocity, by this time what would this world have been turned into? You need not remind me of the awful wars since the opening of the year 1 of our Christian era, for if the earth has been again and again lacerated into an Aceldama, through improved weaponry of death and more rapidity of fire, Prussian breechloader, which in 1866 startled the nations with unprecedented havoc, eclipsed by contrivances that can sweep vaster numbers to death by one volley, and telegraphy adding to gunnery new facilities for slaughter by instantly ordering armies to where they can do the most wholesale murder—I say if all this woe has been wrought, how much worse would it have been if the Christly revelation had not been let down from Heaven on five-runged ladder of musical scale, and there had been no preaching of good will all up and down Christendom for 19 centuries! The Bethlehem manger has given the most potent suggestion of peace the world has ever received. The cavalry horses cannot eat out of that manger.

I take another step forward in showing the narrow escape you and I had and the world had in the secretion of Christ's birthplace from the Herodic detectives and the clubs with which they would have dashed the Babe's life out, when I say that without the life that began that night in Bethlehem the world would have had no illumined deathbeds. Before the time of Christ good people closed their earthly lives in peace while depending upon the Christ to come, and there were antediluvian saints, and Assyrian saints, and Egyptian saints and Grecian saints, and Jerusalem saints long before the clouds above Bethlehem became a balcony filled with the best singers of a world where they all sing, but I cannot read that there was anything more than a quieting guess that came to those before Christ deathbeds. Job said something bordering on the confident, but it was mixed up with a story of "skin worms" that would destroy his body. Abraham and Jacob had a little light on the dying pillow, but, compared with the after Christ deathbeds, it was like the dim tallow candle of old beside the modern cluster of lights electric. I know Elijah went up in memorable manner, but it was a terrible way to go—a whirlwind of fire that must have been splendid to look at by those who stood on the banks of the Jordan, but it was a style of ascent that required more nerve than you and I ever had, to be a placid occupant of a chariot drawn by such a wild team. The triumphant deathbeds, as far as I know, were the after Christ deathbeds. What a procession of hosannas have marched through the dying room of the saints of the last 19 centuries! What cavalcade of mounted hallelujahs has galloped through the dying visions of the last 2,000 years save 102! Peaceful deathbeds in the years B. C.! Triumphant deathbeds, for the most part, reserved for the years A. D.! Behold the deathbeds of the Wesleys, of the Doddridges, of the Leigh Richmonds, of the Edward Paysons, of Vara, the converted heathen chieftain, crying in his last moments: "The canoe is in the sea. The sails are spread. She is ready for the gale. I have a good pilot to guide me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus." Of dying John Fletcher, who entered his pulpit to preach, though his doctors forbade him, and then descended to the communion table, saying: "I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy seat," thousands of people a few days after following him to the grave, singing:

> With heavenly weapons he has fought
> The battles of the Lord,
> Finished his course and kept the faith
> And gained the great reward.

Of Pastor Emilie Cook, the great French evangelist, who sat in my church in Brooklyn one Sunday morning, and in a few days shipwrecked and dying after his wife had said to him: "God will help you, my dear; He will give you peace," replying: "But I have it—peace, I have it!" Of Prince Albert, quoting with his last breath: "Rock of Ages cleft for me, let me hide myself in thee!" Of the dying soldier who had been shot through the mouth and could not talk; and when the chaplain approached him, motioned for pencil and paper and wrote: "I am a Christian, prepared to die. Rally round the flag! Rally round the flag!" Of John Brown, of Haddington, who said: "I desire to depart and be with Christ, and, though I have lived 60 years very comfortably in this world, I would turn my back upon you all to be with Christ. There is no one like Christ—no one like Christ. I have been looking at Him these many years, and never yet could find any fault in Him but was of my own making, though he has seen 10,000 faults in me. Oh, what must He be in Himself when it is He that sweetens Heaven, sweetens Scripture, sweetens ordinances, sweetens earth, sweetens trial." Of John Janeway, saying in his last moments: "I have done with prayer and with all ordinances. Before a few hours are over I shall be in eternity singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. I shall presently stand on Mount Zion with an innumerable company of angels and with spirits of just men made perfect, and with Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant. Hallelujah!" Some one ought to preach a course of sermons on triumphant Christian deathbeds, and then let some one preach a sermon on triumphant infidel deathbeds—that is, if he can hear or read of one of this latter kind. I never heard of one. Do tell us of one. There never was one. And had the Babe of Bethlehem died the same week in which he was born there never would have been a triumphant Christian deathbed. It is the wonderful story of Christ now rapidly filling the earth, that makes triumphant Christian deathbeds. The Bethlehem star had to give way before the rising sun which was to become the noonday Sun of Righteousness.

Space has a temperature of 200 degrees below zero.

EMPLOYMENT OF DRINKERS.

In the Majority of Cases Employers Will Not Hire Them—Result of an Inquiry.

A circular containing several inquiries was sent out by the United States commissioner of labor several months ago to persons and companies employing a large number of men. The object of the investigation thus instituted was to ascertain something about the relations of the drink habit to labor. Over 7,000 establishments, which employ nearly 2,000,000 men, replied. The answers have almost the significance of a census. Therefore, Commissioner Wright has just published a summary of them.

Out of 6,976 employers 5,363 said that they were accustomed to consider whether a person was in the habit of drinking when they were asked to give any sort of a place. The employers who did not take this matter into consideration numbered 1,613. The industries represented in this report were agriculture, manufactures, mining and quarrying, trade and transportation. The largest percentage of employers who inquired about drinking was among those engaged in trade and transportation.

The means used to find out about an applicant's habits were usually direct inquiry, reputation and personal appearance. The reasons assigned for taking a man's habits into consideration were to "guard against accidents," "because of responsibility of position" and "because of unreliability of drinking men." Dishonesty, abuse of animals, the employer's disgust for drinking men and the importance of example to other employes were also urged in explanation of the practice.

In reply to the question whether men were likely to spend their money on drink immediately after drawing their pay, 3,897 establishments sent an affirmative answer, 2,706 a negative one and 362 said nothing. Only a small number gave any data as to the means resorted to for the correction of the evil. But discharge, change of the day for paying [illegible] frequent payment of wages and [illegible] suasion were the chief remedies mentioned.—N. Y. Tribune.

TREATMENT OF INEBRIATES.

Two Cases in Point Illustrating a Practical, Common Sense Method, and a Delusive Theory.

John Cabot, a merchant, 31 years of age, with a family, began to frequent saloons and to neglect his business. It was evident that he would soon be a pauper and his family must soon be supported by the town. He was declared in court an habitual drunkard and a guardian appointed over his property. He was placed under the care of a physician in the country, and six months later returned home restored. For two years he continued his business under guardianship, then this was removed, and four years later he was prosperous, and a sober, most reputable citizen.

In a neighboring town a prosperous farmer fell heir to a large property. Soon after he began to frequent horse races and drink in fast company. He lost largely and drank to greater excess. My advice to take his property out of his hands was considered harsh and unreasonable. Four years of entreaty and persuasion by his wife and friends to stop drinking finally ended in total bankruptcy. Later on, he was arrested as an accomplice in crime, sent to prison, and died. His family were literally pauperized and scattered, dependent on their friends and the community for support.

These two cases illustrate the practical, common-sense view of treatment, and the stupid, delusive theory of the self-treatment by the inebriate.

Six years ago I testified in court that a man was an inebriate lunatic and irresponsible. The judge decided otherwise, and my opinion was severely condemned. This man continued drinking and lost his property, and is now a paretic in an almshouse. His family are scattered and pauperized.—Journal of Inebriety.

VARIOUS NOTES.

There are over 7,000,000 total abstainers in Great Britain.

A vote for a righteous cause is never lost or thrown away.—Lever.

> No gift on earth pure water can excel;
> Nature's the brewer, and she brews it well.
> —National Temperance Advocate.

One-idead men have controlled the thought forces in every age of the world. They generate an irresistible white heat.—The Issue.

One thing can be placed to the credit of William Jennings Bryan. As colonel of the Third Nebraska regiment he refused to allow a canteen to be established in his quarters. He had no use for liquor himself, and he knew that his soldiers were better off without it.—Lever.

To me it seems a species of glaring and inexcusable hypocrisy for our government to wage a war for liberty in Cuba and while this war is being waged subject the sons of the loving mothers of our land to an evil far more damning and deadly than all the tyrannies of Spain.—Baptist Standard.

Effect of Coffee Drinking on Eyes.

Snaltkin, according to the Medical Review, says that the Moors are inveterate coffee-drinkers, especially the merchants, who sit at their bazars and drink continually during the day. It has been noticed that almost invariably when these coffee-drinkers reach the age of 40 or 45 their eyesight begins to fail, and by the time they get to be 50 years old they become blind. One is forcibly impressed by the number of blind men seen about the streets of Fez, the capital of Morocco. It is invariably attributed to the excessive use of coffee.—N. Y. Medical Times.

Beer and the Islands.

The brewers are quick to seize upon our newly-acquired island possessions for the introduction and sale of their beer. Shiploads of this liquor are being sent to Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines. Woe be to the inhabitants thereof if they consume much of this dangerous beverage, and woe to our government if it permit these people to be slaughtered by strong drink.—Lever.

Noted in All Inebriates.

All inebriates have moral aberration and moral obliquity, and in many cases but little intellectual failure, although sense defects may be prominent. The capacity to realize the nature and character of ethical relations is always seriously impaired. It is impossible to use spirits for any length of time to excess and be of sound mind and body.—Journal of Inebriety.

SLIDING TOWARD DEEP HOLE.

A Boy's Experience at a Sawmill Warns Him of a Great Moral Peril.

"Buzz—z—z—z!" went the old sawmill, and Grandpa Jameson ran it. As the sharp saw buzzed away, the heap of sawdust below grew steadily. There was another heap that grew, though at intervals, as the first heap was transferred to it, and this was behind the mill. It was an immense heap, sloping down to the river below, and not far from the base of the heap was "Deep Hole." Grandpa Jameson was careful to cut down this big heap and cart off a section every month, but sometimes, when he was very busy, the removal might be delayed a few days. The miller knew that this might bring to somebody a danger, for if a person should venture out upon the unstable pile, it would let him down further and further, and what about Deep Hole below waiting to receive him?

"I had a tech of trouble myself," he would say, "for one day I got out there and began to slide down, and might have gone into Deep Hole, if a customer had not seen me, run a pole down to me, which I grappled, and then he drew me up."

And the morning of this story, whom did he see playing about the summit of that heap?

His grandson, Henry Jameson.

"Good mornin', Henry!"

"Good mornin', grandpa!"

"Come in, won't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Henry," asked grandpa, when the boy was in the mill, "what's the news?"

"Nothing, unless you mean my invitation to Mr. William Rogers' dinner party to the boys and their friends to-morrow afternoon."

"Then you're goin'? Wall, look out for Mr. Rogers' punch bowl. They say he has it out every chance he can get. Does he offer it to the boys?"

"Oh, only sips."

"Sips! Don't you tech it. You get a-goin' and you may not be able to stop."

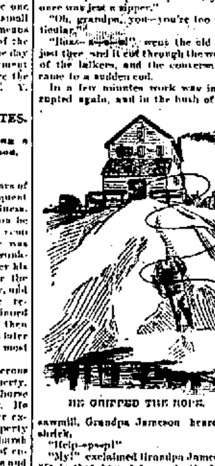
"But, grandpa, a sip, what harm will that do?"

"But a sip starts. You get a-goin', and will you stop so easy? Every sot once was just a sipper."

"Oh, grandpa, you—you're too particular."

"Buzz—z—z—z!" went the old saw just then and it cut through the words of the talkers, and the conversation came to a sudden end.

In a few minutes work was interrupted again, and in the hush of the



HE GRIPPED THE ROPE.

sawmill, Grandpa Jameson heard a shriek.

"Help—p—p!"

"My!" exclaimed Grandpa Jameson. "It is that boy, I know, in the heap back of the mill!"

He seized a rope lying on the floor, rushed to the rear of the mill, and, looking down the slope of the big heap, he saw a boy with scared, staring eyes, clawing at the heap with his hands and trying to plant his feet firmly, but all in vain! Below was Deep Hole, black and threatening!

"Here, Harry," shouted the miller, "grip this fast!"

Oh, how good looked the rope that came sliding down the slope of the heap and touched Henry's outstretched hands, eagerly clawing away. How he gripped that rope!

"Hold on tight, and I'll haul ye up!" Grandpa Jameson assured him. "I've got some help."

It was Mr. Rogers who, passing by, heard the shout, and came just in time to pull on the rope.

Up—up slowly came the frightened boy, and he finally stood in safety in the mill.

"Look out, Henry!" said Mr. Rogers. "Look out another time."

"There, Henry, I am going to cast off that stuff to-day," said grandpa, when alone with Henry. "And you, when you go to Mr. Rogers' dinner party, don't sip any punch. When one starts, they may go sliding down towards Deep Hole—the drunkard's deep hole."

The morrow came. The dinner party assembled. The host was in excellent spirits.

"I welcome the boys and their friends," said he, "and I want you all to take with me a little—a little of this punch."

A number of the boys thoughtlessly lifted and sipped the proffered glass. Henry shook his head.

"Henry," called out Mr. Rogers.

"No, I thank you, sir."

"Why—why not?"

"You saw me back of the mill, sliding down, yesterday. What if I begin now, and should slide down, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Rogers, pettishly.

He looked mortified, though, and did not further press the matter, which should not have been pressed at all.

Henry Jameson told his mother the whole story when he went home.

He was busy telling it to her, when the outside door opened and somebody came into the little entry leading to the sitting-room where Henry and his mother were seated.

"That was the reason, mother, why I did not take that punch—"

"I am glad you did not, Henry."

"Why, I seemed to see Deep Hole right before me, and I had begun to slide toward it, I thought. I stepped back, quick, I tell you; I suppose I offended Mr. Rogers. I am sorry for that."

"Oh, don't be sorry!" said the person in the entry, now coming forward. It was Mr. Rogers himself.

"Excuse me! Nobody came to the door when I knocked, and I thought, Mrs. Jameson, you would excuse an old neighbor for entering, as I wanted much to see Henry's mother, and tell her about Henry's excellent stand yesterday. I have thought it over, and I, too, am going to stop this business, give up my punch and everything else in that line, for what if I should get into Deep Hole?"—Presbyterian.

The man who drinks only one drink a day is on the side of the drinking customs.—National Temperance Advocate.

HOPE.

> Oh souls that wing this world of night,
> To earth's remotest bound,
> Behold the risen star of hope,
> There peace alone is found.
>
> The glorious hope which bids us rise
> Above this world of care,
> Will bear thee on its wings of light,
> And thou its joys may share.
>
> The grace of Christ, the fount of life,
> Can life alone impart,
> The Christian's hope, like heaven's dew,
> Renews the broken heart.
>
> Beyond the veil, this hope is stayed,
> Where pain shall be no more,
> Its comforts span the sea of death,
> And bears us safely o'er.
> —W. A. Sharp, in Ram's Horn.

ETHEL'S RELIGION.

A Short Story Aptly Illustrating a Very Practical, Everyday Sort of Christianity.

Ethel and Edith were twin sisters, but they were quite unlike in appearance and character. Ethel was practical, energetic and ambitious, thoughtful in small matters, and sunny-hearted. Edith was dreamy, romantic and visionary, and given to melancholy.

Of late Edith had turned her whole attention to religious thoughts, had passed through a "conversion," and was now a member of the church, and a most devout one. Her father and mother were much pleased with her sincere feeling on this subject, and they encouraged her in all her benevolent aims and charitable works among the poor and needy, where she was most active. But Edith was very sad about one thing, and that was her sister's indifference to religious subjects. To be sure, Ethel attended church and occasionally Sunday school, but she showed no enthusiasm on the matters dear to her sister's heart, and Edith feared that she was as yet wholly unregenerate.

There were four younger children and an aged and invalid grandaunt in the family, and they kept no servant. This necessitated a great deal of hard work on the part of the mother and the twin girls.

One Sunday morning soon after Edith's conversion she had been pleading with her sister, while they made their toilets, to take a more serious view of religious subjects. Right in the midst of her most eloquent appeal Ethel said: "Excuse me, dear," and hurried out of the room and downstairs. She did not return, and Edith sat by the window in a deep reverie when the bell called her down to breakfast half an hour later.

The mother usually prepared the morning meal, and afterwards the girls attended to the work of clearing up the dishes and washing them. Ethel was not at the table when Edith took her place, but presently she came in bearing a plate of hot pancakes, her cheeks flushed and burning.

"You were very thoughtful, dear, to remember that we were to have cakes this morning, and that my headache always comes on if I am much over the hot fire," said Mrs. Gray, with a smile. "Edith will prepare the next plate after this, and you can sit down."

But Edith was deep in a reverie, and did not hear until she had been twice spoken to.

After service that morning Edith wanted her sister to go with her and visit the poor and sick people on her list.

"But I cannot this morning," Ethel said. "I promised to read to auntie."

"Why, mother is there, and I am sure she will look after auntie."

"Yes, but mother is not feeling very well, and she has the children to entertain Sundays when they are out of school, and that is work enough for one person to do. Then father likes to have her sit with him awhile on Sunday afternoons, so I feel it my duty to read to auntie. Some other day I will arrange to go and visit your poor people with you."

Edith turned away with a sigh, and Ethel hurried home to her duties. It was only a few days later that Ethel made her plans to go with Edith into a poor district on a visit of mercy, and then to finish up the afternoon on a shopping excursion. She was pleased to see how Edith was welcomed into the homes of the poor, and gratified at the words of thanks and blessing which they bestowed upon her.

They took a street car to go into the shopping portion of the town, and sat down in the only two unoccupied seats in the car. Edith was talking very earnestly to Ethel about the necessity for greater interest in religious matters, and urging her to pray for an awakening of her heart, when she observed her sister rise up and grasp a strap on the opposite side of the car. At first she thought Ethel was annoyed by her conversation, and had taken this way to put an abrupt end to it; but just then she saw a tired old woman, burdened with a large basket of clean laundry-work, drop into the seat her sister had vacated, and she knew Ethel had risen to give her the place. Ethel was always doing things like that.

When they reached the large dry-goods house where they were to do their shopping, they encountered a great crowd of people. It was Saturday afternoon, and the store would close at five o'clock, and everybody was in a hurry.

Edith pushed ahead and passed through the great swinging door, when she heard a smothered cry from Ethel. Looking around she saw her sister catch the heavy door by both hands, just in time to save it from slamming full in the face of a woman who was entering behind Edith.

"Oh, Edith!" cried her sister, as she hurried to her side, "you must be more careful about those doors; if I had not caught it just as I did the lady might have been seriously hurt."

"I was thinking of something else," Edith replied. "You know I seldom am conscious of my surroundings; my mind is so full of other things."

When they had finished their shopping and were again seated in the car ready to go home, Edith took out her Sunday school lesson and began to read it with great attention. She had turned diagonally in the car seat so as to get a better light on her book. The car was filling rapidly, and people were standing from one end of it to the other, jostling and pushing and treading on one another's toes. Still Edith read on, absorbed. Presently she whispered to Ethel:

"Oh, how I would like to be more like our dear Lord! It is the only wish of my heart, my only ambition!"

An odd smile curled the corners of Ethel's lips, and she whispered back in her sister's ear:

"I can tell you how to take one step nearer that goal right now."

"How? What do you mean?" asked Edith, astonished to think of getting spiritual counsel from an unregenerate sister.

"Why, by turning around straight in your seat and making room for another person to sit down," Ethel replied. "You are selfishly occupying two seats while half a dozen people stand. Our Lord would never have done a thing like that."

Edith flushed and turned about in her seat, silent for a moment. A tired-looking woman dropped into the extra space with a gentle "thank you."

"I was so intent on serious thoughts I did not notice," Edith remarked, after a moment.

"I know of no thoughts more worthy of one's attention than making other people feel our sense of brotherhood by thoughtful, unselfish acts," Ethel replied. "Any religion which does not include such acts is not the right kind. I may not be as devout as you in many ways, but this is my way—or I try to make it my way, of showing religion. I doubt if I will ever be an enthusiast like you, and do so many great things or long for great sacrifices, but in my heart I feel deeply the love-one-another spirit of Christ, and I try to show this in my daily, yes, hourly, action—at home and abroad. Some of us must work in small ways, others in great actions, but it is not for either one to say the other is unregenerate or hard of heart."

Somehow after that afternoon Edith had very little to say about Ethel's lack of religion, and it was noticeable to all that she grew more thoughtful in small things and looked nearer home for her duty. She showed, too, a spirit of true religious humility by one day thanking Ethel for what she had said to her.

"You made me see life in a new phase," she said, "and myself in a new and unattractive light. After all, it is the small courtesies and small kindnesses which go to make up the sum of life, and I was neglecting these to reach over and find some great duty."—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Woman's Home Companion.

AN UNFAMED PHILANTHROPIST

A Sample of Countless Unknown Christian Noblemen Who Simply Go About Doing Good.

The familiar form of an aged clergyman, leaning upon crutches, has been missed from the streets of New York and Brooklyn since the 12th of July. His name was James L. Hodge, and few men at their death have ever been more sincerely mourned than he was by the immediate public, who loved him and called him "Doctor."

He was the pastor of the Mariners' temple in New York city, a sailors' mission, which his Christian energy and sacrifice made prosperous, and which he served without pay to the end of his active life.

His tender interest in seamen as a pastor, and his gifts as a "sailor preacher," won him the personal affection of every honest tar who came into port, and hundreds who went away with his blessing carried it round the world. Like "Father" Taylor and Phineas Stowe, of Boston, he had his congregation on the sea.

But Doctor Hodge was a large lover of his kind, and to the last of his 90 years his heart and hand were free to every human class and every worthy cause. He is remembered not only in the many churches revived and strengthened by his vigor and devotion in the days of his prime, but in the history of every public and private philanthropy that once appealed to him.

Moral, human and patriotic movements, represented 50 years ago by such names as Tappan, Beecher, Chapin, Cheever, Cooper, Garnet, Hodge, found in him a sturdy helper, and in all similar movements his cooperation never slackened so long as his strength remained.

President Arthur, who had known him for years and ably seconded his benefactions, once remarked, on his request for some favor to another:

"Doctor, why is it that you never ask anything for yourself?"

A type of Doctor Hodge's practical kindness was his rescue from a felon's death of a young Irish sailor, under capital sentence for complicity in a mutiny at sea.

During one of his many visits to the city prison, Doctor Hodge noticed this boy, learned something of his history, and after closer inquiry, became convinced of his innocence.

To prove it to the authorities was a formidable task, but he set about it, visiting lawyers and judges, publishing articles in the papers, and traveling and talking unweariedly for months, until, at his third interview with the president of the United States, he secured the prisoner's discharge.

A "pardon" he would not accept, as the lad had not committed crime. Returning, he presented the vindicated youth with his release papers and a new suit of clothes, and sent him home to his country and his mother.

We have told the story of this humble philanthropist because it gives us a sample of the countless unknown noblemen who benefit the world without winning brilliant victories on sea or land, or doing any deed of public daring.

James L. Hodge was the intimate friend of many famous men, but he remained obscure. He was simply a stalwart, toiling Christian—a style of citizen and patriot that makes the true glory of any country and contributes to the peace and happiness of mankind.—Youth's Companion.

GEMS FROM MATTHEW HENRY.

God's vengeance has leaden feet and iron hands.

We cannot expect too little from men nor too much from God.

God is a good master, who likes His servants to sing at their work.

Thoughts are as words before God. Vain thoughts are as provoking words before Him.

Heavenly pleasures satisfy, but never surfeit. Earthly pleasures surfeit, but never satisfy.

He will not always chide. How unlike are they to God who are always chiding and never cease.

The wicked, after all, flourish only "as a green bay tree," which is all leaf and no fruit. The righteous are like the green olive, which is fat as well as flourishing.

Religion.

Religion involves a conscious experience with the God whom it adores; it must give a ground for morality in the belief in a constantly growing intimacy with and inward obedience to the great spiritual father.—Rev. Lester Bradner, Jr.

A Christian.

If you are a Christian you must have at least three things—a creed, something to believe, a code, something to go by and a cult to worship.—Dr. Patton.

Doubt.

Doubt robs us of more than it gives. We are reminded that even Goethe once remarked that he was tired of hearing men's doubts.—Rev. Dr. Williams.

Great Ideas.

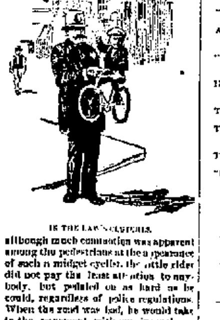
Great ideas are, first of all, in the souls of the best men, and the public has to be educated up to them.—Rev. R. Thomas.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

ANOTHER SMALL CYCLIST.

A Little Shaver of Jackson, Mich., Who Is at Home on a Wheel.

Master Verne Trask of Jackson, Mich., is probably the smallest bicyclist in the world and commenced to ride almost as soon as he could walk. As he is now but 2½ years old, it may readily be imagined that his wheel is below standard size. The tiny machine is practically perfect in every detail, and, although the front wheel only measures 13½ inches in diameter, its pneumatic tires are of the ordinary size. One day recently he rode about two miles, and,



IN THE LAW'S CLUTCHES.

although much commotion was apparent among the pedestrians at the appearance of such a midget cyclist, the little rider did not pay the least attention to anybody, but pedaled on as hard as he could, regardless of police regulations. When the road was bad, he would take to the pavement with an insouciance that greatly amused the city police. His father, Mr. Charles Trask, left England for the United States some 14 years ago, and he belongs to a well known west of England family. The drollest thing was to see the father taking up the boy, bicycle and all. Then, after looking carefully to see that everything is right, setting down both machine and rider and literally bowling along the whole concern.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Camel's Revenge.

The camel is stupid save when angry and then seems to become suddenly possessed with an intelligence almost preternatural in carrying out its vengeful designs. Palgrave relates the following story of a camel's revenge, which serves to illustrate this point:

A lad of 14 had conducted a large camel, laden with wood, from one village to another, at a half hour's distance. As the animal loitered or turned out of the way, its conductor struck it repeatedly and harder than it seemed to have thought he had a right to do. But, not finding the occasion favorable for taking immediate quits, it "bode its time."

That time was not long in coming. A few days later the same lad had to reconduct the beast, but unladen, to his own village. When they were about half way on the road and at some distance from any habitation, the camel suddenly stopped, looked deliberately round in every direction to assure itself that no one was within sight, and, finding the road far and near clear of passersby, made a step forward, seized the unlucky boy's head in its monstrous mouth and, lifting him up in the air, flung him down again on the earth with the upper part of his skull completely torn off and his brains scattered on the ground.

Having thus satisfied its revenge, the brute quietly resumed its pace toward the village as though nothing were the matter, till some men, who had observed the whole, though unfortunately at too great a distance to be able to afford timely help, came up and killed it.—St. Paul's.

The Dream of the Toy.

> The sandman lost a dream one night—
> A dream meant for a boy—
> It floated round awhile, and then
> It settled on a toy.
>
> The toy dreamed that it stood in class
> With quite a row of boys;
> The teacher rapped upon his desk
> And cried: "Less noise! Less noise!"
>
> Then, looking at the toy, he scowled
> And said, "Next boy—forestell."
> "Oh, please, sir," cried the little toy,
> "I don't know how to spell!"
>
> "Indeed I don't know how it is;
> I'm sure I'm a toy;
> Although I seem to be in class
> And dressed up like a boy."
>
> "What's that? What's that?" the teacher cried.
> In awful tones he spoke.
> He came, with pickles, across the floor,
> And then the toy awoke.
>
> There lay the nursery very still,
> The shelf above its head;
> The fire burned dimly on the hearth,
> The children were in bed.
>
> There lay the dolls and Noah's ark.
> "Oh, dear me!" said the toy,
> "I just had such a dreadful dream.
> I dreamed I was a boy!"
> —Katharine Pyle in St. Nicholas.

Pussy's Burial.

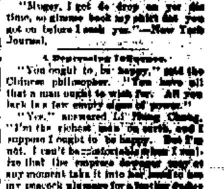
> The cemetery was beneath
> A shaggy cedar tree;
> The mourners were the Jersey cow
> And pussy's child and me.
>
> The tombstone was a piece of slate,
> And daisies were the shroud;
> I cried a little to myself,
> The kitten purred aloud.
> —F. L. Waldo in Youth's Companion.

An Abstract Noun.

A governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. "An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of, but not touch. Can you give me an example?"

Tommy—A redhot poker.—Tit-Bits.

A Head Up.



"Mister, I got de drop on yer dis time, so gimme back my shirt dat you got on before I soak yer."—New York Journal.

A Depressing Influence.

"You ought to be happy," said the Chinese philosopher. "You have all that a man ought to wish for. All you lack is a few empty signs of power."

"Yes," answered Li Hung Chang. "I'm the richest man on earth, and I suppose I ought to be happy. But I'm not. I can't be comfortable when I realize that the empress dowager may at any moment take it into her head to take my peacock plumes for a feather duster and my yellow jacket for a mop."—Washington Star.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE PRICES FOR CHRISTMAS '98.

The holidays will soon be with us. As in former years, we have anticipated the wants of our customers and in consequence have laid in a large supply of Christmas and New Years goods. In many instances there being little change of prices, especially in staple goods. [illegible]

Our holiday goods consist of imported Toys, Drums, Dolls and German Albums, all the latest styles [illegible]

Small toys for the little ones in an endless variety, such as Engines, Hook and Ladder, Express Wagons, Drivers, Locomotives, Trains of Cars, [illegible] Tea, Coffee and Dinner Sets, Jumping Jacks, [illegible] and many other pretty toys for the little ones.

Also Christmas Tree Candles. [illegible]

Christmas Tree Candles are very cheap this year. We will sell them for [illegible] size.

Christmas Candies.

The [illegible] and all varieties, such as animals and fruits we are selling at [illegible]. Pure Stick Candy, [illegible]. Pure French Mixed Candy, [illegible]. French Chocolates [illegible]. Cinnamon [illegible] and Jelly Beans, [illegible]. Gum Drops, [illegible].

We have a large assortment and can please all who favor us with a call.

Coffee Down.

The Best Roasted Rio in Market, 12½c lb. Old Government Java, roasted, [illegible]. Best Roasted Mocha, [illegible].

Good Rio, Green, [illegible]. Best Golden Rio, green, [illegible]. Best Mocha, green, [illegible]. All Government Java, green, [illegible].

Sugars.

Best Granulated, 5c lb. Standard A, [illegible]. Cut Loaf and Powdered, [illegible].

Choice Yellow, extra C, [illegible]. Choice Yellow, [illegible].

Teas.

The Tea market in all grades has been advanced [illegible] on account of the War tax, fortunately we had a large stock before the advance came and continue to sell to our customers at old prices.

Our motto in dealing in Teas like other goods, is to buy large quantities from Importers and sell direct to customers, thereby saving the jobber's profit of [illegible]. This is the success of our Tea trade. Quick sales and small profits.

Good Young Hyson, [illegible]. Extra Good, [illegible]. Very Best Young Hyson, [illegible]. Japan Tea, [illegible] and best, [illegible].

Gunpowder, good, [illegible]; Best [illegible]. Best Imperial, [illegible]. Best English Breakfast, [illegible]. Best Oolong Tea, [illegible].

Syrups and Molasses.

Best Golden Drips, [illegible] gallon. Extra Nice New Orleans, [illegible] gallon. Maple Syrup, Vermont, [illegible] gallon.

Good New Orleans, [illegible] gallon. Rich Yellow Sorghum, [illegible] gallon.

Oils, All Kinds.

Harness Oil, [illegible] gallon. Boiled Linseed Oil, [illegible] gallon. Raw Linseed Oil, [illegible] gallon. Castor Oil, [illegible] gallon.

Neatsfoot, [illegible] gallon. Fish Oil, [illegible] gallon. Lard Oil, [illegible] gallon.

California Dried and Canned Fruits.

California Peaches, [illegible]. California Prunes, [illegible]. California Prunes, [illegible]. California Apricots, [illegible]. California Pears, [illegible].

California Peaches, [illegible] can. California Apricots, [illegible] can. California Green Gages, [illegible] can. California Egg Plums, [illegible] can. Best Home Packed Tomatoes, [illegible] can. Best Home Packed Corn, [illegible] can.

For Christmas Cake.

Leghorn Citron, [illegible]. Zante Currants, [illegible]. Cleaned Currants, 1-lb boxes, [illegible] each. Layer Raisins, [illegible]. Sultana Seedless Raisins, [illegible]. Seeded Raisins, 1-lb boxes, [illegible] each. Shelled Almonds, [illegible].

Orange and Lemon Peel, per lb, [illegible]. English Walnuts, per qt, [illegible]. Best Filberts, per qt, [illegible]. Mixed Nuts, per qt, [illegible]. Brazil Nuts, per qt, [illegible]. Texas Pecans, per qt, [illegible]. Best Almonds, per qt, [illegible].

Cigars and Tobacco.

Artistic Cigars, [illegible] box. Crocodile, [illegible] box. Home Made Cigars, $1.00 to $1.50 per box. Royal, [illegible] boxes, [illegible]. Villa Franca, [illegible] box. Our Argument, [illegible] box. Sweet Cuba, Fine Cut, [illegible]. Hunting, Smoking, [illegible].

Horse Shoe Plug, [illegible]. Battle Ax Plug, [illegible]. J. T. Plug, [illegible]. Standard Navy Plug, [illegible]. Star Plug, [illegible]. Day Use Fine Cut, [illegible]. Penn Best Smoking, [illegible]. Sledge, Mixture, [illegible].

Wines and Liquors for Medical Use Only.

Sweet Catawba, [illegible] gallon. Port and Sherry, [illegible] gallon. California Muscatel, [illegible] gallon. California Angelica, [illegible] gallon. Whiskies, [illegible] and [illegible] gallon.

Kuemmel, [illegible] gallon. Scotch Ale, imported, [illegible] bottle. Wines, all grades, bottled, [illegible]. Gin, per gallon, [illegible]. Alcohol, [illegible] gallon.

Carpets, Floor Oil Cloths, Linoleums, Chinese and Japanese Mattings, Lace Curtains and Portieres.

The whole corner room is set apart for these goods and a most excellent assortment we have. Our fall and winter supplies are now laid in at extremely low prices. [illegible]

Rugs in many styles and patterns from [illegible]. Floor Oil Cloth, one yard wide, [illegible]. Yard and half, [illegible].

Window Shades, [illegible]. Other grades, [illegible]. All above goods are in stock and we desire you to call and see them, even if you do not purchase. We can save you at least [illegible] on the dollar.

WHITE FRUIT HOUSE, FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Evening Sentinel.

SATURDAY, DEC. 31, 1898.

THE BLACKTHORN SHILLALAH

A NEW YEAR'S TALE

BY ERNEST JARROLD

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It was New Year's eve. A fire of mountain turf roared in the wide mouthed fireplace. The octogenarian, Patrick Mulligan, sat upon a suggaun (rope straw) chair in the ingle nook. Four generations of Mulligans were represented under the thatch that night. It was the annual gathering of the faction. They included all ages, from the baby who had just come over the border of earth's mysterious land, to the stalwart old man who was about to cross the farther frontier. The firelight danced upon 36 faces.

"The Mulligans forever!" shouted broad shouldered young Mike Mulligan. "Grandad, tell us the story of the blackthorn and how you won your wife with it!"

"Troth thin I told it to yez before, me lad. 'Tis an old tale! 'Tis an old tale!" replied the old man, while the snow beat upon the window panes, the hail rattled in the thatch and the wind

"DID HE AX YEZ?" SAYS I.

swooped down the chimney of wattles, sending a stream of sparks across the floor.

"Faith, 'tis that," said Mike, "but 'tis like some other things—all the better for its age."

"Yes, yes, grandad," chorused the Mulligans, young and old, crowding around the fireplace. "Do tell us about the blackthorn."

"Faith, I couldn't say nay to all yez gossoons on a New Year's eve," replied the old man as he caressed the shillalah which had been in his possession nearly 60 years. "Many a skull did yez touch in friendly sport," he continued, running his fingers over the stick caressingly and surveying the wood with the eye of a connoisseur.

"'Twas cut from the straightest root growing piece of blackthorn I could find 60 years ago. It must be root growing, boys, for if not, I could not think 'twas worth cutting. A mere branch, no matter how straight and fair it might look, would be apt to warp and twist in the tug o' war. Whin I had it cut and the branches lopped off, I put it up the chimney to season. Whin 'twas well dried, I took it down and wrapped it in brown paper, well soaked in hog's lard. Thin I buried it in warm earth, taking it out every day to bind it across me knee till all the twists and turns were out of it. After I had it straight, I rubbed it well with a woolen cloth covered with blacklead and grease, to give it a polish. 'Twas all ready now for a shindy, only for it being a little too light at wan ind. So I bored a hole in it with a redhot iron spindle, into which I poured some melted lead for the purpose o' giving it the knockdown weight. This lead, me childer," continued the old man in benignant fashion, "gave the stick a widow and orphan making quality, a child bereaving touch, as the poet says, altogether very desirable, to say nothing of the balance in the hand. Now, if the stick should split whin yez are making the hole, yez may put on an iron ferrule and drive a few nails into it, l'aving the nails stick out on either side, both for ornamint and use. The fortunes of the Mulligans, me childer, have depinded more nor wanst on the judicious use of a nail in a stick, and"—

"But I thought you were going to tell us about grandma," broke in a 17-year-old maiden with pansy eyes.

"So I am, mavourneen, but yez must let me tell it in me own way. Whin I was of yer age, Mike," he resumed, "I was as tidy a lad as ye'd meet in a month of Sundays—well set up about the shoulders and as handsome as a soldier. Manny a girl would turn her head to look at me thim days and I passing. And among thim that gave me a bit o' blarney now and thin was the Widdy Sullivan. She was left widout chick or child at the age of 22, and a snug, purty woman she was, wid a warm complexion and a warm heart. Whin I'd be working hard all day on the farm, I'd stroll down to her liquor store in the evenin. There was always taste o' punch to be had, and mebbe a rasher o' bacon and a cup o' tay whin the evening would be wearing away. 'Twas not in the taproom we sat at all, at all, but in the kitchen, where the turf fire was burning bright and everything nate and comfortable, wid the firelight dancing on the tins on the wall.

"'Pat,' she'd say to me sootheringlike, ''tis time yez were thinking about getting married.'

"'Well,' says I, 'mebbe I am looking out for a wife. And who should I come to for advice but to yez, that knows all about it?'

"'Oh,' says she, blushing like a rose, ''tis not me has the age nor the experience to give advice to a tidy young chap like yerself.'

"'Sure anny wan could see yez hadn't the age by looking in yer eyes, acushla, but ye ought to have the experience, and yer husband dead only a year.'

"'But he was an elderly man, rest his soul, Pat,' says she, wiping her eyes with her apron. ''Tis a lottery all around, this marrying.'

"'Tis so indade,' says I, hitching me chair up a little closer.

"'But, mebbe you'd be giving me some advice yerself, Pat?' says she as sly as a weasel. 'I'm a widdy wid no wan to look out for me, and I'm that lonesome, Pat, yez wouldn't believe! I have three as fine feather beds as ever kept a man warm on a cold winter's night, a round dozen o' silver spoons, five pigs, a donkey and a cow in the yard and a dale o' stuff that I can't mintion.'

"'Well,' says I, putting me ar-r-m around her waist by way of encouragement, 'go on, widdy, darlint. What advice are yez wanting, agra?'

"'I'm afeerd ye'd be angry, Pat,' says she, and she knowing all the time I'd be raging like a Turk.

"'Well, thin,' says she, purring like a cat, 'Terence McCarthy was in here last night, and he's very ginteel.'

"'Oh, he is, is he?' says I. Yez must know, gossoons, that Terence was the only man that could handle a burly stick or shake the foot with me at a christening. Besides, he had a nate way of striking with a stick.

"When the widdy mintioned his name, I took me ar-r-m away from her waist and got on me feet. I thought the widdy was making a fool o' me by putting McCarthy over ag'in me.

"'Did he ax yez,' says I, whitening the wall and biting my lips with rage.

"'No,' says she, demure as a kitten, 'but he told me he was coming tomorrow night to say something important to me. Now, Pat, darlint,' says she—oh, ye women, what sarpints yez are—'If he axes me to marry him, shall I say "yes"?'

"'Tis necessary for me to tell yez, childer, that all that the widdy was telling me about McCarthy was made up out of her own purty head. She was only telling it to me so that I'd be jealous and ask her to marry me; but, like the poor fool I was, I didn't see through her little game, and 'twas only through the Lord's kindness to me that I didn't strike her down where she stood I was that angry with jealousy; but I was terrible cold to her, as cold as the icicle that hung on the northeast corner of Diana's temple were the freezing words I spoke to her, and her poor little heart breaking for me all the time, the darlint!

"'Good avening to yez, Widdy Sullivan,' says I, mighty polite, and setting her to one side, as if she was a bag of male. 'Good avening to yez, and I wish yez joy, yez and yer McCarthy,' and with that I was off hot foot up the street in search of McCarthy.

"'What talk have yez wid the Widdy Sullivan?' says I, whin I met him coming down the street as p'aceable as a sheep going to a shearing, and I fairly frothing at the mouth wid rage. Now, if I'd asked him polite and dacint there would have been no fight, for McCarthy had no eye for the widdy. But I was that ugly that he lost his timper and said:

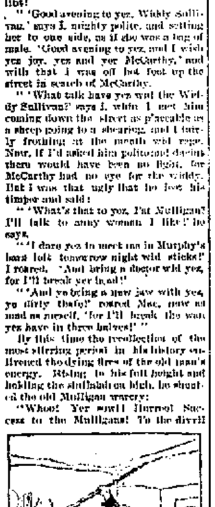
"'What's that to yez, Pat Mulligan? I'll talk to anny woman I like!' he says.

"'I dare yez to meet me in Murphy's barn loft tomorrow night wid sticks!' I roared. 'And bring a doctor wid yez, for I'll break yer head!'

"'And ye bring a new jaw with yez, ye dirty thafe!' roared Mac, now as mad as meself, 'for I'll break the wan yez have in three halves!'"

By this time the recollection of the most stirring period in his history enlivened the dying fires of the old man's energy. Rising to his full height and holding the shillalah on high, he shouted the old Mulligan warcry:

"Whoo! Yer sowl! Hurroo! Success to the Mulligans! To the divvil



"HURROO! SUCCESS TO THE MULLIGANS!"

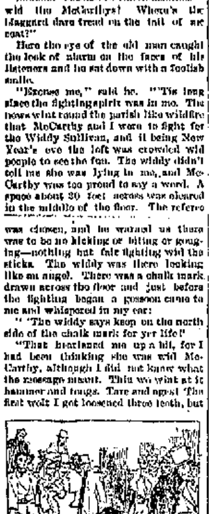
wid the McCarthys! Where's the blaggard dare tread on the tail of me coat?"

Here the eye of the old man caught the look of alarm on the faces of his listeners and he sat down with a foolish smile.

"Excuse me," said he. "'Tis long since the fighting spirit was in me. The news went round the parish like wildfire that McCarthy and I were to fight for the Widdy Sullivan, and it being New Year's eve the loft was crowded wid people to see the fun. The widdy didn't tell me she was lying to me, and McCarthy was too proud to say a word. A space about 20 feet across was cleared in the middle of the floor. The referee was chosen, and he warned us there was to be no kicking or biting or gouging—nothing but fair fighting wid the sticks. The widdy was there looking like an angel. There was a chalk mark drawn across the floor and just before the fighting began a gossoon came to me and whispered in my ear:

"'The widdy says keep on the north side of the chalk mark for yer life!'

"That heartened me up a bit, for I had been thinking she was wid McCarthy, although I did not know what the message meant. Thin we wint at it hammer and tongs. Tare and ages! The first welt I got loosened three teeth, but



"DO YEZ GIVE UP?" I ROARED.

I made him see fireflies wid a crack I gave him on top of the head. The crowd was worked up to great excitement, and shouts arose from all sides of:

"'Hurroo for the Mulligans!' 'Death to the McCarthys!' 'That's a good one, Mac!' 'Break his bones, Pat!'

"We had been fighting for nearly five minutes when McCarthy made a mad rush at me, the floor gave way beneath his feet, and he fell through up to his armpits. He could neither get up nor down, and there he hung in midair like a woodcock on a spit. A roar of laughter went up from the crowd. But 'twas no laughing matter wid Mac. I stood over him wid me stick in me hand, and divvil's the wan dared come near to help.

"'Do yez give up?' I roared, shaking me stick at his head.

"'Faith, I do,' says he, 'since yez drew me through the floor.'

"Thin he was pulled up out of the hole, the widdy rushed into me ar-r-ms, and 'twas all over but the tr'ating at the widdy's bar. But she niver told me until after the wedding that it was herself cut the board in the floor so that McCarthy would fall through."

The branch of green,
Of war no note he sings,
Within his pack good things galore
Has he and naught, let's hope,
that's sad,
Save gifts from time's mysterious
shore
To make our trusting spirits
glad.

Then for the old year breathe a sigh
And for the new a smile,
Even as the snowflakes whirl and
fly
May love's white blossoms beguile.
The glad bells ring
The notes that wing
From star to star, from heart to
heart.
The glad new year
Is here, is here,
And all our thoughts of care depart.
Then let the bells ring out their
cheer
In merry measures far and wide
To welcome in the glad new year
The stranger at the bedside.
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Hail to the New Year!

The horns are blowing loud and
shrill,
The bells are ringing clear,
And melodies of gladness fill
The frosty atmosphere.
The old year's flown
To realms unknown
And on tiptoe wait
Beside the door
We see once more
The new year's baby face,
A bud of beauty! May it blow
A perfect flower, fold on fold,
And set our hopes with joy aglow
And light our paths with fairy
gold.

The old year's hobbled to the gate
And said his last goodby.
The new year comes with step elate
And kind and loving eye.
North, south, east, west,
A welcome guest,
He sails on happy wings
And waves serene

A SMUGGLING YARN.

NEW YEAR'S ADVENTURE ON THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

With a Revenue Cutter in Midwinter—The Search For a Cargo of French Brandy—The Most Gallant Smuggler on the Gulf.

The Canadian revenue cutter Dauntless slouched ominously up and down the south coast of Anticosti, poking an ice covered nose into every bay and cove along the coast as she went. It was New Year's day and bitterly cold in the gulf. Officers and men (there were not a dozen all told) cheerfully cursed the Cape Gaspe lighthouse keeper, who had sent a crazy dispatch up to Quebec with some nonsense about a smuggled cargo of French brandy.

But the inland revenue department at Ottawa knew a few hundred barrels of French brandy had lately found its way into the country, and it had its suspicions. So when the Gaspe information came up to Quebec Captain Armstrong was sent down with a three pound gun to look into the matter. I happened to be spending my Christmas vacation with the captain, so he told me to come along as there might be some excitement. But New Year's on the lower St. Lawrence, I found, was not a thing to be longed for, and we both called the inland revenue department some very bad names as we paced the Dauntless's icy little deck. The captain, nevertheless, was keeping his weather eye open for a black tug with a red funnel, known as the Rosalie L., and supposed to be making up the gulf for Ste. Anne des Montes with 60 barrels of French brandy on board.

I never felt such raw, benumbing, paralyzing cold. For three days our search for smugglers had been fruitless. In fact, no kind of craft cared to pass either up or down the gulf in such weather.

It was on the afternoon of New Year's day that a fishing smack ran up alongside and reported that a black tug with a red funnel had been seen coming up the gulf. So we slipped away from Anticosti and went churning westward for the south mainland. Revenue cutters are not made for loafing, and the Dominion was making her 15 knots an hour until a fog blew up the gulf and caused us to shut down to quarter speed.

We were shivering on deck in that great white gulf fog late in the afternoon, when from the southwest we heard the sudden report of a signal gun. This was followed by three short blasts of a siren. The Dominion sped ahead under full steam, and we forgot the cold. Two men stood in the bow and strained their eyes through the white mist that hung over us like a blanket.

Ten minutes later the lookout cried. "Open boat ahead!" Under our bows 20 feet ahead a small boat tossed up and down on the waves.

"Port! Hard port!" cried the captain. Before the wheelsman could swing her round and stop the engines we had swept past the tiny craft. The one man in the boat dropped his oars and lightly waved his hand to us as we lunged past and lost him in the fog. He certainly was not trying to escape.

We lay to, and in a couple of minutes the boat pulled up alongside.

The crew of one climbed nimbly on board. He was a little dark skinned Frenchman, with twinkling black eyes and a turned up nose. He doffed his heavy sealskin cap with great grace as he stepped on deck and bowed.

"Ah, m'sieurs, it is the first of the good year. Permit me to wish you all, m'sieurs, the compliments of the season." Again the little man bowed, smiled and showed a row of good white teeth. He spoke English with astounding fluency for a habitant.

Our captain returned his salutation.

"What is your name, sir, and your ship?" he asked.

"Ah, my name! Pardon me, m'sieurs. It is Pierre Baptiste Delorme of Ste. Anne de Montes. What do you call him — pilot, fisherman, trappeur, m'sieurs, and lumberman."

Again the cheerful little man bowed. The captain started at the name and took a letter from his greatcoat pocket. He went up to the little Frenchman.

"And smuggler, Pierre Baptiste Delorme," said the captain. The idea was absurd. The little fellow laughed uproariously, took a flask from his coonskin coat pocket, and gallantly passed it around. It was filled with fine French brandy.

"Ah, no, m'sieurs," he said, taking a deep drink, "I have my wife and the little Pierre and Baptiste at home, and fishing is better than this." He pointed toward the three pound gun.

Once more through the fog the signal gun sounded, followed by the whistle.

"What ship is that?" asked the captain.

"Oh, that is the Rosalie F., m'sieur, with codfish for Three Rivers."

"Codfish!" said the captain. "And what is the gun for?"

The little man shrugged his shoulders. "The fog is very thick, m'sieur."

The captain went to the wheel. "Do you know these waters well, M. Delorme?"

"Know them!" A smile spread over the Frenchman's bearded lips. "Yes, m'sieur, from a boy."

"Andrews, give this gentleman the wheel," said the captain. "He shall take us to this Rosalie F. at once. I want to look over that codfish." The captain threw open his bearskin coat and showed his uniform. "On her majesty's service!" he added significantly.

The little Frenchman again shrugged his shoulders, then laughed. "With pleasure, m'sieur!" He stepped lightly into the pilothouse and spun round the wheel with airy nonchalance. The captain stood beside him watching.

"Aren't you running here a few points off on the south?" he asked, studying the chart.

The Frenchman laughed uneasily. "M'sieur, I was born on these waters," he said simply.

I was on the bow beside the lookout. Suddenly the wind came up and the fog lifted. There, 200 yards away, towered the great rocky shore of the lower St. Lawrence. Our pilot was deliberately running us upon the rocks!

The captain sprang forward and signaled "Reverse engines." Half a mile up the river lay a black tug with a red funnel, and a six oared boat was plying between her and the shore.

The captain and the Frenchman looked at each other, but neither spoke for a moment. Then the little Frenchman laughed uneasily and spun round the wheel. "Oh-h-h!" he cried, with much distress. "I was mistaken, m'sieur, after all!"

The captain's hand was on his pistol. Yet he could not help smiling.

We had no more swung slowly round than the black tug picked up the open boat and scurried away. In two minutes we were after her. Snow began to fall, and the early midwinter twilight set in, but still the chase kept up.

Finally we put a ball across the black tug's bow. Her only retort was a rifle shot that splintered our pilothouse and made the Frenchman say something under his breath. Our next shot was in earnest and caught her just above the water line. We could see the crazy running hurriedly about, while the tug turned and ran head on for land. A shot or two sang over our heads. Then a boat put out from her and made for the shore.

When we came alongside the Rosalie L., it was almost dark. We found only a red funnel showing above the water. An empty cask floated past us with the tide.

"Ah, the rascals, m'sieur!" cried the little Frenchman. "It is a brandy cask!"

The captain laughed. He had done his work and could afford to laugh. A boat was lowered, and half a dozen men raced merrily after the disappearing cask. Darkness had fallen by the time they got back, and the burden was hauled up on deck. It is always the duty of a revenue officer to ascertain the nature of the goods he has confiscated. The captain stove in the bunghole, and did so. It was a barrel of the finest brandy ever shipped out of Cognac. It may not have been necessary for all the crew to verify the captain's decision, but they did so.

"Wait," said the captain. "M. Pierre Baptiste Delorme—where is he? We must drink the rascal's health."

But M. Pierre was not to be seen. We rushed to the stern where the little dory had been tied only to hear the sound of his oars as he slipped away through the night.

"Halt!" challenged the captain. "Halt there, or we fire!"

A rifle shot or two rang out on the cold night air. Then a mocking voice came back across the water. "Au revoir, m'sieurs, and a happy new year to you all!" And the smoothest little smuggler on the St. Lawrence slipped away in the darkness.

ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Some Seasonable Proverbs.

Here are a few seasonable proverbs interesting perhaps to those who concern themselves about the weather:

If a Christmas ice hangs on the willow, clover may be cut at Easter.

December changeable and mild, the whole winter will remain a child.

The month that comes in good will go out bad.

January warm, the Lord have mercy.

If it snows on Christmas night, we expect a good hop crop next year.

The first three days of January rule the coming three months.

The 12 days commencing Dec. 25 and ending Jan. 5 are said to be the keys to the weather of the year.

If the sun shines through the apple tree on Christmas day, there will be an abundant crop the following year.

The Germans say, "The shepherd would rather see his wife enter the stable on Christmas day than the sun."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY-IN-SCOTLAND

BY NEIL MACDONALD

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From time immemorial New Year's day has been regarded in Scotland as the most notable day of the whole year. Previous to the introduction of Christianity it shared in importance among the Druids with May day, known even now among Scottish Celts as "latha buie Beltane"—i. e., the yellow day of Bel's fire. Among the Druids New Year's day was signalized by special rites and observances distinctive of their mysterious creed. The sacred mistletoe was cut by the priests with peculiar ceremonies and distributed among the people, who regarded these gifts with great veneration and attributed occult power and much virtue to them. After Christianity was established the Druidical observances fell generally into disuse, and the clergy turned the day into a Christian festival, the feast of the circumcision. Its celebration was, however, regarded as of secondary importance compared with Christmas and Good Friday, though it never ceased to be popular among the people as a secular holiday.

Some of the customs which distinguished the day in Druidical times survived centuries after the introduction of Christianity, notably that of lighting bonfires on New Year's eve. At nightfall each household would light a fire, and it was thought of the utmost importance that it should continue burning until midnight. A character of sacredness was attached to this fire, and as it burned brightly, or the reverse, so it was imagined would be the fortune of the family during the following year. This observance, coming down from the time of the Druids, is still general in Wales. I do not think it has been observed among the Scottish Celts for many centuries, though other features of the celebration of the day which still remain give mute testimony of the ancient veneration with which fire was regarded by the primitive British people.

The Scottish reformation restored New Year's day to the Scottish people as the sole holiday of the year. It has been regarded, however, as a purely secular one, though as the opening day of a new year the occasion was considered appropriate for religious services. In some of the churches the closing moments of the old year and the opening ones of the new are spent in devotional exercises, but the great majority of the people hail the advent of another year in a very different manner.

AT NIGHTFALL EACH HOUSEHOLD WOULD LIGHT A FIRE.

The evening preceding the 1st of January, known as hogmanay, is a special occasion for rejoicing on the part of boys and girls. Then they receive presents, and in the cities and towns groups of them ask for gifts from the people they see on the streets and in shops and houses. They rarely meet with a refusal, and those who would never think of making presents at any other time give with apparent cheerfulness on this occasion. Coming to the door of a house the children cry, "Hogmanay, hogmanay!" and one of their favorite rhymes is:

> Rise up, gude wife, and shake your feathers,
> Dinna think that we are beggars;
> We are bairns come to play
> And to seek our hogmanay.

Various explanations have been given of the term "hogmanay." One of these claims that it is a corruption of the French phrase, "Au gui menez" (lead on to the mistletoe), a cry which in some parts of France the boys that go around seeking gifts on the last day of December are said to use. Plausible as this may be, I think the word more likely to be a corruption of the Gaelic expression, "Thug do mi" (give to me), which, pronounced with the "t" mute, as it must be, and hurriedly, would sound almost the same as the word so familiar to all the boys and girls in the lowlands of Scotland.

Among the Celtic population of Scotland a number of years ago it was customary for groups of boys on New Year's eve to go around from house to house with the "craiclenn calluinn" (literally, skin of the feast), a baglike arrangement of a sheepskin. One of the number would rap at the door, and on being admitted would walk three times in front of the fire, or around it if possible, with the skin bag and demand a New Year's gift for himself and companions. The gift, which invariably was forthcoming, was placed in the bag, and the boys would then all join in singing a New Year's carol, in which all earthly and heavenly blessings would be invoked upon the household.

Placing the Blame.

Good Father Time, your patience, pray!
My quotation is a bold one:
Why should I crave another leaf
If you still see the old one?

Each year a fair, a spotless page,
I make deeds of pure ambition,
But every Christmas finds it in
The same bespattered condition.

Full thirty times I've slipped from grace,
Despite Christ's exhortations,
Because you've always tried me with
The same old sweet temptations.

And now I know return is but
A visionary quitter,
While you, with such consummate skill,
Cut my defenses batter.

For while the roses brightly bloom
Upon the tree of beauty
I know I'll lack the strength to walk
The lonely paths of duty.

And while the twisted leaf contains
Nepenthe for my sorrow,
My great reforms will be postponed
To some still distant tomorrow.

So, Father Time, [illegible] with you!
For my part, I've concluded
[illegible]
No more I'll be deluded.

And if you want this world to roll
[illegible]
[illegible]
And give a chance to [illegible].

D. MARTHUR.

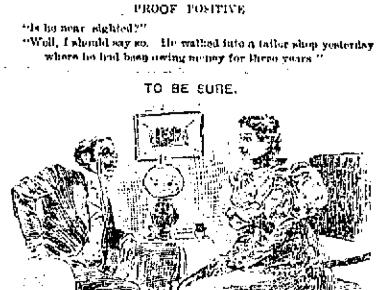
Stayleigh—Tommy, do you think your sister's fond of me?
Tommy—I don't know. She give me a quarter to set the clock half an hour fast.

PROOF POSITIVE.

"Is he near sighted?"

"Well, I should say so. He walked into a tailor shop yesterday where he had been owing money for three years."

TO BE SURE.



Gerryo—Do you think it is unlucky to have thirteen at the table?
Cynicus—Yes, if you are only prepared for ten.

ONE AS BAD AS THE OTHER.

Browne—(who lives next door) What will you take to kill that howling dog of yours?
Towne—Your cornet.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents, at Dreier & Bro.'s drug store. Every bottle guaranteed.

A Noble Young Man.

"I trust, sir, that you have not been indiscreet enough to speak to my daughter about marriage," said the stern parent to the youth who had just asked for his daughter's hand. "I have not, sir," replied the youth, "but I was strongly tempted to do so last evening when she kissed me good-night on the steps."

"Our Nation in War."

Why Water Was Added.

In a certain village school they were having a Scripture examination, the lesson being Elijah offering up a sacrifice on Mount Carmel. As the children looked good scholars the inspector gave them a question, saying: "Now, you have told me that Elijah put the bullock on the altar; why did he put water around the altar?" The children looked amazed except one little boy, who stood up and said: "Please, sir, to make the gravy."

Red Hot From the Gun

Was the shot that hit G. B. Steadman, of Newark, Mich., in the civil war. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Dreier & Bro., druggists.

REMEMBER

The late war with Spain, by getting the portfolios, "Our Nation in War." Parts 1 to 15 inclusive can be had at this office. 10 tf

TRICKING AN ANGEL.

OLD JACOB PINCHEM WAS CUNNING AS WELL AS AVARICIOUS.

And When He Received the Mandate to Go Out and Make Some One Happy He Obeyed It In His Own Peculiar Way.

"And so New Year's is here again?" muttered Jacob Pinchem to himself as he hovered over the rusty old stove in his miserable room and shivered with cold.

Jacob Pinchem was worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, for he was a miser. The sufferings of the poor were naught to him—he cared not who lived or who starved amid the thousands around him. His parsimony extended to himself and he dwelt in squalor and suffered cold and hunger.

"New Year's, eh! And so another year has come?" he mumbled and muttered as the fire in the stove died away and night came down upon Greater New York. "Well, nobody need expect me

"NOT WITHOUT A CENT."

to make any change. I've got money, but I'm not going to throw it away on anybody. All this talk about the poor is bosh. Let the poor die if they can't take care of themselves."

And as the old man grumbled and thought, his eyes closed in sleep, and as he slept he dreamed. He dreamed that an angel stood beside him and laid a hand on his head and said:

"Jacob Pinchem, you are a hard hearted man, and your record with the angels is a black one. I have come to give you a chance to redeem yourself."

"But don't ask for money!" warned the miser.

"No, I will not. It is simply that you go out tonight, the last night of the old year, and make some soul happy. Do this, and it shall blot out the half of an accusing record. What is your answer?"

"I'll do it," replied Jacob Pinchem.

"But if you do not"—

And the angel was gone, and the old man opened his eyes, stood up and shook himself and presently went to his hoard and put a cent in his pocket.

"It is New Year's eve, and I am to make some soul happy," he growled as he made ready to go out upon the street. "It is hard—very hard—but I have promised to do it."

Five minutes later he was at the butcher shop on the corner and saying to the butcher:

"Sausage has been so blamed expensive for the last 15 years that I couldn't afford to buy any. How much for a cent?"

"A hunk as big as this," replied the butcher as he marked with his knife.

"Make it an inch more."

"All right, seeing it's you."

And Jacob Pinchem walked home with heels which could hardly be kept down on the pavement, and he opened the door of his hovel with a smile on his face, and he flung down his hat with a whoop and a laugh, and as he devoured that hunk of sausage he chuckled gleefully to himself:

"I've gone out and made a soul happy, and it didn't cost me but a cent, and if that angel is any ahead of old Jacob Pinchem then he's ready to go out of the miser business!"

A. B. LEWIS.

Never Considers.

"Your wife, I understand, is a very considerate woman."

"Considerate!" exclaimed the Benedict who had not reached home until a late hour the preceding night. "No, sir. Not at all, sir. She speaks without consideration—in fact, without time for consideration."—Chicago Post.

The Usual Kind.

Householder—Do you pretend to say that this meter measures the amount of gas we burn?

Inspector—I will enter into no controversy, sir, but I will say that the meter measures the amount of gas you have to pay for.—Boston Globe.

Yeast—The book says the artist went to his closet and found it bare.

Crimsonbeak—Perhaps he was going to paint it.—Yonkers Statesman.

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No. 6	New England Fast Mail, daily	11:50 a m
No. 24	Atlantic Express, ex. Sunday	7:00 p m

GOING WEST.

No. 21	St. Louis Day Express, ex. Sun.	8:23 a m
No. 1	Kansas City Cannon Ball, daily	12:35 M.
No. 5	Government Fast Mail, daily	6:30 p m
No. 3	St. Louis Limited, daily	8:15 p m

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